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THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER, 1872.



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THE study of the Life of our Lord as distinguished, for the sake of distinction, from the study of the Gospels, seems in some respects to be a characteristic of the later ages of the Church. We do not mean that it was ever possible for Christians to forget that the four narratives of the Evangelists related to one and the same Life, which was in itself a perfect whole, with a beginning, a middle, and an end, and with certain stages depending on one another, the consideration of which, over and above that of the four separate narratives, was necessary to any one who would form a complete historical conception, so far as such was possible, of the external work of our Lord while upon earth. It is probable that in the earliest Churches, one or other of the four Gospels was, more or less, to use such a word, in possession rather than the other three. There were probably many Churches in the East, which for some time knew only of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and others, in which Gentile converts were predominant, would probably live upon that of St. Luke rather than on any other. But exclusiveness of this sort must very soon have worn away, and the incomparable value of the four Gospels, each and all, must soon have made them take their place, side by side, in the hearts and minds of the faithful everywhere, as well as in the canon of the Churches to which those faithful belonged. But the possession and the study of the four Gospels leads of necessity to the conception of the Life of our Lord as a whole, in the formation of the history of which each one of the several narratives would have its part. Still, to render this one Life the first thing instead of the second, the source instead of the result, to try to catch its successive features and draw out in detail the various phases of its marvellous unity, and then to arrange under it, as it were, the several stories, each

complete in itself, which are handed down to us in the writings of St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John—this, we repeat, seems to be a work for which the earlier ages of the Church had either little taste or little leisure. The most famous book among the writings of the Fathers, which belongs, in some degree, to this subject, is the treatise *De Consensu Evangelistarum* of St. Augustine. But that treatise, though full of useful hints and valuable principles as to the harmony of the Gospels, is rather apologetic than positive. It is an endeavour to meet the difficulties arising out of apparent discrepancies in the several narratives, rather than the formation of a whole out of its several parts. Unfortunately, as we cannot help thinking, St. Augustine takes St. Matthew's narrative as his foundation, and tries throughout, with all his characteristic piety and ingenuity, to reconcile the rest of the Evangelists to St. Matthew. We say that it is unfortunate that he did this—not unfortunate for his particular purpose, but unfortunate for the end of which we are speaking, the formation of a consecutive life of our Lord out of the materials furnished by the several Evangelists. It is one of the first truths which become axioms with any one who devotes himself to the study of the harmony of the Gospels, that St. Matthew neither is nor intended to be a chronological writer; the order in his Gospel, more than in any other of the three, we might almost say alone among all the four, is the order of ideas and subjects, not, as of first importance, the order of time.

When we consider the great authority of St. Augustine on the Church, and especially his preeminent position in the literature of the Western Church, we are almost tempted to think that if any writer in the first twelve or thirteen centuries had endeavoured to build up a single consecutive narrative out of the four Gospels, he would have found the great African Doctor in his way, almost deterring him from his task by the difficulties which he suggested, or at least frequently misleading him by the principle that St. Matthew was to be used as furnishing the groundwork upon which the histories of the other three Evangelists were to be wrought in. But it is most probable that a work of that sort did not naturally suggest itself to the men of those times—as certain devotions which seem to us so natural that we wonder how Christians of other times could have done without them, are yet undoubtedly modern as to their extent and hold on the popular mind. We are convinced that in this consideration of the great variety of temperament,

character, modes of thought, and the like, which a close study of history reveals to us as distinguishing the Christians and Catholics of various countries and generations, lies the true answer, or a part of the true answer, to many an historical difficulty. We are far more widely apart in accidental matters, and in matters of feeling and judgment and common opinion which, though accidental, are yet very important, from the men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, from the men of the times of the religious wars in France and Germany, from Sixtus the Fifth, and Philip the Second, and the Duke of Alva and Cervantes, and Sir Philip Sidney, and others of their and the following generations, than we admit to ourselves. And we often do them injustice, as well as puzzle our own heads and consciences with vain endeavours to get rid of difficulties, a great part of the strength of which lies in subjective differences rather than in any real change of moral standards. This, however, is by the way. For our present purpose we are observing that just as we wonder—yet wonder without reason—how devout Catholics some centuries ago went on without the welldeveloped devotion to the Sacred Heart, or to St. Joseph, or again, without the Benedictions and Confraternities and Indulgences which are so natural and congenial to ourselves, so we might be seeking for a recondite reason when no such reason is required, in asking why the more historical, ecclesiastical, and even theological aspects of our Lord's Life as a whole should have been comparatively neglected by the Christian writers of so many successive generations. The difficulty of the work can hardly be supposed to have been enough to deter learned and pious men from the enterprise, which seems so obvious an undertaking to a religious writer. That difficulty, however, is not to be despised. After all, we suppose that new literary ideas are rarely conceived and slowly matured in ages in which few men are writers of books. Moreover, the desire for a complete and, if we may use such a word, scientific history of our Lord's doings and sayings, is in some degree a result from the attacks made on the perfect accuracy and coherency of the accounts given in the several Gospels. Such a desire, or the feeling of a need in this respect, may very well exist apart from the apologetic necessity of which we speak: but such a necessity may force the matter more pointedly on the attention than might otherwise be the case.

II.

If this compilation of a complete Life of Christ was long in coming to the Church, at least, when it did come, it came in a very beautiful and perfect form, according, that is, to the requirements of the time at which it appeared. The *Life of Christ* of Ludolph of Saxony, to some of the characteristics of which we are about to devote the remainder of this paper, is in many respects one of the noblest works of the literature of the Church: not equal, certainly, either in its popularity or in what we may call, in a loose sense, its inspiration, to the famous book commonly attributed to Thomas à Kempis, and known to the age of St. Teresa and St. Ignatius as the *Contemptus Mundi*, and to our own time as the *Imitation of Christ*—but, considering all things, not far behind it in other respects. The *Imitation* is a book of all time; it can never grow old or unsuited to any generation of Christians. Written certainly for the mediæval cloister, its short sweet pregnant sentences pierce the heart and stir the conscience of Christians unwittingly aliens from the true Fold, and holding cloisters, their rules, and their inmates in abomination. It has not, indeed, escaped garbling from the hands of modern Anglican adapters; but to the great majority of its countless readers outside the Church there would hardly appear to be anything to garble. No one can exhaust it or get to the bottom of it; it is always fresh, ever unfolding new beauties, and looking into the soul with new light. It is very difficult to account for its method, or to digest its teaching into a system, though a most valuable analysis of that teaching, cast in the form of a system, has been drawn up by Louis of Granada, and would be a very acceptable addition, by way of index, to the common editions of the work itself. We cannot quite place the *Life of Christ*, of which we are speaking, on a level with this unique work. But that there is much similarity of tone is evident from the fact that, in the disputes as to the authorship of the *Imitation*, the name of Ludolph has been brought in as that of a candidate for the honour. In tender piety, in clearness, in precision, in the fragrance of high pure asceticism which breathes from every page, the *Life of Christ* resembles the *Imitation*; but it is less pregnant, less aphoristical, less eremitical; it seems to come from a heart which has known the world and its conflicts and fled from them, while the *Imitation* seems to be the production of one of whom it might

be said, as of the virgin Saint, *Mundum potius ignoravit quam reliquit*. Great part of the *Life of Christ*, like the *Imitation*, will read as well in the nineteenth century as in the fourteenth, in the world as in the cloister—but not all of it; and while the *Imitation* could be made a text book of asceticism to the end of time, the *Life of Christ* will never be surpassed in tender devotion and solid piety, but it is capable of improvement as to its arrangement, and, in consequence of its arrangement, as to its completeness and adequacy either as a representation of the history of our Lord or as a commentary on the Gospels from which it is drawn. All that it gives us is wonderful, but it does not give us all that it might give.

We know very little of Ludolph of Saxony, except in so far as he has unconsciously painted his own character in his writings. He was born towards the end of the thirteenth century, and was for thirty years a Dominican before he entered the Carthusian order, in which he died at Mayence in 1370. He had before this been Prior of Strasbourg, the Chartreuse of which city was famous for distinguished men. He thus lived in a troubled, and in some respects an unhappy, age of the Church. The Popes were at Avignon, unwittingly preparing the way for the great schism of the West. France was torn to pieces by the English invasion and the victories of Crecy and Poitiers, and the great plague came to add to the destruction and misery caused by the civil wars of Christendom. It was the age of Louis of Bavaria, Philip van Artevelde, Rienzi, Petrarch, and Joanna of Naples. The Church, suffering at many points, witnessed a remarkable revival in the countries along the Rhine, and we can hardly help thinking of Ludolph, while he was a Dominican, as a contemporary, perhaps a friend and companion of, Tauler and Henry Suso. He may possibly have felt the influence of Rusbrock. But, in truth, we can only guess at the circumstances of the more active part of his life. His book shows us that he had mingled with men. It shows us also, as we shall point out presently, that he was keenly sensible of the miseries of his time, and that he knew how to trace them up to one at least most influential source—the bad state of a large part of the clergy. His language may be compared to that of St. Bridget, his contemporary, in some of her Revelations, and to that of St. Catharine of Siena, who was a little later in date. We cannot tell whether his regret at the state of the Church in this respect had anything to do with the certainly unusual step

which he took, after living for thirty years under the rule of St. Dominic, whose order seems at that time to have been very flourishing, of withdrawing more entirely from activity and intercourse with the world to the Chartreuse. His books were written while he was a Carthusian. Though his *Commentary on the Psalms*, and another work on the *Remedies against spiritual temptations*, are of high value, his fame must always chiefly rest on his *Life of Christ*, the book which was read by St. Ignatius on his sickbed, which was the delight of St. Teresa, and which has furnished countless thousands of holy souls before and after their time with almost exhaustless stores of holy thoughts and practical admonitions.

III.

We may now, without further preface, proceed to give some account of the characteristics of this famous book, in doing which we shall not scruple to dwell principally upon those points which will chiefly strike a reader of the present day. The work, as it lies before us in the goodly folio in which it has been lately reprinted by M. Palmé,* in Paris, is about the same size as an ordinary volume of the Bollandist series, with which in this edition it has been made to range. It is divided into two parts; the division being made at the point of our Lord's life which was the real turning point and pivot, so to speak, of the whole—the confession of St. Peter as to our Lord's Divinity. We do not know of any writer anterior to Ludolph who has remarked this, and as it could hardly have been done by chance, inasmuch as the confession of St. Peter does not divide either the Gospel narrative or the actual life of our Lord at all equally, we must suppose that Ludolph was aware how our Lord's previous ministry and teaching appear to have led up to this point, and how when St. Peter, in the name of the Apostles, had declared the fundamental truth of the new religion, our Lord's manner of action, and even, to some extent, the subject matter of His discourses, changed, how He began to speak about His Cross and Passion, about the Church He was to leave behind Him, about the great fundamental laws of His Kingdom, and how He confronted rather than retired from His enemies, transferring even the scene of His preaching from Galilee to Judæa.

* We are sorry to have to say that the text in this edition is not so correct as in the earlier editions. No translator should use it without having one of the latter by his side. This is the more to be regretted, as the editor has taken great pains to multiply the marginal references, and in other ways to make the volume more available for use.

It is certainly a great thing that the writer who is, if not the earliest Christian harmonist, at least the most famous and conspicuous of ancient and mediæval writers on the subject of the Life of Christ, should have thus pointed out the true centre of the history. This is not the place to write an essay on the harmony of the Gospels, but we may remark that the division which Ludolph has made would have furnished him with the key to a very large proportion of the difficulties which beset the harmonist. We shall have to point out presently how we think it must be acknowledged that his work has suffered in completeness—perhaps even in other qualities—on account of his tacit abandonment of all attempt at further arrangement of the materials before him. He is practically content with the principle which we have already spoken of as at least suggested by St. Augustine, for if any one were to take St. Matthew's Gospel, and insert in it here and there the new materials furnished by what seem to be parallel passages and accounts of the same incidents in the other three Evangelists, he would have very much the same framework of the Gospel history as a whole as he would find by analyzing Ludolph—if, at least, he were to act a good deal more than modern harmonists would allow, more, we think, than St. Augustine himself would consent to, on the principle that two similar narratives in different Evangelists are usually to be considered as accounts of one and the same incident, even though they differ in detail, rather than as accounts of incidents actually different though much alike to one another. Ludolph does not attempt, and does not profess to attempt, to account for all difficulties. "Before we approach the history of the Gospel," he says, "you should know that some things are so placed by the Evangelists for purposes of the profit of souls, by the direction of the Holy Ghost, that sometimes what is to be said hereafter is anticipated and told before its time, sometimes what has been omitted is remembered and called to mind afterwards, sometimes what has been already said is recapitulated and repeated. And although these things ought not to have been set down here in any other way than that in which the Evangelists so usefully dictated them—because, according to St. Augustine, it is probable that each of the Evangelists thought he ought to relate what he did in that order in which God suggested it to his recollection—yet, lest the devotion of the little ones be disturbed, they are placed in order in the following pages in their proper places, in somewhat

a different arrangement, as the fact itself or the propriety of what was to be said seemed to require. But I affirm not that here I have given the true, certain, and necessary order of the history, because such can hardly be found related by any one."* It is clear that, though he had a very definite idea indeed, as we shall presently see, of the purpose of each several Evangelist in the arrangement as well as in the composition of his work, he does not trouble himself to any great extent about the principle on which the apparent discrepancies are to be reconciled, or the order into which their narratives, when they differ without conflicting with each other, are to be arranged.

We cannot doubt that if Ludolph had addressed himself more particularly to questions of arrangement, with the object of drawing out, from their settlement, not simply a more completely accurate history, but also the other lessons and truths which are involved in the progress, gradual unfolding, and successive developments of such a history in itself, he would have produced a very remarkable work, which might have placed him at the head of harmonists, as he is already at the head of the uninspired biographers of our Lord. The second part of his volume contains a chapter, *De Scripturæ Evangelicæ et fidei fine et utilitate*, which is a commentary on the words of St. John at the end of his Gospel, stating that the object of all that had been written was that we should believe Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God.† He divides the Creed into fourteen articles, seven belonging to what is to be believed concerning God, and seven belonging to what is to be believed concerning the Incarnation and death of our Lord; and then he goes on to give a summary account of each of the four Gospels and of their characteristics, which shows how wellformed an idea he had of the purpose and distinctive features of each. He takes, as St. Augustine and so many other writers take, the description of the four living creatures in the vision of Ezekiel, the passage containing which is read in the Breviary on the feasts of the holy Evangelists, and applies the particulars of that description to the several Gospels and their authors. "St. Matthew," he says, "is represented by that which had the face of a man, St. Mark by the lion, St. Luke by the ox, and St. John by the eagle." St. Matthew's Gospel is a long argument to show that our Lord was the Christ, the Man

* *Proemium in Vitam Christi*, p. 6 (Palmé's edition. The punctuation of this passage is incorrect in this edition).

† St. John xx. 31.

promised in the prophecies ; and he analyzes this Gospel in a most masterly way, showing how it may be divided into a series of proofs, each of which establishes in our Lord one of twenty two conditions, which, according to the prophets, were to be found in the future Messiah. Then he passes to St. Mark, and treats his Gospel in a similar way, as a series of proofs that our Lord was "King and Lord of all, exceeding in power and might." He remarks how this Evangelist dwells more on the miracles and mighty works of our Lord than on His discourses and parables, and how from the beginning to the end of his Gospel it is power or kingship that is spoken of, down to the last words of all, that the Apostles going forth "preached everywhere, the Lord working withal and confirming the word with signs that followed." He makes the minor of the syllogism, the conclusion of which is that our Lord is supreme in power and might, consist in the proof that twenty conditions of such power are to be found in Him, each one of which is established by separate facts related in the Gospel. St. Luke's purpose is to prove that our Lord is the Saviour of mankind and the healer of souls, and Ludolph argues this beautifully from expressions and narratives which occur in no other of the Gospels, such as the forgiveness of Magdalene, the penitent thief, and the like. Then again he makes this whole Gospel a series of proofs that the healing and saving character belonged to our Lord in all parts of His Life, in all that He did and said, and for this purpose, which is what we are more especially remarking upon, he very shortly summarizes the whole of the Gospel. In the same way he deals with St. John, who, as he tells us, gives us seventeen proofs in detail of the minor proposition of the syllogism, the conclusion of which is that "Jesus is the Son of God."

It would not, of course, be fair to conclude from all this that Ludolph would have us think that the books of the several Evangelists were originally composed simply for the argumentative purpose which he attributes to the four writers in this chapter, but if any one will take the trouble to trace out the division of each Gospel, according to his arrangement of the argument, he will be struck by the masterly clearness of analysis which the old Carthusian has displayed. The whole chapter shows him to have had a lucid, strong, manly mind, well cultivated by theological learning and the exercises of the schools, as well as a heart overflowing with tender melting piety. We see, in truth, the effect of his Dominican training, and that we have to deal, not

with a man of simple devotion alone, though his devotion is as simple as that of a child or an innocent peasant—not, again, with a mere transcriber of passages out of the Fathers, though he uses the Fathers very largely—but with a writer of masculine intellect, whose learning did not overwhelm him, who had a love of system and theory and principle and order, and who saw that all these had their place in the treatment of the Life of our Lord, which indeed could not be written as truly and usefully as was possible without attention to such considerations.

It is, indeed, one of the charms of the book of which we are speaking, full as it is of Patristic quotations and beautiful remarks from ancient writers, that there is in it so much of the writer's own. He frequently turns aside from the direct narrative to give us practical instructions in the ascetic life, founding them most frequently on the "mystical" sense of the Scripture before him. The stores of spiritual learning and experience which Ludolph thus pours forth before his readers seem to reveal to us a good deal about his own life. Before he became a Carthusian, he must have been a preacher and confessor, as well as a deep student. If the spiritual doctrine which is thus scattered here and there throughout the volume were collected, it would form a beautiful book, which would give its author a very high place among ascetic writers. It is this abundance of mystical lore in Ludolph's work which would make it very desirable that his book should be better known to the Catholics of our own generation than it is likely to be as long as its treasures are locked up in a dead language. It is, indeed, almost directly in contradiction to the spirit of the age to dwell largely on the "mystical," or "moral" sense of Scripture. It has lately been said that the critical study of Scripture is almost in its infancy, and the remark is true enough in a certain sense. We do not depreciate the labours of the last three centuries, which have produced commentators on Scripture like Toletus, Pererius, Ribera, and Justiniani, nor do we undervalue the modern German commentators of the orthodox school; but those who know best what has already been done in the way of illustrating the Scriptures by sound scholarship and good theology, will be the first to declare that an immense field has been opened of which only a part has yet been brought into cultivation. Let Catholic criticism and theological exegesis have their full scope, the aiming at which will always lead them more

naturally to the study of the literal sense almost exclusively ; but let it not be supposed, either that the rich comments of such writers as Ludolph may be laid aside as useless, or that it would be well for the Church if such streams of beautiful and edifying illustration were to cease to flow.

It is worth while to insist on this. The mystical and moral senses of Scripture are naturally enough neglected, and even derided, by Protestant commentators, and in this, as in other matters, it is possible for the Protestant influence to extend beyond the limits of its own camp. No doubt these senses of Scripture have sometimes been pursued with too much fancifulness, with a tiresome minuteness of allegorical explanation, or again, with something almost like technical formality. They have a special attraction for certain ingenious minds, who may sometimes make almost a plaything of them. There may even have been writers who have argued for the mystical sense of a passage in Scripture when that sense has no authority to secure it but their own fine imagination. It is too much to say that an argument can never be drawn from an interpretation of this kind ; but it should certainly never be drawn when the interpretation is arbitrary and private, for with such an element in the premisses, the conclusion can have no weight or solidity. Again, the moral or the mystical sense of a passage may sometimes be made the text of an exposition of moral or spiritual truths, which may have their relative order and proportion inverted or distorted in order to make their sequence match with the order or the language of the text to which the exposition is attached. These are all evils which authors of a high class, like Ludolph, will usually avoid, and which may account for, though they may not justify, the comparative neglect into which this kind of interpretation has fallen even among Catholics. Let the literal and historical sense be the first object with any commentator, in all cases where the controversial and polemical use of a commentary is possible, and where it is not so, let there be a careful distinction made between that sense of a passage from which arguments may be drawn, and that sense from which they may not be drawn. Even here we must not be understood as denying that in certain cases and in certain subject matters the mystical and moral senses do truly present legitimate sources for an argument of a particular kind ; but these senses are not commonly sufficiently assured for such a purpose. But let all due honour be done and all priority be conceded to the literal sense, which in ordinary cases is the

only sense as to which controversialists will be sufficiently agreed to allow of its use in their disputes.

So much for the literal sense of Sacred Scripture. But then, after all, let us not depart from the traditions of Christian ages and from the example of the noblest Christian writers as to the other senses of Scriptural words, passages, and histories. Let us not turn away from the spiritual treasures which lie half hid, hardly beneath the surface, and requiring only the pious dutifulness of a devout heart, guided by the traditions and landmarks of sound theology, to appropriate them. Let us remember the whole world of spiritual and ascetical beauty which is the heritage of the children of the Church, and which is laid open to their view by the skilful use of the moral sense of Scripture. Even if there have sometimes been fancifulness in the application of the one to the other—even if the manner in which moral and spiritual truths have sometimes been wedded to the names of places, or to the successive links in a genealogy, or to physical objects, or to numbers, and the like, may appear to us childish or at least fantastical—let us nevertheless remember the intrinsic value and instructiveness which belong to the things themselves which are thus, as we think, arbitrarily thrust upon us. The men of the middle ages had comparatively few treatises and manuals of asceticism and mysticism cast in a technical form: they did not the less learn sound, true, solid, spirituality, they were not the less sagaciously guided in the sometimes intricate paths of the mystical life, by such books as St. Gregory's *Morals on Job*, or St. Bernard's *Sermons on the Canticles*. It was not merely a playful imagination, sporting with holy words and sacred stories, that produced all that mass of Scriptural interpretation and application, from which even many Catholics of modern times are inclined to shrink. There was sound theology, practical experience, study of the human heart, and of the ways of God therewith, behind this seeming web of fancy. And it may be that in proportion as men become shallow in their spirituality and careless of their own hearts, too frivolous and dissipated either for deep selfknowledge or for the visitations of Him Whose dwelling is in peace, just so much do they become less able to understand and less inclined to value the treasures of ancient spiritual lore, and more disposed to excuse their own dulness and indifference by complaints of the vehicle in which so much of that lore has reached us.

IV.

But it is time that we should put before our readers some specimens of the work which we are engaged in commending to them. Our first extract shall be one which may bear out the remarks just now made as to the beautiful range of spiritual truths which may be brought into play by the use of those less direct senses of Scripture which we have been defending. Here is a part of Ludolph's commentary on the history of the Transfiguration.

It was beautifully that, when He was about to show to His disciples the glory of the Resurrection, *He led them apart*: that we may understand that if we desire to be partakers of that resurrection, we must be separated from the crowd of evilminded men and from the tumults of the world. It was beautifully, too, that *He led them up into a high mountain*, and not into a valley, that we may learn that glory is to be sought not in the low depths of this world, but in the kingdom of blessedness which is above, and that we shall win the grace of coming to that glory of the future resurrection and of seeing Christ in His beauty, if we desert things low and earthly, and desire those that are lofty and heavenly, and so dwell in mind among heavenly things. For it is necessary for all who desire to contemplate God that they lie not low in pleasures of the baser sort, but always stretch up more and more to what is in heaven. Well also is this mountain called Thabor, which is interpreted the *addition of light*, because all that is manifested is manifested in light. But the effect of His prayer shows us what it was that He prayed for; that is, for the manifestation of the glory of His future resurrection to the Apostles. For *while He was praying*, He was transfigured before them. He does not say *He transfigured Himself*, that it may be noted that the action is done by the power of the Trinity, though in the nature of the Humanity. And well it is said that *while He was praying, the appearance of His face was changed*, for fervour or devotion of prayer is a disposition towards transfiguration and ecstasy of mind. Hence Peter, while he prayed, was in an ecstasy.* Look well at these things, and make yourself present to them, for they are very magnificent. For *His Face shone as the sun*; indeed, more than the sun; but there is nothing more bright than that to which to compare it: and *His raiment became white as snow*, and so transfused with light that the whiteness appeared all around. According to St. Augustine, the whiteness of the raiment proceeded from the brightness of His face; and it was a true change which took place in His face, though not in His raiment. He did not lay aside the substance of His flesh, nor withdraw the reality of His Body; but He added splendour thereto. Hence St. Luke says that *the appearance of His face became another*, but not a different face. For He showed in His mortal flesh the glory of His and our resurrection according as He chose, not in itself, but in brightness of this world, that He might make us more certain of that glory of which He spoke. See how great an earnest we have of our beatitude! For the transfiguration was nothing else but a foretelling of His second coming, in which Christ Himself and also His Saints will shine more brightly than the sun; and hence He did not assume the actual gift of clarity, but only its likeness. For, as Pope Leo says, that ineffable and unapproachable vision of the Deity itself, which is reserved unto eternal life for the pure in heart, those who are as yet clothed in mortal flesh could by no means gaze on and behold. But the brightness of His face signifies the clarity of the Godhead, and the brightness of His raiment signifies the clarity of His Humanity. Again, the brightness of His face represents the future clarity of Christ,

* Acts x.

Who is the head, and the brightness of the raiment foreshows the future clarity of His members, that is, of the Saints, who shall be surpassed in brightness by Christ, as the whiteness of snow is surpassed by the sheen of the sun. The whiteness, therefore, signifies the glory of His future resurrection, and therefore the Angel who announced our Lord's Resurrection appeared clothed in a white robe. And, according to Bede, the raiment of our Lord is understood of the choir of His Saints, which on earth appeared despicable.

According to the moral sense, our Lord did three things in His Transfiguration: for He took to Him His disciples, He went up into a mountain, and He first of all prayed. To signify that we do not arrive at glory except by companionship of virtue, by loftiness of life, and by devotion of prayer. Happy then is he who has taken to himself such company—namely, Peter, in whom knowledge is signified, James in whom conflict, and John in whom grace! Let him take then Peter, who is interpreted *he that knows*, that he may have knowledge, which ought to be threefold—of God, of himself, and of his neighbour. The knowledge of God generates love, and arms against despair; the knowledge of ourselves begets humility, and shuts out presumption; the knowledge of our neighbour is parent to compassion, and chases away cruelty. And as a man knows his own frailty, so let him also recognize the vanity of the world, and after recognizing it, despise it. Let him take also James, who is interpreted *wrestler* or *supplanter*, that there may be in him conflict and supplanting, and this also threefold—of the flesh, the world, and the devil—that he may bravely wrestle against the concupiscences of the flesh and of the world, and against the instigations of the devil, conquer them and trample them under foot, for no one is crowned, except he have fought lawfully, and as a sign of this Jacob received the blessing after having wrestled with the Angel. Let him also take John, who is interpreted *Grace*, that grace may be in him, which grace also must be threefold—incipient, proficient, and pervenient—whence the Apostle says, *By the grace of God I am what I am*, of the first, and *His grace in me was not empty*, as to the second, and *I laboured more abundantly than all of them, yet not I alone, but the grace of God with me*, as to the third. John also was gifted with a singular privilege of the love of God, and thus let a man love the Divine Goodness above all things, and in all transitory things let him desire nothing but the love of God. Again, Peter, who by another name is called Simon, which is interpreted *obedient*, signifies obedience; John, *in whom is grace*, signifies purity; and James, who is *wrestler* or *supplanter*, signifies voluntary poverty: and these three things make men see the brightness of God, as these three men beheld the Transfiguration. Happy he who ascends such a mountain, that is, who goes up to loftiness of life, in which there are three steps—namely, selfsubjection, mortification of the flesh, and contempt of worldly prosperity, of which it was said in the preceding chapter, “*If any one wills to come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me.*” Happy he who attends to prayer, piously, faithfully, and perseveringly until the glory appear! In the face, clerics are transfigured into the sun, when they shine by their knowledge, warm by their charity, and give light by their example and their teaching. In the raiment, laymen are transfigured, for whom the whiteness of snow is enough, by purity of mind, of body, and of deed.*

* Pars ii., cap. 3, pp. 401, 402 (Palmé). The last sentence is thrown into hopeless confusion in the edition quoted, first by bad punctuation, and then by the insertion of one or two words in an attempt to make sense—which only issues in bad grammar. Ludolph wrote—“*Felix . . . donec appareat gloria. In facie clerici transfigurantur in solem, dum lucent, etc., . . . et in vestimentis laici, quibus sufficit albedo,*” etc. The French reprint has—“*Donec appareat gloria in facie clerici qui transfigurantur,*” etc. It seems to take the *clerici* and *laici* for the genitive singular, instead of the nominative plural, leaving, nevertheless, the *transfigurantur* and *quibus sufficit* in the plural, and destroying the sense.

This long passage is thoroughly Ludolphian, though by no means remarkable for its beauty beyond the countless paragraphs of the same character which might be quoted. And we think that it will illustrate the assertion as to the richness of spiritual meanings and the abundance of matter for thought and meditation which are secured by the prudent use of mystical and moral meanings.

But Ludolph has other notes of beauty which are more particularly his own. One of these is his habit of drawing devout tender pictures of our Lord in this or that mystery or action of His Life. In these little "contemplations" or "meditations," as they are called in the margin of some of the editions of the work, we find delicate grace united with the warmest devotion and sweetness of language to an extent unusual even in the writings of the elder ascetics. Here is a passage from the chapter on our Lord's Hidden Life at Nazareth.

But let us return to our contemplation of the acts and life of our mirror, Jesus Christ, for this is our principal object. For this purpose imagine yourself present at all they do, and consider that little family, which was blessed above all others and leading such an exalted though poor and humble life. The aged Joseph is earning what he can from his trade as a carpenter, our Lady works with her needle and thread, prepares the food for her spouse and for her Son, and performs the other necessary household duties, which are many, for she has no servant. Compassionate her that she toils and labours with her hands through necessity. Compassionate also the Lord Jesus, for He faithfully assists her in her work as far as He is able. For "*the Son of Man*," as He Himself says, "*is come not to be ministered unto, but to minister.*"* Watch Him, therefore, attentively as He performs the humble offices of the house, and watch too our Lady and the aged St. Joseph as they work to gain the necessities of life. On this St. Basil says, "From His earliest years, whilst obeying His parents, He endured with humility and reverence great bodily labour. For since they were honest and just people, but at the same time needy and suffering through the want of necessities (as the manger shows us), it is clear that in seeking the necessities of life they frequently endured bodily toils and hardships. And Jesus, through His obedience to them, even in the endurance of these labours manifested a complete subjection."

See also how day by day these three take together at one table their meals, which are not sumptuous or composed of choice dishes, but poor and temperate; and after them they converse together, not making use of useless or idle talk, but of words which are full of wisdom and of the Holy Spirit, and so their minds are no less refreshed than their bodies; and after some time spent in recreation, they betake themselves to their chambers to pray, for their house was not large, but small.

Again, put before your mind their three couches in one small room, one couch for each, and behold the Lord Jesus during all that length of time, after He had made His prayer and at a late hour, reposing on one of them every night, in as humble, as ordinary a manner, as regularly too, as any other poor man would do. Each evening you should behold Him with compassion in this His place of rest, and recommend yourself humbly and devoutly to Him.

* St. Matt. xx. 21.

Yet in this affliction of body and in this poverty, the loving Mother is filled with gladness of heart at the presence of such a Son. Wherefore St. Anselm says, "Who can comprehend the great joy with which her whole nature is filled, since she has Him Whom she loves so tenderly, Whom she knows to be the Creator and Ruler of all things, living with her, eating with her, and with gentle words teaching her whatever she is desirous to know. In so far, therefore, as the affection of this wonderful and ineffable love between such a Son of so great a Mother, and such a Mother of so great a Son, can be imagined, let those at least in some way consider it who love one another with a singular ardour of affection, as a mother her son, and a son his mother. Nor is any one to think that an ordinary man can feel in himself even in a very minute degree the affection of that Mother towards her Son, since I am by no means inclined to believe that any one who has deserved to be raised to the understanding of this affection, can still be a stranger to the sweetness of this love, and one who arrives at the sweetness of this love ought by no means to be excluded from arriving at a share in the reward."

You have now seen the greatness of the poverty, abjection, and severity of life which for so many years the King of Kings and the Eternal Lord endured for us in watching, in sleeping, in abstinence, and in every one of His actions. Where, then, are those who seek their ease and conveniences, those who seek superfluities and ornaments, those who seek objects that are curious and foolish? We, who are desirous of such things as these, have not learnt in the school of this Master. Are we wiser than He? He has taught us by word and example to love humility, poverty, and the affliction of the body by labour. Let us follow, then, this most excellent Master, Who neither will deceive, nor be deceived, "*and having,*" according to the Apostle,* "*food and wherewith to be covered,*" in accordance with what is suitable and necessary, and not with what is superfluous, "*with these let us be content.*"

We are tempted, before we pass on, to give another specimen of Ludolph's method of summing up a number of heads of doctrine on subjects of meditation in a few paragraphs. It is from his chapter on the Circumcision. We do not know of any writer who before him has used the word *Jesuita*—introduced at first, we believe, into common use as a name of reproach.

According to Origen, it was not fitting that the name of Jesus, that most sweet and glorious name, and most worthy of all adoration and reverence, that name which is above every name, should be first pronounced by men, nor by men be brought into the world, but by some being of a higher and more excellent nature. This name, then, was, so to speak, born in Him; for by His very nature He is a Saviour. And though this name had before been given to others, yet it was new in Christ, inasmuch as it was given to Him, inasmuch as He was the Saviour of all men, which was not the case with the others, although in some particular they may have been saviours of men. For *Jesus* in the Hebrew is equivalent to the Latin *Salvator*, *Saviour*. Now He is called Saviour, first, because He has power to save, and thus the name belonged to Him from all eternity; secondly, from His habitual quality of saving, and in this sense it was given to Him by the Angel, and belongs to Him from the first moment of His conception; thirdly, from the act of saving, and in this He was called by this name in His Circumcision, and it was specially applicable to Him by reason of His suffering then. According, then, to St. Chrysostom, this name Jesus, by which God is called from the time when He dwelt in the Virgin's womb, is not new to Him, but old; for He Who was called Jesus, that is, Saviour,

* 1 Tim. vi. 8.

according to His human nature, was already a Saviour in His Divine nature. Consider, therefore, the dignities of this name. First, it was preordained and consecrated from all eternity; secondly, it was pronounced by the mouth of God; thirdly, it was longed for by the Patriarchs and ancient Fathers; fourthly, it was foretold by the Prophets; fifthly, it was prefigured in times past, namely, in Jesus the son of Nave, who was called also Josue; sixthly, it was foretold by the Angel to Mary and Joseph; seventhly, its praises were spoken by the Blessed Virgin; eighthly, it was on this day conferred by Joseph; ninthly, it was published by Angels; tenthly, magnified by the Apostles; eleventhly, borne witness to by the Martyrs; twelfthly, praised by the common consent of the Confessors; thirteenthly, to holy Virgins it has been as oil poured out, and a foretaste of heaven; fourteenthly, it is venerated by the Faithful. Now, according to St. Augustine, there is a difference between the name Jesus and the name Christ; for the name Jesus is a proper name, while the name Christ is a common and sacramental name. So, too, the name Christ belongs to the order of grace; that of Jesus to the order of glory. For as through the grace of baptism we are here called *Christians*, from Christ, so in the glory of heaven we shall be called, after Jesus himself, *Jesuits* (*Jesuitæ*), that is to say, men saved, from the Saviour. And it may be said that the difference in dignity between the names Jesus and Christ is as great as the difference between glory and grace. To use, with the Venerable Bede, the moral sense, as Christ received His name of Jesus at the time of His corporal circumcision, so the elect, in their spiritual circumcision, participate in that name; so that as they are called *Christians*, from Christ, they may be, in like manner, called the *saved*, from the Saviour. And it was given them not only before their conception by faith in the womb of the Church, but before all time began. This, then, is the name which is above every name. For "*there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we must be saved.*"* It is a name which, according to St. Bernard, is honey in the mouth, sweet music in the ear, joy in the heart; which, like oil, gives light to us when it is preached, feeds us when we meditate on it, soothes and gladdens us when we invoke it, and, according to St. Peter of Ravenna—"This is the name which gave sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf, the use of their limbs to the lame, speech to the dumb, and life to the dead; the power of which drove out from bodies which were possessed all the power of the devil."

St. Anselm says of this name—"Jesus is a sweet name, a name full of delight, a name which gives strength to sinners, a name full of blessed hope; therefore, Jesus, be to me a Jesus." The name of Jesus is powerful, according to that of the Apostle—"You are washed, you are sanctified, you are justified in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."† For the name of Jesus has a cleansing power as regards the stain of sin, a sanctifying power as regards the malice of sin, and a justifying power as regard the guilt of sin. Since, then, in sin there are three things, the stain, the malice, and the guilt, it is clear that as far as concerns each of these, sin is remitted through the name of Jesus. Hence St. John says—"Your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake."‡ At this name "*every knee shall bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth.*"§ "*Whosoever shall call upon this name of the Lord shall be saved.*"|| Of this name, too, our Lord Himself said—"Whatsoever you shall ask the Father in My name, that will I do."¶ We ought, then, to use this name in all our prayers, and to make our petitions in the name of Christ. It is for this reason that the prayers of the Church always end with the name of Christ, in the words—*Through Christ our Lord*, or something similar. That man does not ask in this name who asks for something which is against the arrangements of God, or against the good of his soul or that of others; nay, there is no doubt that he who makes such a petition prays in opposition to this name. Truly, then, and

* Acts iv. 12.

† 1 Cor. vi. 11.

‡ 1 St. John ii. 12.

§ Phil. ii.

|| Rom. x. 13.

¶ St. John xiv. 18.

properly He is called Jesus, for we cannot obtain salvation except in this name alone. Hence He said of Himself—"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end."* For since by the Word in His eternity all things are produced, so by the same Word united to the flesh they are repaired, advanced, and completed.

v.

We should hardly be doing justice to Ludolph if we did not mention a feature in his work as to which it is hardly possible to quote him. We have already spoke of the masterly chapter in which he has summed up in a few paragraphs the distinguishing characteristics, as he conceived them, of the several Evangelists. He has shown the same power of concise and lucid statement on many other occasions, and his chapters are often complete though short treatises on the subject of some virtue, on the effects of some sacrament, and the like. Thus, after he has spoken of the preaching and baptism of St. John, he has a chapter on Penance, which sums up admirably the doctrine of the Church on the subject. It might be almost worth while to analyze this chapter for our readers, as this would give an idea of the way in which Ludolph deals with practical subjects which may be said to come across his path rather than to force themselves as a matter of necessity into his narrative. It would also illustrate a truth at which we have already hinted, namely, that the book is so far a book of a particular date that it treats even subjects so important as that of penance in a tone which belongs to its own century. Ludolph begins by a description of penance, making it include sorrow for past sins and determination not to repeat them. He illustrates his description from the Fathers, then he quotes St. Augustine as to the three actions of penitence, that which in adults precedes baptism, that which all must continue all their lives, and that which relates to particular sins against the Decalogue. Then he has a long paragraph full of quotations as to the danger of delaying penance. Here we come upon one of those little quaint statements which writers of our time would probably not make. "It is believed that every one dies in his best state (*in statu meliori*). Hence, Hugo of St. Victor says—'We must know that no one, whether just or wicked, youth or old man, is loosened from this body before he is at that point of goodness or of malice, beyond which he would never pass if he were to live for any time.'"

Then follow some more quotations about the danger of delay and the value of time. Ludolph then passes on to the three parts of penance—contrition, confession, and satisfaction. They

* Apoc. i. 8.

are the three days of journey into the wilderness which the Hebrews were to go in order to worship God, the three days in which our Blessed Lady sought and found her Son, the three steps of Jacob's ladder. Then he describes contrition, which must be for each particular sin, and should be perpetual. "Whence," he says, "it is useful that the priest enjoin some perpetual penance, however small, that by this means a man may be reminded sometimes of his past sins in the spirit of penance." Here again is a statement which would hardly have found its way into a work of the present century. Detestation of sin is of two kinds—one perpetually actual, such as that of St. Peter, which belongs to perfection, but is not of necessity; another perpetually habitual, and to this all are bound. Then follows an account of confession. Mental confession of sins to God is a part of the natural law, oral confession to man is a positive institution of Christ, Who tacitly established confession, which the Apostles promulgated expressly. "Therefore is confession to be made to man, holding the place of Christ, that sins may be concealed from the devil." This is explained, as it appears, to mean that the devil's mouth may be stopped as to objecting at the Judgment to sins which may have been confessed. "Confession," he goes on to say, "is conveniently instituted, that man, who, when his own master, departed from God, should be placed under another, and return to God in humility and devotion." Soon after this we find some curious remarks about repeating confessions and making them to more persons than one, which some of the Fathers are quoted as recommending, on account of the greater interior compunction and humiliation of the sinner who does this. St. Augustine says in proportion as the sinner confesses the shame of his sins to more persons in hope of pardon, in the same proportion will he more easily gain the grace of remission. Ludolph's own remarks on this point are so characteristic that we are tempted to translate them in full.

It is also useful and very salutary to repeat the confession of the same sins frequently, and to make confession to more than one, for repeated confession, although it be not necessary for salvation, is yet very profitable, as well because a man knows not whether in his first confession he were sufficiently contrite, as because his greater humility and feeling of shame causes and acquires merit, and because by every confession something of the penalty due to sin is removed by virtue of the sacrament, and some grace is conferred thereby. For because the priest by the power of the keys relaxes somewhat of the pain due to sin, any one might confess so many times that there would remain no pain at all. And although some say that the first absolution alone has effect by virtue of the keys, and the others have

not, since they find nothing that is to be absolved, yet according to the more benignant opinion of others it is not considered unreasonable that a man might so often confess with contrite heart and be absolved from the same sin, that by this means he might do away with the whole pain of his purgatory, and such a man, if he died, would go up straight to heaven. And this, both by the power of the keys, which always releases somewhat; and though such subsequent absolution does not find any guilt, it finds the obligation of pain. And even if it be granted that it finds no pain, its effect is to increase grace. And also from the virtue of contrition. Nor would the sin so confessed remain without some pain attached to it, for the sorrow of contrition and the shame of the penitent, which are renewed in that subsequent confession, form no small part of such pain. What, therefore, is better than frequently to confess our sins, until by our hundredth or thousandth confession the whole pain which he owes be remitted to him who confesses? And it must be noted that the general confession, which is made in the church before mass, cleanses from venial sins and does away with mortal sins that have been forgotten. But the confessor must be very cautious in keeping the secret of confession, so as not to reveal it even with the permission of the penitent. For in the case in which the penitent renounces his secret, and gives to the confessor permission to tell it to whom he will, or to speak of it, even in that case the confessor himself cannot reveal what is said to him in confession, because the penitent himself cannot dispense with the precept of the divine law of the Gospel, under which precept the secret of confession falls. And so if the confessor has not power to absolve or needs more prudent counsel, he must cause the same thing to be told him again out of confession, and for this purpose only, and then he may tell his superior, and any one else who may give him advice.*

* Pars i., cap. 20. It is with much regret that we have to repeat our criticisms on the bad printing of M. Palmé's edition. It is in the highest degree captious in critics to point out blemishes, which do not affect the usefulness or completeness of a volume which it is otherwise desirable to recommend. A word or two of disparagement in a review, sometimes written, perhaps, by one who has hardly cut through the pages of the book which he depreciates, may often do real harm to the circulation of a very deserving work. But, in the present case it is important, in the view of a possible translation of Ludolph, that a bad text should not be allowed to pass unnoticed, in the case of a volume which presents the work to the reader in what is at first sight an attractive form. It may be our misfortune, but, whenever, in the course of this article, we have had to translate from the edition of which we speak, we have found the words or punctuation presented in such a way as to change the sense, and we have only solved the difficulty by reference to one of two very accurate old black letter editions to which we happen to have access. We must add, in fairness to M. Palmé's text, that it seems to us to be incorrect, not so much from ignorance or carelessness in the editor, as from his having had a bad text to print from, though an old one. Not *all* the black letter copies have an accurate text. That on which we rely, and which we have hitherto found uniformly accurate, is a small thick octavo, from the Duke of Sussex's library, printed in Paris, in 1539. It claims to be accurate. The editor is Joannes Amplexor. He puts on his title page the distich—

Ut sine labe fuit Christi, sanctissima vita,
Sic ea pura tibi, sic sine labe datur.

And on the back of the title he tells us that he has compared four very old copies, as well as more modern editions, before going to press.

In the passage which we have translated, the text given by M. Palmé is erroneous in more than one place. The sentence about the repetition of confession and the possibility of doing away with all the debt of pain thereby, is thus rendered—*"Et talis moriens, statim evolare; cum virtute clavium quæ semper aliquid relaxat, etsi talis absolutio non inveniat culpam, invenit reatum poenæ. Et dato quod nihil poenæ inveniat; tunc ex vi contritionis, facit ad augmentum gratiæ,"* etc. A little further on, where there is question of not revealing the secret of confession, it is said of the penitent who gives leave to the confessor, *"renuntiat sua secreta,"* instead of *"suo secreto."*

The last part of penance is then treated of in the same way as the two preceding. When speaking of the doing away with the debt of pain by means of "condign" satisfaction, Ludolph tells us, that if the Priest does not impose "condign" penance, or if it be imposed and be not performed, the penitent is only released from as much pain as he does penance, not from all. But he adds, that true penance is to be counted as made up, not so much by maceration of the flesh or by length of time, as by contrition of heart—

For [he says] contrition may be so great as to take away altogether the debt of pain, because God accepts the affection of the heart rather than exterior actions, but yet, by exterior actions man is absolved both from guilt and from pain, therefore, in like manner, by means of the affection of the heart, which is contrition, a man is absolved from the same. For the force (*intentio*) of contrition may be considered in two ways. First, as to the charity which is in it, and which causes displeasure at sin, and therefore, by means of charity, the man merits not only that guilt should be taken away, but also to be absolved from all pain. Again, as to the sensible sorrow which the will sets at work in contrition, and, because that sorrow also is a certain pain and punishment to the penitent, which can be so much intensified as is enough for the doing away both of guilt and pain.

He adds, that if a man cannot satisfy by himself, then he may do so by the help of another; and that God in His great mercy has provided for us great means of satisfaction. First, the Passion of our Lord; secondly, the merits of the whole Church; and lastly, our own sufferings and satisfactions. The whole chapter concludes by an exhortation to penance.

This account of the chapter on Penance, which follows after Ludolph's commentary on the life and office of St. John Baptist, may seem to show how far his *Life of Christ* is from being a simple narrative. Chapters as positively didactic as that to which we have referred occur very frequently in his work. The reader will find great profit in the beautiful chapter on the Beatitudes,* or again in that on the Lord's Prayer.† Indeed, the whole series of chapters on the Sermon on the Mount is rich in spiritual teaching. But it is characteristic of the times rather than of the man, that Ludolph should confound the Sermon on the Mount, in St. Matthew, with the Sermon on the Plain, in St. Luke, and so miss the additional lessons which are to be gathered from a comparison of the two, and a consideration of the different circumstances of each, and the points of resemblance or distinction between them. He gives a quaint and thoroughly mediæval account of that discrepancy as to place and attitude

* Pars I., cap. 33.

† Cap. 37.

which must be noticed even by the most casual reader of the two sermons as they are given by the two Evangelists. "Some say that our Lord spoke to the disciples on the top of the mountain sitting, after the manner of a doctor, and this sermon Matthew relates; and afterwards, on the side of the mountain, he made another like sermon to His disciples and the crowd in common, standing, and this Luke relates. But others say that our Lord first sat with His disciples on the brow of the mountain, and then, having chosen the twelve, came down to a certain plain on the side of the same mountain, and there delivered one sermon both to the crowds and to His disciples, which sermon each Evangelist relates in a different manner, but with the same truth as to the matter. The first opinion is more properly held, and seems to be more agreeable to the truth. And from this has grown the custom in the Church, that when discourse is addressed to the crowds and secular persons, the preacher stands, as if inviting them to conflict and action, but when it is addressed to clerics and religious persons, he sits down, as inviting them to quiet and contemplation." We may also particularly mention a beautiful chapter, which is in itself a treatise, occurring after the account of the discourse of our Lord to the Apostles before they were sent out to preach, "On certain impediments to perfection and to the following of Christ,"* as well as another, which occurs later,† "On the twelve Evangelical counsels"—that is, poverty, obedience, chastity, charity, meekness, mercy, simplicity of speech, avoidance of occasions of sin, rectitude of intention, conformity between speech and action, freedom from anxiety, and fraternal correction. Any one who has made acquaintance with these chapters will have a good idea of the solid and lofty spirituality of Ludolph, and we should advise him next to turn to the whole series of chapters on the Passion, if he has not time or leisure to make a study of the whole of this wonderful treasurehouse of holy thoughts.

Scattered up and down the book we find a number of references to ecclesiastical or devotional practices which are illustrated by this or that passage in the history, just as in a place to which we referred a few sentences back a reason was given for a difference of attitude in a preacher when addressing seculars or ecclesiastics respectively. A full collection of them would be very interesting. We can only find space for one or two. Our first instance is probably very well known. Speaking

* Pars i., cap. 54.

† Pars ii., cap. 12.

of the desertion of the Apostles at the time of the Passion, Ludolph says—"Then all the disciples sinned, and were extinguished in faith during those three days, except the Blessed Virgin, in whom alone the faith of the Church remained unshaken; in representation of which, in the matins of that triduum all the candles are extinguished except one alone, which remains lighted. In sign of this also the altars are stripped, because Christ, Who is signified by the altar, was left by the Apostles, who are signified by the ornaments. Also, in that triduum, the nocturnal office is sung aloud, by which the prophecies concerning Christ are signified, but the day hours are said in silence, because the Apostles did not dare to preach then, wherefore also the bells are not struck, because then the sound of preaching ceased." A little further on, speaking of the various passings of our Lord from one tribunal to another, and the like, which were nine in number, he says—"These nine leadings from place to place which took place up to midday, the faithful at the present day represent by going about till the ninth hour and visiting nine churches, in memory of Christ's being led, after He was taken, to nine places."

When he comes to the account of the mockery of our Lord by Herod, Ludolph remarks that our Lord had all the pontifical vestments and ornaments in the Passion—the amice, when His face was veiled in the house of Caiaphas, the alb, when Herod clothed Him in a white robe, the chasuble, when the soldiers put on Him the purple garment, the girdle, when He was bound to the pillar, the stole, when a rope was put round His neck. "He had the maniple," he adds, "when they bound His hands with a rope, but this rope they loosened when they put the reed into His right hand, and the rope remained hanging on the left—to signify which the maniple is put on the left arm." He had the crown of thorns on His head for the pontifical mitre, and the reed in His hand for the pontifical staff, He had gloves and sandals when His hands and His feet were all made red with blood—to signify which the sandals ought to have an opening, with some patch of red silk. The gloves also have over them a certain round ring (*monile*), which ought likewise to have something of red, to designate the wounds of Christ. He ends the passage in the spirit which pervades much of his work. "It is clear, therefore, from what has been said that our Lord was mocked in every vestment and ornament, both priestly and pontifical, and what is worse, He is nowadays mocked in all the

aforementioned vestments not less than then, by a greater multitude, and for a longer time, and in a more deceitful way, because nowadays people mock Him truly, but the Jews, as it were, in figure. For that manifold mockery which He underwent then was a figure and sign of the future mockery, which is fulfilled now by many." One more characteristic touch of this sort, and we must pass to other things. When he speaks of the last words of our Lord on the Cross, *Pater, in manus tuas, &c.*, he says that some tell us that our Lord silently prayed all the ten psalms (which contain one hundred and fifty verses) between the twenty first and thirty first—that is, from *Deus meus, Deus meus, ut quid dereliquisti me?* to the words just quoted. And he adds—"It is very useful and salutary to read those ten psalms, for no one can doubt that they will confer the affection of devotion upon him who reads them. And it is said that they avail especially to expiate negligences committed in saying the canonical hours."

Another charming characteristic of Ludolph's work is to be found in the little anecdotes of religious and monastic life, which he seems to delight in inserting when occasion permits. We shall give one or two of these presently, when we have to speak of a less pleasant subject, which must not be passed over in any account of his work which aims at giving a fair idea of it to the reader—we mean his strong language with regard to the ecclesiastical abuses of his time. Before going on to this, however, we must mention another last feature in the work in which pious souls will find almost endless resources of devotion—we mean the very beautiful prayers with which he sums up and closes his chapters. A most useful manual might be made by collecting these prayers into a little volume by themselves, with just a few words to indicate the subject of the chapter to which they were attached. The prayers in themselves are often fitted to furnish the heads or points of a meditation. We may be allowed to illustrate this remark by a few examples, reminding our readers that Latin is the language of prayer, and that it is not easy to reproduce all the beauties of the original in our own tongue. We take as our instances the prayers at the end of three successive chapters in the First Part of his Life. Our first chapter (49) is on the healing of the woman with the issue of blood, and the daughter of Jairus. The prayer is this—

O Lord Jesus, I adore the feet of Thy mercy and Thy truth, and I most earnestly beseech Thee, heal by the touch of Thy grace my soul, defiled with

blood and stained by so many sins, call it back to life from the death of an evil and secret will and purpose, and restore me to God my Father, Whose adopted child Thou hast made me, among those who share Thine inheritance. Remember not, good Lord, Thy justice with Thy poor sinner and Thine anger with Thy guilty servant, but be mindful of Thy benignity with Thy creature and of Thy mercy with Thy wretched suppliant, O Lord my God. Amen.

The next chapter is on the healing of the two blind men and of one who was dumb. The prayer follows—

O Lord Jesus, the light of eternal brightness, enlighten the eyes of my heart, that I may never sleep in the death of the soul, so that, enlightened by Thy grace, I may know all that I ought to do, and by the assistance of the same may have strength to accomplish what I know, and that then I may declare Thy benefits unto Thy glory and the profit of others. Open, also, O Lord, my mouth which is dumb, forgiving my sins by the infusion of Thy grace and loosening my tongue that it may tell Thy praises, so that, having received the gift of speech, I may accuse myself, praise Thee, my God, edify my neighbour, and make known the truth. Amen.

Then follows a chapter on the mission of the Apostles, and the exhortation given to them by our Lord. We subjoin the prayer—

O Lord Jesus Christ, Who, when sending Thine Apostles to preach, didst give them power to heal and precepts how to live and converse among men, direct my feet in the way of peace, and give me health both of soul and body. And, that justice may be in my works and holy discipline in my manners and Thy fear and love in all my ways, mortify in me all vices, and strengthen me with Thy gifts within and without, so that I may find grace in my degree to imitate what Thou didst enjoin on Thy disciples, and to be numbered with them, through Thy mercy, in eternal glory. Amen.

VI.

It would, as we have already hinted, be unfair in any account of the famous book before us, to leave out all mention of the censures passed by Ludolph on the faults of his day, especially among the clergy. These censures occupy a sufficiently prominent place to have a right to be mentioned among the characteristic features of the work, though, of course, a *Life of Christ* is not the kind of book in which it could be at all necessary to say all on this subject that might have been said. On the other hand, there is far too little of matter of this kind to affect the general impression made on ordinary readers by the work as a whole, and, as is well known, it has long been the delight of holy pious souls who have thought but very little of the abuses prevalent in some parts of the Church in the fourteenth century. The abuses of which Ludolph complains; influential as they may have been for evil even as far down as the epoch of the Council of Trent, have long since

vanished from the Church, and, though the sources of misery must always be much the same as long as the human heart remains what it is, we shall not find many traits in the picture as drawn by Ludolph which can be said to exist at all conspicuously at present. He is, as we have said, amply borne out in his witness by other evidence of the highest character, such as that of St. Bridget and St. Catharine of Siena. Catholics of the present day can never think of any selfgratulation at the sight of evil in the sanctuary in any age, for the life of the Church is one, and we must beware of setting up any such claim to freedom from responsibility as that which our Lord disallowed, when He told the Jews that by building the sepulchres of the prophets they acknowledged that they were the children of those who had slain them. But, in view of the conflicts through which the Church is now passing—conflicts, the critical character of which it is but too easy to blind ourselves to—it is some consolation to think that the heart and kernel of the Catholic body, the episcopate and the clergy, cannot now be fairly charged with abuses which Ludolph would never have made against the episcopate and clergy of the fourteenth century unless they could be alleged with truth.

The most remarkable passages of the kind of which we are now speaking are to be found in a chapter of the First Part of the *Life of Christ*, which comes after the narrative of the great miracle of the feeding of the five thousand. It may be a question in the minds of casual readers, what connection there can be between this miracle and a treatise on the abuses among the clergy. If Ludolph had dragged in the subject of such abuses without at least a plausible reason, this would only be an argument that his mind was very full of that subject. In truth, he proceeds to speak of it in connection with our Lord's act of sending away the disciples by sea and remaining Himself behind, when He knew the multitude were prepared to come and "take Him by force and make Him a King." The chapter begins by a contrast between our Lord's real humility and desire to avoid honours, and the ambition of certain religious persons "who feign that they do not desire dignities, but when they are offered run to meet them with open hands, receive them with delight, and even sometimes offer themselves for them of their own accord." Ludolph then speaks against ambition, and quotes many of the Fathers on the danger of seeking honours, especially in the Church, without regard to the burthens attached to them.

Then he says that besides simony and other evils which are often committed with great scandal, there are a number of faults in this matter in which many are entangled, as if they were not evil, but lawful. The first of these is the want of vocation. Many seek promotion to ecclesiastical dignities and cures without waiting until God calls them. And he lays down the rule, that however capable and virtuous a man be, he will certainly not be worthy of preferment if he is not unwilling when it is conferred upon him. Then follow some several passages from St. Augustine and St. Bernard. He then tells an anecdote of St. Louis, who asked a pious person why the French bishops were not holy, as of old, and was answered that in old times bishops were chosen by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost and by canonical election, but that now they were promoted by means of interest and petitions; on which St. Louis declared that he would never again ask for a bishopric for any one. Ludolph insists that delighting in dignities when conferred is as bad as desiring and seeking them, and quotes the saying of our Lord—*Væ vobis qui diligitis poimas cathedras*, and quotes St. Chrysostom, who says that *Væ* in the Scriptures is always used of those who cannot escape eternal punishment. Then he explains what St. Paul says, *Qui episcopatum desiderat, bonum opus desiderat*. The work is good, he says, but the desire is bad. He adds that there is no excuse for the ambitious. "Many, through infirmity or ignorance, are excused from their sins either wholly or in part, but the ambitious man, who desires to rule others, is defended by neither of these. Not by infirmity, for of his own accord he has taken up and kept the government of his flock, and therefore, like the ram, he was bound to be stronger than the rest; not by ignorance, because it has pleased him to assume and retain the mastership of others, and no one ought to be ignorant who has chosen to be a teacher and master." We are to weep over the ambitious, he says, as a man who imitates Lucifer: and it is to be feared that as those who favoured Lucifer shared his fall, so those who favour ambitious men will fall with them. "This accursed plague," he says, "infests the whole religion of Christendom, and begets scandal to the whole world, not only in clerics but also in religious persons."

The second great evil of which Ludolph complains is the distribution of patronage to relations out of carnal affection. *Væ, qui ædificant Sion in sanguinibus*, says the prophet. He is

very sarcastic on nepotism. The devil takes care to supply prelates with nephews and other relations. Before their promotion, these relatives do not appear; they come to light all of a sudden, as if they had all been born on the day when the dignity was gained. The Church may say with Esaias, *Quis genuit mihi istos?*—"Who has begotten these? I was barren, and brought not forth, led away and captive, and who hath brought up these? I was destitute and alone, and these, where were they?"* "Whence some one says," he continues—

"Cum factor rerum privaret semine clerum,
Ad Satanæ votum successit turba nepotum."

And he relates a terrible vision, shown to a Pontifical Legate who was to succeed to the Papacy, of a Pontiff who had been lost on account of his nepotism, in which he and the relations whom he had thus promoted were seen cursing one another, as the cause each of the other's ruin. He attacks some religious persons on the same ground, who, in electing their Superiors, give their votes for men who will encourage their selfindulgence. "Many choose rather a good cook, who will satisfy their carnal pleasures, than a devout man, who will be of service to the interests of their souls." The third evil is the promotion of actually bad men; and here again he attacks religious persons as well as clerics, and he says that in these elections and arrangements it is often the case that Jesus Christ is postponed to Barabbas, and the evil spreads from the head to the members, while the chastisements which God sometimes sends in such cases remain unheeded.

Ludolph then passes on to two other sources of evil which will be found prominent among the abuses which had to be corrected two centuries later by the Council of Trent. These were the plurality of benefices and nonresidence. Ludolph's doctrine as to pluralities is plain and severe. He gives a list of the evils involved in the system. Those who possess many benefices are tempted to wander about from one to the other, and to fail in their duties; the divine worship and the practice of hospitality suffer in their benefices, the churches lose in convenience and in the honour due to them both in temporal and spiritual matters. Then he says, suppose a man has a dispensation as to pluralities, how can he have a dispensation as to these ill effects of their possession? These evils are enough to cause his

* Esaias xlix. 21.

damnation, and, as he grimly says, the guilty man who on earth has been *unus ut plures in beneficiis, erit unus ut plures in tormentis*. He then gives one or two terrible examples. A bishop of Paris had held a consultation on the subject of pluralities, and it had been concluded that one man could not, without danger of losing his soul, hold two benefices, if either of the two was worth as much as fifteen *livres* of Paris. Two theologians only differed from this general opinion. One of them was afterwards on his deathbed, and the bishop went to visit him, and spoke to him about his peculiar opinion as to pluralities, begging him to resign at once into the hands of the Church all his benefices except one. The poor man replied that he should like to see whether the holding of pluralities was a matter of damnation, and so died. He appeared in a state of great misery a few days after his death, saying that he had been lost for this among other things. Ludolph gives other examples, and concludes by saying that although there was a diversity of opinion on the point, still, according to St. Augustine, it was a mortal sin for any one to expose himself to danger of mortal sin in such a case. As to nonresidence, he argues in the same way as in the case of pluralities. Nonresidents, he says, rejoice over the florins which come in to them from their benefices, let them fear lest they be florins which take them to hell. They may have a dispensation as to residence, but can they have one as to the evils which follow from it? So it would be well with them *si haberent vicarium in tormentis, sicut excusando se dicunt habere in beneficiis*. Then again he quotes St. Bernard. "Whom will you point out to me," he says, "of these prelates, who does not take more pains to empty the purses than to extirpate the vices of his subjects?" (*qui non plus invigilet subditorum evacuandis marsupiiis quam vitiis extirpandis*). Ludolph attacks persons who leave their own churches and cures, and go about preaching elsewhere; and again, wandering religious who have care of souls, who fly from their cloister as from a prison, and who wander about with Satan, "going round about the earth, and walking through it," little fearing, as he says, "that their wandering feet will be bound, and they themselves cast into exterior darkness." The first religious used to cry, with St. Jerome, that the town was a prison to them, and solitude a Paradise, but these men leave their solitude to seek the towns and palaces, as if solitude were a prison to them, and the town a Paradise.

He next attacks the misappropriation of ecclesiastical revenues, and lays down the rule that, however usefully a man may labour in his benefice, he cannot claim for himself more than food and raiment; whatever is more than these belongs to the poor. He quotes here some passages of St. Bernard against the pomp and splendour of the prelates of his time, and he imputes faults of the same kind to certain religious of his own days. "Instead of the fleshmeat from which they abstain, they make a study of fish and various delicacies. And according as it is said of some, *Plus in salmone quam in Salomone student.*" His last attack is reserved for what he calls the cursed vice of "*curiosity*"—a word which he certainly uses in a sense with which we are not familiar. It appears to signify with him the study of elegant worldly accomplishments, diversions, comforts, refinements, dresses, instruments of pleasure, trinkets, articles of *vertù*, fopperies, compliments, and the like, and he gives a long list of reasons why all this "*curiosity*" is so mischievous. It is worldly, dangerous, a great vice. First, it employs in vanity the time given for the praises of God. Secondly, it is a cause of boasting and vainglory to the performer, who even while he is worshipping God is thinking over and over again how he will do or say this or that. Thirdly, it makes the person to whom it is offered proud also. Fourthly, it takes the mind away from God. Fifthly, it is all the lust and pleasure of the eyes. Again, it gives occasion for danger and ruin to many others, who may take a bad pleasure in what they see of this kind, or desire the like, or criticize and speak against it, or scandalize others in consequence. It is also quite contrary to poverty, and a mark of a vain and inconstant mind, and of hidden pride. "The evil," he says, "has crept in among religious persons, who leave, and as it were despise, the simplicity and humility of the ancient Fathers, invent secular novelties in many things which they use, and introduce the devil, the source of corruption, and his satellites, into religion."

We seem here to have to deal with an evil which we should have understood better if we had lived in the days of Ludolph himself. He concludes his chapter with some general remarks on the great danger in which the Church is in consequence of these sources of evil, and he quotes St. Bernard as to the different kinds of persecution which she has undergone at different times. He tells a story of a devil appearing to a

cleric who had to preach before an assembly of bishops, and telling him to thank the princes of the Church on the part of the evil powers below, because by their negligence nearly the whole world was coming down to them. He says that the three great evils of the world, pride, avarice, and licentiousness, are to be found rampant among prelates and clerics of the time. St. Jerome writes, he says, that pride is proper to devils or women, luxury to animals, and avarice to merchants, and that a bad cleric is a monster compounded of all three. "You may find something of the same sort, even among religious, when there is a prelate proud and ambitious, loving enjoyment and pleasure to boot, and, besides, blinded by the concupiscence of the eyes and avarice in greediness of wealth, making it his chief business to heap up money." "If any one," he adds, "on account of what is aforesaid, is angry with me for writing this, such a one confesses of himself that he is such a person." Men are angry when the truth is set before them, and when they can escape in no other way they say that their conscience does not reproach them. If this is so, their conscience is of the worst kind—bad and yet quiet.

VII.

Such is the famous indictment against the abuses of his own time which is to be found in the work of Ludolph, and the notes of which are echoed here and there in other passages. He is no forerunner of Luther and his miserable crew of apostates, no declaimer against Church authority or Catholic doctrine, no heartless cynic rejoicing in the evils which afflicted his days, or sneering at the religion which could live on under such disadvantages. The evils of which he complains are all to be traced up to one or two causes, notably the riches of the Church and the power and worldly dignity of her prelates. But natural causes are usually certain to produce their results, and wherever the Church has been enormously wealthy and enormously powerful, it is probable that the same tendencies to partial corruption have prevailed. If Ludolph had been called upon to sing the praises of his own days instead of to denounce what was then amiss, he would have found many noble instances of wealth well applied, of munificent charity, of saintliness in high places, of the hairshirt beneath the silken robe, of painful watchings and long prayers in those who wore jewelled mitres and had half an army of retainers.

It is never wise to shut our eyes to history, and the holy penitential atmosphere of the Chartreuse would never have fostered a spirit of sourness or exaggeration in the workworn ascetic who came hither to hide his head after so many years of busy and useful activity. We give Ludolph's picture of a part of the clergy without any scruple, and it would not be fair in any account of this famous work to have omitted noticing his attitude towards the fashionable clerics of the days in which he lived. Moreover, it is useful to show how a work of this kind, in which the light drawn from the study of our Lord's Life is cast so vividly in the author's mind upon the actual world in which he himself had lived and moved, must of necessity be in many respect to us a work of the distant past. Our days are not like his, the Church is in a different phase of her existence—the men and women, the laymen and the clergy of our time, have their faults and their dangers, which are not altogether identical with the faults and the dangers of the fourteenth century. The contrast can hardly be greater on any point than on that of the secular condition and the consequent faithfulness or unfaithfulness of the clergy to their heavenly mission. The chapter which we have last quoted is to us almost a dead letter. We can understand how the writer must have felt concerning the dangers of the Church; but we have the additional light of the centuries which have intervened between our time and his to console us, and we see how God, in His own time, provided a remedy. We can thus understand more fully the gratitude which we owe to Him for the work of the Council of Trent, and of the constellation of Saints who appeared about the same time, and how to appreciate the labours of those who have been the instruments in reforming religious orders and renovating the ecclesiastical spirit, and the mission of such men as St. Ignatius and St. Philip, of St. Vincent of Paul and M. Olier. They have laboured, and we have entered into their labours, and if the Church has a terrible conflict to wage in our time with the powers of evil, we may venture to hope that her soldiers are in the main sound and loyal, well disciplined and united among themselves and with their leaders, and that the dangers of the Spouse of Christ will not arise, as to the eyes of Ludolph in his Chartreuse they seemed likely to arise, from within herself.

In this respect, then, as in one or two others, this glorious book must be considered as antiquated. In its positive teaching, in its Scriptural exposition, in its spiritual lore, in its perfume

of the tenderest piety, in its penetrating insight into human nature, in its devout loving devouring gaze on the face and character of our Lord, a frivolous, busy time, like our own, is never likely to rival it or approach it even at a distance. The Catholic student of our time, however, may hope to learn from Ludolph something of his manner, something of his principles, and not Ludolph, nor a hundred more, will ever have exhausted the range of their manifold applications. The words and actions of our Lord are like veins of richest gold, which only grow upon those who work them. Moreover, as we have already hinted, a great work remains to be done in a department of the study of our Lord's life on which Ludolph never thought of entering. We can ill afford to abide the want of a clear intelligible account of the relation of each Gospel narrative to that mass of memoirs concerning our Lord, which must have been in the possession of the Apostles and the earliest disciples, nor again, of the manner in which one single perfect vivid picture is to be produced by the convergence of the four separate histories. We cannot consent not to be able to trace the gradual unfolding of our Lord's plan with regard to the training of His Apostles, and the bearing which His enemies forced upon Him; how His Church was born and grew, in proportion as the Synagogue blinded and petrified herself in her obstinacy. We must have the wonderful chain of actions, journeys, discourses, parables, miracles, and prophecies of our Lord, arranged, as far as is possible, in their actual order and in their due correlation, without such obvious errors as those which make but one Sermon out of the Sermon on the Mount and the Sermon on the Plain, and confound the scene in the Synagogue at Nazareth, at the outset of the Galilean preaching, with our Lord's last recorded visit to the home of His childhood, after the teaching by parables had begun.

Moreover, besides the correction of mistakes and the supply of deficiencies, we may fairly require the full use, in the spirit in which Ludolph would have used them, of the additional materials for the more perfect understanding of our Lord's Life on earth, which His continued Life in the Church and in her chosen children has provided for us. We possess stores of mystical and ascetical illustrations, the accumulated treasures of the centuries since Ludolph wrote, in which St. Catharine of Siena and St. Ignatius and St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross and a whole swarm of saintly authors have gathered honey for us, and the lives of

some hundreds of Saints are open before us, which were unknown in the fourteenth century, each one of which has some contribution of his own to give by way of commentary on the life of the Saint of Saints. Happy the day when all these rich sources of spiritual doctrine shall have been duly made to bear their part in eliciting the fuller sense of the Gospels, in echoing the notes of our Saviour's voice, and making His footprints clearer to the eyes of His devout followers, and when less lofty means and methods of illustration shall have been laid under due contribution—history, the study of antiquities, the more familiar acquaintance with the scenery and natural characteristics of the Holy Land! That day may see a Life of our Lord more detailed, or more historically perfect, than the work of Ludolph—it will never see one sweeter or more refreshing to the weary pilgrim soul, more full of the spirit of reverent devoted love and contemplation which first breathed in the holy House of Nazareth, and which Apostles and Evangelists caught, to hand on to the Church for ever, from her who was the first to “keep all these things, pondering them in her heart.”

H. J. C.

The Worker.

SET TO MUSIC BY GOUNOD.

THE night lay o'er the city,
The rain and winds made moan,
The worker in his garret
Sat toiling long and lone,
With nought of earth to praise him,
No earthly love to bless;
But there was one in heaven
Still cheered his loneliness.
Courage, true heart! she waiteth
Somewhere beyond the sun,
To welcome thee to heaven
When thy brave work is done.

Far on the hills of heaven
An Angel, watching, leant
Across the blue cloud-barriers
With glad eyes earthward bent.
Proudly she gazed, and happy,
Down through the utter air,
And marked, in that great city,
The worker toiling there;
And whispered through the quiet—
"I come to thee anon,
Toil on, O my beloved,
Thy work is well nigh done."

A few more nights of labour,
Of struggling bravely on,
And then God sent the Angel:
The worker's work was done.
Cold lay the lifeless body
Within that cheerless place,
A smile of peaceful trusting
Upon the poor thin face.
But from the lonely garret,
Unseen of mortal sight,
Two Angels, happy hearted,
Passed into heaven that night!

F. E. W.

Early Years of a Catholic Leader.

I.

WE have already spoken briefly of Mrs. Oliphant's lately published *Life of Count de Montalembert*, and have paid the tribute which we conceive to be due from Catholic critics to the writer of that most interesting work, by acknowledging how thoroughly she has endeavoured to do justice to the religious principles and convictions of one who was of a different creed from herself. We are not now about to make ourselves either the unreserved panegyrists or the hostile critics of the whole career of M. de Montalembert. Like most men of action in the days in which he lived, he had his imperfections, his imprudences, his ignorances, his impetuosities, and his exaggerations. He was not free from prejudices and illusions which affected his view on very important points—very important in themselves, and in their bearing on the questions of the day. Were he to begin again now, he would probably act and think in a very different manner from that in which he did act and think even in the very last stages of his career. It would be as mischievous to elevate him to the rank of an infallible oracle, as it would be to depreciate his immense services and the extreme value of his example, because he was not in all points perfectly enlightened or perfectly master of himself. And, after all, no one can question the intrinsic nobility of his character. We are happy to think that the publication of so many different papers and partial memoirs concerning him, whether in France or England, is not likely to provoke those who differed from him in the Catholic camp from attacking his name. In Germany—where every form of shabbiness and malignity that has ever figured in assaults on the Church of past times seems to be carefully revived, and made to do service in our own day, as if it were felt in Berlin that the armed masses which have stamped down the power of France were insufficient weapons in a conflict with the rights of conscience,

the Holy See, and the Society of Jesus—an attempt has been made, by the publication of a posthumous letter of Montalembert, to swell by so respected a voice the chorus of false charges which men who have never seen or read the *Civiltà Cattolica* are in the habit of heaping upon its writers. But the attempt has been met with great generosity, as far as M. de Montalembert's name is concerned, and we may fairly hope that the most Catholic writers in general will be ready to let past animosities sleep, without preventing their giving expression to the cordial admiration and gratitude which, on so many different grounds, M. de Montalembert may claim from them.

We are not about to attempt the apotheosis of M. de Montalembert. But we think his character and career eminently interesting and instructive as that of a Catholic leader of opinion and action—apart from the consideration of the particular measures which he may have advocated, and the special opinions of which he may have been most fond. It has been said of him, we believe, that he was in advance of his age. He was certainly in advance of his generation in one respect—in which we sincerely hope and pray that future generations of Catholics will take care that he be not in advance of them also! We speak of his activity, of his venturesome selfsacrificing laboriousness in serving the cause of the Church in the field of public life. When he began he was alone. He might have taken either of the two lines which, as it was, he combined. He might have been a dutiful son of the Church in the discharge of all his personal obligations as a Christian, dividing his time between pious exercises and the enjoyment of congenial society, or of the favourite pursuits of a country or a literary life. Or, on the other hand, he, a young peer of France, connected through his father with the sphere of political or diplomatic activity, might have found his career in politics simply so called, without endeavouring, as his opponents might have phrased it, to import the sacristy into the Chamber, or bring religious and ecclesiastical principles and theories to bear upon human, sub-lunary, and practical matters. As a simple politician he might have made his mark, for he was industrious, eloquent, and attractive. He might have achieved great distinction, also, as a writer. He might have made speeches or revolutions like Lamartine; he might have rivalled Thiers in creating the Napoleonic illusion, and so preparing the way for Bismark and Moltke. What he actually did must have seemed an original

and grotesque fancy to many wise men of the world at the time when he began—a fancy which they were inclined not to be severe upon only because it was likely to be harmless. He made religion and the Church his first serious care, and he actually thought of serving them and slaving for them in the field of public life. When it came to be found out that there was something really serious and important in all this, the wise men of the world were almost beside themselves with rage. We may understand what they must have felt by reading the articles in the *Times* on the late pilgrimages to La Sallette and Lourdes. The bile of its little clique of writers—thorough Voltairians, at least in their policy—has been stirred to the utmost at the very idea of the solemn public profession of a desire to place France under the protection of our Blessed Lady. Such was the feeling of many a French politician on discovering that M. de Montalembert was in earnest. What the quiet pious souls who never dreamed of helping the Church except by their prayers may have thought of him need not be guessed. He was probably almost as much of an *enfant terrible* to them as to the others.

It is with regard to this aspect of his career that we shall study M. de Montalembert, and for a reason which will be very obvious to any one who has read a paper on *The Catholic Union* which we inserted in our last number. The parliamentary and political importance of Catholics is far greater at the present moment in Ireland and England than was their political and parliamentary importance in France forty years ago. Perhaps we may some day see a Catholic party which may be as bold, in somewhat a different way, as was M. de Montalembert when he entered public life. They may venture to discard party ties, and to give up hanging upon the good pleasure of Lord This or Mr. That, and to act with all their power for the Church and the Church alone. We may see some of our own young men thinking a career of active political service to the Church something worth more than the enjoyments of home, or travel, or sport, or literary ease. In either case the example of M. de Montalembert's career may be of use, and we shall proceed to speak of its earlier stages without further preface.

II.

Charles Forbes René de Montalembert was born in London on the 15th May, 1810. He was the son of a noble French

émigré, who had married an Englishwoman, the daughter of James Forbes, and it was to his English grandfather that he owed the training of his earliest years. It is true he was only nine when death deprived him of this relative, but we may imagine that with a thoughtful, precocious child, a bent was given to his character, inclining him to those studious and industrious habits, which did not forsake him in after life. His father, the Count de Montalembert, was leading the changeful life attendant on the position of a soldier, having entered the Indian service, probably introduced to it by his father-in-law. Thus, at the age of fifteen months, Charles was left under the care of his grandfather. The picture thus presented to us is a very interesting one, the child forming the one object and consolation of the old man, who, on returning from India, had settled at Stanmore, near Harrow, and who seems to have had no thought, even in his literary labours, save the instruction and happiness of his baby companion.

The old man, who had a strong taste for natural science, would sit poring over the researches and experiences of past years, arranging them in such a way as should be most valuable to the child ever at his side, and who would carry on his little sports as quietly as possible, not to disturb those studies. James Forbes had written several books, but one in particular, the *Oriental Memoirs*, had earned him a certain reputation. This work, which is chiefly on the natural history of Eastern countries, he determined to utilize for the benefit of his grandchild. To the printed matter which had already been published, he added illustrations and remarks which increased the work to many folio volumes. In the Bodleian Library strangers are shown a copy of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, illustrated in this manner, forming we are afraid to say how many volumes in elephant folio—immense sums of money must have been spent on forming this collection of prints and plans. Such, in a small way, was the copy of the *Oriental Memoirs* of which we are speaking. It was enriched with family portraits by his own hand, and for a frontispiece had a likeness of Charles de Montalembert in his babyhood.

The child was not ungrateful for the old man's love; through life these ponderous volumes were carefully cherished, nor did his future in any way prove such as might have disappointed the grandfather's affection, though probably it was far different from what his hopes had sketched. As Charles grew older, he

became more and more of a companion to Mr. Forbes, generally travelling with him to Brighton and other places. Count de Montalembert was selected to announce to Louis the Eighteenth the relegation of Napoleon to Elba, and was afterwards called to the Chamber of Peers by the grateful monarch. At this time he gave up military life in favour of diplomacy, and Mr. Forbes paid him a visit in France. Even then the little one was not forgotten, and the letters describing the grandfather's thoughts and observations were transcribed into a kind of journal for the amusement of the boy of six years old. There must have been a strong element of quaintness about a child reared after this fashion, but it need not have been in any way destructive of childish *naïveté*, for we sometimes see that constant association with older people only gives children a facility of expression which merely enables them to put into words those half exalted, half simple ideas, which are so characteristic of the more thoughtful among them. In one of his letters, Mr. Forbes gives an anecdote of his little favourite which brings him vividly before us in this light. It is dated April 28, 1818—

I told you, my dear Eliza, that I should take Charles to his school as soon as possible after his birthday, and so I did; for as he well knew at Paris that I loved him too much to keep him from his studies at the Scotch College there when only seven years old, it operates more powerfully now he is eight. However, be that as it may, the day of our separation arrived last week, to me a trial of no common kind, for, except at short intervals, I have never lived alone for fifty one years until now, and I felt it deeply. I told him I would take him after breakfast, or, if he liked it better, he might dine with me, and we would go to the school in the evening. He hesitated a little, and then said—"As I am to go, I had rather go at once."

We accordingly set off, and when about half way to Fulham, observing him looking about very carefully, I asked him what he wanted? He said he was taking notice whether there were any houses near us. I replied, this part of the road was more free from houses than any other, adding, "But what can that signify?" He then clung his little arms round my neck, nestled his little head in my bosom, and gave one sob, saying, in a half stifled voice, "Now, my dear grandpapa, as you have taught me always to speak truth, and to conceal nothing from you, let me entreat of you to answer as truly the question which I shall now put to you." I promised him I would; and I now give to you and Montalembert the very words in which this sweet child thus addressed me—

"You know, my dear grandpapa, that I have left my papa and mamma, my brother and sister, at Stuttgart, to be your child; and now you and I are everything to each other until we see them again. Tell me, therefore—but you must tell me truly—if since we left Paris I have been the boy you expected and wished me to be, and if you love me as much as when we were there all together?" It was almost too much for me; but I could with truth assure him that he had been all, and even more than all, I anticipated. Then said he—"I am the happiest boy in the world, nor shall I drop one tear when you leave me;" nor did he.

In this extract, we scarcely know which touches us most, the solitary feelings of the old man, who, towards the close of a worldly career, had preserved such warmth and freshness of affection as to find the separation from a child of eight a "trial of no common kind," or, on the other hand, the appreciation of this love, and ready response to it, of the amiable boy.

In another year this beautiful friendship was to end sadly. Charles was accompanying his grandfather on a visit to his parents, they crossed France together, but at Aix-la-Chapelle Mr. Forbes died, leaving the child alone among strangers till the arrival of his parents. But though removed so early from the actual life of his beloved *protégé*, the old man never ceased to hold a place in his loving memory, while it is evident that the training of those early years was not lost upon Charles. It can hardly be doubted that the vigour and industry of his after life had their foundation laid when under the example and precepts of his English grandfather. From this period a change naturally occurred in the boy's position. He returned to the guardianship of his own parents, and we cannot suppose he was exempt from that loneliness in the midst of his own family, which is the portion generally of those who are brought up apart.

For a few years we know little about Charles, but at thirteen he began to keep a journal, so we are then furnished with a record of his daily actions and thoughts. Very soon the lamentations over time spent in gaiety show that the grandfather's teaching has not been in vain. The keen sense of duty he implanted takes alarm and vents itself in the regret of a "day lost, like so many others." Already Charles had developed political sentiments. At the age of twelve he insisted on his little brother Arthur swearing fidelity to the Charter. Arthur, being only ten years, was not so enthusiastic, and inquired with some trepidation—" *Mais qu'est ce que c'est que la Charte?* "

At about thirteen years of age, Charles made his first communion, receiving the preparatory instructions in the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, in the Rue du Bac; there it was also that later on he heard mass for the last time. With a father immersed in diplomatic pursuits, while his mother was engaged in the gaieties almost inseparable from her position, it was perhaps natural that Charles' education should have been somewhat neglected, but when he was fourteen, they were resumed under M. Gobert; the Abbé Nicolle, head of the College of Sainte Barbe, occasionally

examining him as to the progress of his studies. But his journal still bore testimony of his dissatisfaction at his tardy advance, and to his impatience against the amusements which he looked upon as a waste of time. It also contained an account of his reading.

In his memoir, by Mrs. Oliphant, we are told how he writes down

—his opinions of all the authors he reads, new and old, delivering judgment upon Sallust and Tacitus, upon Shakespeare and Racine and Corneille, with a delicious simplicity. The earliest critical record of his reading—dated from '23 to '25, between his thirteenth and fifteenth years—gives also a careful summary of many modern books; but the boy's verdict upon the greater writers is more amusing in its straightforward decisiveness. He makes even a little catalogue of the plays of Shakespeare, by way of expressing his verdict more clearly. The *Tempest* he finds "sublime in some parts, but in others ridiculous." The *Midsummer Night's Dream* (he was too young to enter into the humour of Bottom) "*un peu ennuyeux*." *Twelfth Night* he finds "mediocre," but *King Lear* is "sublime," *Hamlet* "divine," and he describes *Othello* as "too touching."

Further on—

After giving analysis of a serious work upon English law, the boy, not quite fifteen, adds, with some solemnity—"Few works have produced so much impression upon me as this. It has convinced me of *what I had long suspected*, that England is the first nation in the world."

The boy who had been trained quietly in his grandfather's study had evidently also acquired a taste for studious and industrious pursuits. Not only does his journal betray a thoughtfulness beyond his years: the simple regularity of its entries show those habits of application which gradually developed into a character of unusual strength and energy. When he was sixteen, he entered the College of Sainte Barbe, where he formed some strong ties of friendship, especially one with a M. Leon Cornudet. These two youths bound themselves by a solemn consecration to devote their lives to the cause of "God and freedom." It was clear that Charles' heart was still devoted to the cause of religion, even amidst the lax and infidel influences that surrounded him, though later in life he added his testimony against the irreligious atmosphere of public schools in France. In a letter of this date, he says that, as he has known how to hold to his religion in the midst of a hundred and twenty unbelievers, he hopes that he may also have the grace "not to lose his principles of independence in the midst of a dozen absolutists" whom he was going to visit.* Charles Montalembert's

* To M. Cornudet. *Contemporain*, p. 405.

college life seems to have been a tolerably happy one, but through all the pleasures of youth his thoughts pressed forward to the time when he might be of some service to his country by propagating his cherished dream of freedom. Visionary as may have been some of his patriotic theories, it must be borne in mind that they were far removed from the republican tendencies which arrogate to themselves the same name. It must also be remembered that his devotion to the Church, and consequently to God's laws, was a deeper and stronger feeling than even his admiration for freedom, though there was evidently a question in his mind as to how these two cravings should be satisfied. His journal also shows that his own home had not become thoroughly congenial to him, since the thoughtful highsouled youth could not fail to experience some loneliness amid the distractions and dissipations of an ambassador's household. In the year 1828 he gained a prize for a speech in French, which seems to have been the only distinction he won at college, and the following year, when he left, he could not restrain some vexation at having failed to terminate his career by winning some token of success.

If we can imagine such a thing as an English young gentleman, full of noble aspirations, prompting him to devote himself to the service of the Church in a public life, and desiring, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, to fit himself for such a career, after the example of M. de Montalembert, it is but fair to say that the model here set before us is one of extreme, even of excessive, industry. We fear that the "gentlemen philosophers" of some of our own Colleges will hardly unite over the following programme, given by M. Foisset in an article in the *Correspondant*. (We adopt Mrs. Oliphant's translation.)

The routine was as follows, "He rose at four o'clock, at halfpast four he studied alternately Greek philosophy in Xenophon, and German history in Pfeffel. From six to halfpast seven, after a short interval of reading, which he gave up to a poet, he did his task of mathematics. At halfpast seven came breakfast and recreation with his fellow students. From eight to ten, a mathematical class, followed by recreation for half an hour. From halfpast ten to a quarter past twelve, study or class of physics. Then dinner. At a quarter to one, a lesson in chemistry twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays; on other days recreation in company with a friend. From two o'clock to a quarter past four, a class of philosophy. At a quarter past four, *gouter* and recreation. From four to six, reading of philosophical works. From six to halfpast seven, study of the philosophy lesson. At halfpast seven, recreation, or study continued in his own room. At halfpast eight, supper and prayers. At nine o'clock, our young collegian, having returned to his own room, read a Greek or Latin poet, and afterwards studied Greek history in Thucydides or Xenophon till ten o'clock. From ten to eleven, it was the turn of German history in Pfeffel or Schiller. On Sundays there was a lesson in Greek and the reading of Plato.

It is, of course, obvious that all this was too much for an ordinary head. The wonder is that Charles de Montalembert did not break down under it, as he was not a youth to take things too easily. But then, the want of outdoor life, of games, of exercises, is almost as alarming to our English ideas, as the combination of so many different lines of study, and the apparent absence of the practice of composition seem to be contrary to all true theories of educational training.

Névertheless, we have the best evidence of the manliness and seriousness which this system either produced or fostered in the young Montalembert. The college friendship to which we have alluded above has been valuable to us, since through it we have been enriched with letters from his pen, which manifest the loftiness of his aim in life, as well as the tenderness of his heart, while throughout there runs an evidence of that keen sense of the value of time which was so eminently characteristic of his nature. After some sentences dedicated to friendship he writes—

I will resume my arguments in favour of that distaste for the world which I experience. I have already told you that very *seldom*, indeed, I might say *never*, have I found pleasure in such society as may be termed the *grand monde*. I have always felt myself out of place there. I have fancied myself a nuisance to others, and certainly I have been a nuisance in my own eyes. Besides, I had a just and reasonable motive for not caring for the world. I knew that while taking part in it I was losing time most terribly, and I could only feel a proud compassion for myself when compelled to do what was injuring me, while it afforded me no amusement.

People say that youth is the time for enjoying the pleasures of society. I consider this opinion a complete paradox. It strikes me, on the contrary, that it is during youth we should devote ourselves with the utmost energy to whatever profession we may embrace. Ah! when a man has paid the tribute which he owes his country, when he can face the world crowned with civic or military laurels, or at least enjoying universal esteem; when he is sure of commanding admiration and respect from all around him, then a man has a right to amuse himself in the world, and to appear there with confidence. I can imagine Pitt and Fox leaving the House where they had subdued their adversaries by sublime eloquence, to enjoy the pleasure of a cheerful dinner; I can conceive that after fifty years of glory, Grattan might amuse himself in playing hide-and-seek with young girls. But when one is only an obscure and unknown mortal, when one is mixed up in the crowd of other men, or at least with those fashionables who fancy themselves obliged to wander every night into three or four houses where one is stifled, under the pretence of amusement—then I can see in this neither pleasure nor honour; I see in it only a guilty waste of time and a mortal weariness. . . . I do not blame those young men who are even very worldly, I only pity them; for I feel tolerably sure that their hearts must be devoid of all elevated sentiments. My short experience has taught me a truth which I have engraved upon my mind—that in private life, at least, all things are ordained for the best. Therefore I thank God that I have been so tremendously bored in society, since that disgusted me with it for the future.

That this was not empty boasting, another short extract will prove. Writing from Sainte Barbe, he gives the following account of his occupation—

The first few days here I was terribly dull. I had no society, or, rather, I had detestable society, which is far worse. You can imagine that I stayed in my room all day. By degrees I became accustomed to my dreariness, and I have been reading a good deal, so as to make amends regarding several works that I could not read in study time. Since your departure I have read and analyzed the end of Juvenal, Persius, Catullus, Tibullus, the two *chefs-d'œuvre* of Beaumarchais, the *Choix des Oraisons Funèbres*, Bossuet's *Histoire Universelle*, twelve books of the *Iliad* in Greek, and two books of Pliny's *Letters*, without mentioning extracts, &c. You see I have worked well. I am delighted with Tibullus; his feeling is exquisite.

III.

Count de Montalembert was still at the Court of Sweden, so that on joining his family, Charles had to mix more than ever in the gay circles which had before been so distasteful. This repugnance, however, was partly owing to the bashfulness of his age, and was moderated after a time, though he never acquired any love for frivolity, nor did he abate the earnestness of his studies, which, of course, took a historical turn in pursuance of his attachment to the cause of liberty. A letter written about this time to his friend, M. Rio, is full of high hopes for the triumph of the Church when allied with the cause of freedom, urging upon him that religious faith is not a power that checks progress, that its advance is more bold and certain than merely rational independence. These thoughts may be taken almost as the key-note of his life, for he never abandoned these views, though he had cause to modify his early enthusiasm. Probably at this time his grandfather's library worked an unseen influence upon young Montalembert, since the speeches of Burke and Grattan, we are told, were his favourite books.

The fame of O'Connell also had a powerful attraction for him, and thus Ireland won his warmest sympathies. He proposed writing a history of the country, and for that purpose desired to visit it, but these plans were upset by a domestic trial. When he first arrived in Stockholm, he had attached himself warmly to his sister Elise, who was then first making her appearance in society, but ere long she began to droop, and the doctor insisted on her immediate removal to a more genial climate. There was only Charles who could escort his mother and sister to Paris. Unwillingly, therefore, the cherished scheme for Ireland had to be given up. But the sacrifice was in vain,

the party had only just reached Besançon when the poor girl became suddenly worse and died, after receiving the last sacraments from the hand of Cardinal de Rohan, bishop of Besançon. This loss was a sad grief to Charles, especially as he reproached himself for his disinclination to devote himself to the journey. So serious a termination to his sister's illness had never occurred to his boyish imagination, but none the less did he blame himself in exaggerated terms for his own fancied negligence, while alone with his mother he continued his mournful journey to Paris. It was the close of 1829, a time of some political importance, but he does not seem to have taken such interest in public events as might have been expected, owing partly, we may suppose, to his prolonged absence from France, which inclined his mind to dwell upon foreign politics and abstract questions, rather than on the events that were then going on around him.

However, his time did not slip by heedlessly, he devoted himself to study, and commenced his literary labours by an article on Sweden. This was shown to M. Guizot, who was editor of the *Revue Française*. He accepted it, but by exercising his editorial privilege of cutting it down to half its original length, inflicted a severe pang upon the early pride of authorship. At about this time also, Montalembert began to contribute to the *Correspondant*, for which he always continued to write. Regarding an article on Ireland which he wrote for the latter, and also the article on Sweden, he records with a tone of demure regret that one of his friends finds the paper on Sweden "wearisome," and that on Ireland "commonplace," adding philosophically enough that this is "disappointing," but better than insincere praise. After such patient submission to his adverse critic, we feel some satisfaction on his account in ascertaining that the Count de Montalembert, when he rejoined his son in Paris, was surprized as well as delighted on discovering that he was the author of the paper on Sweden. During this year, Charles Montalembert made acquaintance with several whose names have since become known to fame. He met Lamartine, and became intimate with Sainte-Beuve as well as with Victor Hugo.

Once more the idea of an Irish history presented itself to his mind. Victor Cousin, whom he had known several years, endeavoured to dissuade him, suggesting other plans, but at any rate, the journey to Ireland, which had been intended as a

preliminary step, was not deferred. Had young Montalembert foreseen the revolution about to break out in his own country, his patriotism would have held him fast in Paris, for he returned there at once on receiving the intelligence. But his father, who was connected with the Government, could scarcely relish his son's taking active part on the other side. No sooner, therefore, did Charles appear, than he was sent back to resume his journey. Perhaps he saw enough of the aspect of affairs to reconcile him to a neutral attitude, since he writes, "Freedom never gains anything by such violent movements. It lives by slow and successive conquests, perseverance and patience." Again then he turned towards the Green Isle, which had long been an object of so much thought and sympathy with him. His chief aim was to make acquaintance with O'Connell, who was then in the zenith of his popularity. Towards Derrynane, therefore, he bent his steps, and his biographer gives us a pleasant sketch of the expedition.

Young Montalembert travelled in the most picturesque manner. He made the journey on horseback, taking with him a little Irish boy as guide, who led him across the hills, and chattered to him with all that ready wit which characterizes the nation. The traveller was delighted with the intelligence of the boy, who astonished him by a perfect knowledge of all the recent events in France, and by the vehemence of his hatred towards England. In this locality the latter sentiment, which elsewhere might have roused some feeling within the breast of the young man, who was himself half English, seems to have appeared to him at once pleasing and natural, and when the bright eyed little fellow, mounted behind him, began to chant the Psalms with which both were so familiar, and to waken the mountain echoes with the Litany of the Virgin, his conquest was complete. The picture is one which will move the reader, whatever his prejudices may be. The great mountains on all sides, with all their varied slopes, folding in these young figures, moving specks of human life in the great desolate, yet splendid landscape; the stars coming out in the soft skies of August, at that hour when the Angelus sounds, and the peace of night drops gently down upon the weary day; the clear, sweet, childish voice, mellow in its softened brogue, pealing forth its *Ave Maria*; and the young stranger, with this voice of home in his ears, and his heart full of enthusiasm for the Church, the universal Mother, and of reverent devotion towards all the holy and sacred things included in her worship. If the heart of the youth was taken by storm, depressed as it was and full of agitation, who could wonder? The child's litany was more than an act of worship; it was the voice of universal brotherhood, of a sympathy wide as the earth and high as the heaven.

At the end of his journey, however, Charles Montalembert was to meet with that disappointment which so often lies in wait for hero worship. The "Liberator" received him well, but, perhaps, did not know enough about his visitor to appreciate him. He ushered him at once into the family circle, and

Charles, instead of discussing the welfare of nations with his host, found himself thrown amid a noisy party sitting down twenty five to dinner.

During his stay in Ireland, the young man came across O'Connell once more, but saw no cause to revoke the judgment formed on his first disenchantment. A little very natural mortification may have influenced him at finding himself of so little personal interest to a man whom he had elevated into the ideal. However, Ireland did not share the opinion which Charles Montalembert formed of her patriot. In the country and her people his interest appeared unailing; indeed, his own devout mind would incline him to appreciate those scenes of piety which he has so vividly described. He afterwards published some of his observations, as follows—

I shall never forget the first mass which I heard in a country chapel. I rode to the foot of a hill, the lower part of which was clothed with a thick plantation of oak and fir, and alighted from my horse to ascend it. I had taken only a few steps on my way, when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a man who knelt at the foot of one of the firs; several others became visible in succession in the same attitude; and the higher I ascended, the larger became the number of these kneeling peasants. At length, on reaching the top of the hill, I saw a cruciform building, badly built of stone, without cement, and covered by thatch. Around it knelt a crowd of robust and vigorous men, all uncovered, though the rain fell in torrents, and the mud quivered beneath them. Profound silence reigned everywhere. It was the Catholic chapel of Blarney, and the priest was saying mass. I reached the door at the moment of the elevation, and all this pious assembly had prostrated themselves with their faces on the earth. I made an effort to penetrate under the roof of the little chapel, thus overflowed by worshippers. There were no seats, no decorations, not even a pavement, the floor was of earth, damp and stony, the roof delapidated, and tallow candles burned on the altar in place of tapers (*cierges*). . . . When the holy sacrifice was ended, the priest mounted his horse, and rode away. Then each worshipper rose from his knees, and went slowly homeward; some of them wandering harvesters, carrying their reaping hooks, turned their steps towards the nearest cottage, to ask the hospitality to which they considered they had a right; others, with their wives *en croupe*, went off to their distant homes. Many remained for a much longer time in prayer, kneeling in the mud, in that silent inclosure, chosen by the poor and faithful people in the times of ancient persecutions.

Again, after regretting that he had not been a witness in any great crisis of her history, he writes—

I have only shared her daily piety. I have but seen in passing her habitual trials and virtues. Often on Sunday, when entering an Irish town, I have seen the streets encumbered with kneeling figures of labouring men in all directions, turning their looks always towards some low doorway, some obscure lane which led to the Catholic chapel, built behind the houses in those times of persecution when the exercise of that worship was treason. The immense crowd which endeavoured to force an entrance into the narrow

and hidden interior prevented the approach of two-thirds of the faithful ; but they knew that mass was being said, and they knelt in all the surrounding streets, joining themselves in spirit to the priest of the Most High. Very often I have mixed with them, and enjoyed their look of astonishment when they saw a stranger, a man not poor like themselves, taking the holy water with them, and bowing before their altar. And often also, from the gallery, reserved for the women, I have contemplated one of the most curious sights which it is possible to imagine—the nave of the Catholic chapel during the sermon. This part of the church was given up to men ; there were no seats, and the population crowded into it in floods, each tide rising higher, till the first comers were pushed forward against the altar rails, and so crowded together that they could not move a limb. All that could be seen of them was a moving mass of darkhaired heads, so close together, that one could have walked across them without danger. From moment to moment this mass moved and wavered, long groans and deep sighs became audible ; some dried their eyes, some beat their breasts ; every gesture of the preacher was understood on the instant, and the impression produced was not concealed. A cry of love or of grief answered each of his entreaties, each of his reproaches. The spectator saw that it was a father speaking to his children, and that the children loved their father.

Charles Montalembert received some pleasant hospitality in Ireland, but he seemed especially gratified by the reception which greeted him at Maynooth, and at the friendly sympathy shown him by some priests of eminence—among others, by Archbishop Murray of Dublin, and Dr. Doyle, bishop of Kildare. Altogether, after leaving Ireland in September, he was able to look back upon his sojourn there as “two of the happiest months of my life.” It is evident, also, he had been much edified by the devout character of the people, and that the tone of Catholic loyalty in his own mind was strengthened by his contact with their genuine fervour.

IV.

We now approach the period when Montalembert distinguished himself in so singular a manner in connection with De Lamennais and Lacordaire, through the *Avenir* newspaper. The history of the *Avenir*, and of all connected with it, has often been told, and we need not repeat the well known tale, but, after glancing at its chief features, we may make some remarks upon its relation to Montalembert's career as a Catholic leader in France. The three men, whose names are most prominent in connection with the *Avenir*, were of totally different temperaments, but for the time being they were united by the common desire to serve the cause of liberty, especially religious liberty. Lamennais had already distinguished himself and won the respect of ecclesiastical authorities, but that had been when he represented the royalist cause. Those who had then shared his

political bias not unnaturally held aloof when they saw him ranged so decidedly among their opponents. Lacordaire was a convert from scepticism, a much younger man, and ready to throw his brilliant but as yet untried powers into a struggle which seemed to his zealous nature the cause only of the Catholic Church. He believed that the liberty of the Catholic faith was one of the principal objects contended for, but in his youthful energy he did not stop to consider whether a public newspaper was the fitting means for setting right such difficulties, nor did it occur to him, perhaps, that the ecclesiastical authorities would scarcely identify themselves with a rash rebellious party, still less would they commit to such hands the sacred cause of truth and order. Charles Montalembert was more personally attached to Lamennais (who may be looked upon as the leader of this enterprise) than seems to have been the case with Lacordaire, but the point of union was the same with all. Montalembert had been panting for action of some kind; therefore, immediately on his return from Ireland, he threw the whole force of his ardent temper into those schemes of which the *Avenir* was the organ. In the month of November, 1830, the paper was seized for two articles that offended the Government, and his only regret seemed that he had not actually connected himself with it ere this occurred. Indeed, his attachment to the undertaking had in part as its origin the fact that, to belong to a minority and to fight for a losing cause, was a recommendation to his chivalrous, enthusiastic character.

The *Avenir* was not the only instrument by which the rights of freedom were to be advocated. A society was organized, to be called the *Agence Générale pour la défense de la liberté religieuse*. The objects sought after, such as liberty in education and ecclesiastical freedom, were certainly desirable, but it is difficult to understand how men of talent, possessing any judgment, could imagine there was a clear chance of success through the means they were using. The truth is that they were enthusiasts, and expected miracles. But they had the best of causes, and their exaggerations and even their errors did not prevent them from being in the long run serviceable to that cause. There is something almost grotesque in the account of their first passage of arms in favour of education. All schools were strictly under Government direction; none were permitted to exist, except through a license and under the control of the

University of Paris. For those who were not destined to the priesthood there was no resource save the infidel influence of the public "Lycée." We have already seen what was Montalembert's verdict as to the corrupting influence of these establishments, and we can understand how cordially he would adopt any plan for the amelioration of the bad system in possession. The flagrant injustice of the existing law was made more evident by an incident at Lyons, where some choristers received gratuitous instruction from the priests. These schools were ordered to be closed by authority, and this act of tyranny provoked Lacordaire and Montalembert into active opposition. First a petition was addressed to the Chamber of Peers, praying that the promise of the Charter should be carried out. Since no reply was vouchsafed, the two friends prepared to defy authority by opening a little school in Paris, in May, 1831. The children had hardly been assembled when a commissary of the police appeared and ordered them to disperse, but no notice was taken of their interference, save that a protest was produced by Lacordaire and signed by himself and colleagues. The next day masters and pupils once more assembled, to be again broken in upon by the police. Three times the commissary ordered both masters and pupils to retire, but they were defied by all. Then force was employed; they were all summarily ejected, and the masters brought before the *Police Correctionnelle*. At about the same time the Count de Montalembert's death altered the position of Charles, raising him to the peerage, so that it became his right to be tried at the bar of the Chamber of Peers. The recent death of his father had been a real grief to him, since there had been a certain bond of sympathy between them, especially in later years. However, the interest with which his recent mourning invested him was in his favour, particularly at the tribunal at which he was to appear, and before which it was the law that his friends should also be summoned.

Lacordaire spoke first, boldly and pointedly, then Montalembert rose and conquered his hearers by an eloquence tempered by modesty, they almost forgot that he stood before them as a culprit in the attention which they gave to him as a peer making his maiden speech. Perhaps the little spurt of defiance which was the cause of the trial, though meant in all seriousness, did not strike the judges as a very alarming act of rebellion, since their sentence, from its mildness, almost took the form of an acquittal—a gentle reprimand and a fine of

a hundred francs were the penalty. But the patriots had obtained a hearing, they had pleaded their cause, perhaps they had not looked for greater results at this stage of their labours, or perhaps, as Montalembert's biographer hints, the element of perseverance was wanting.

We need not again relate the errors and exaggerations of the *Avenir*. It must be said for M. de Lammenais, that at this distance of time it seems far more strange that he should ever have been made so great a champion by churchmen, even in his earlier days, than that he should have been mistrusted at the time of which we are speaking. The fact of his influence is a wonderful illustration of the power of style—he had not much else to raise him to the pinnacle from which he afterwards fell. The *Avenir* gave scope to much talent and eloquence, but it provoked opposition from all sides, even from those whose cause it had espoused, since the clergy mistrusted an advocacy which seemed subversive of lawful authority. For rather more than a year it ran its course in spite of discouragement, full of energy and enthusiasm, advocating constantly the cause of right, but casting to the winds all reserve or prudence. At last the funds began to run short. Then, confronted with every kind of difficulty, the proprietors had to pause and think of retreat. Still there was a desire to prove that the cessation of hostilities was not a defeat. But the great question was that of doctrine. Lacordaire proposed an appeal to Rome. The idea was approved by Lamennais and Montalembert, and the three friends prepared to start for Rome in order to plead their own cause.

Lamennais, being the senior by twenty years, might have foreseen that the Holy See would hardly allow itself to be forced into an approval of a headstrong newspaper that opposed itself violently to all restraint. For the *Avenir* had proved itself a firebrand in spite of the noble selfdevotion which inspired its originators. However, personal feeling must have stifled any considerations of prudence, since the travellers arrived in Rome firm and sanguine in their consciousness of right. Once there, however, a change gradually worked itself in their minds. Lacordaire, who in his ardour had proposed this journey, was soon brought to a better mind by the influences of Rome. The indifference with which the three travellers were received in Rome was their first lesson as to the view in which their imprudent zeal was regarded. A formal account of their

opinions and wishes was drawn up and presented to the Holy Father. Some time elapsed before an interview was granted. At last they were presented by Cardinal de Rohan, an old friend of Montalembert's. His Holiness received them with kindness, but made no allusion to the object of their visit. Such a reception was, perhaps, more disconcerting than reproach, but it would have been well for Lamennais, had he been satisfied with so gentle a check. After a time, a letter was brought from Cardinal Pacca, of which Lacordaire tells us—

Its substance was that the Holy Father did justice to our good intentions, but we had treated supremely delicate questions without the moderation that was desirable; that these questions should be examined, but that in the meantime we might return to our own country, where we should be told, when the proper moment came, what the decision was.

This was a decided rebuff, one indeed that Lamennais could not swallow, but in the conduct of the other two we may see what was the purity of their intentions. Lacordaire had referred to the decision of Rome, therefore by that decision he was content to abide, although it was to some extent an adverse one. Already the associations of the Eternal City had begun to infuse into his mind a calmer view, and thus the verdict found him prepared to submit in a manly and Catholic spirit to the judgment he had evoked. He earnestly pressed upon Lamennais the duty of submission, but finding him obdurate, he decided on withdrawing at once from the whole question. Montalembert also was docile to the voice of authority, but being more personally attached to Lamennais, he lingered on to await the result of a fresh application to the Holy See, in which Lamennais had demanded an immediate decision. But Montalembert was not spending his time in fretting over frustrated hopes. He could not suddenly snap the tie which bound him to his former master, still, other thoughts were helping to dispel the bitterness of disappointment, which, on so young and active a mind, could hardly make too lasting an impression. He had two friends to share his less serious pursuits. These were M. Rio and Albert de la Ferronays. The former, in his *Epilogue à l'Art Chrétien*, gives an account of their friendly meetings, such as dispels the idea of Montalembert's brooding over failure, although he exerted himself to sooth and cheer Lamennais. M. Rio writes—

Our life was settled and regulated only from the day when we decided to join MM. de Lamennais and de Montalembert. This was a great event in the life of Albert, almost more than in my own, for my mind only derived

some advantage from my subsequent relations with the Abbé de Lamennais, while Albert was to find in the friendship of M. de Montalembert, who was little older than himself, an inexhaustible sympathy with his happiness and in his suffering. We had all four a point of intellectual union, in the daily reading of one or two cantos of Dante's great epic, but neither Albert nor I were sufficiently initiated in that divine poetry, and the progress of M. de Lamennais did not answer to the high idea which we had formed of his analytical qualities, whatever subject he might apply them to. The only one among us who was capable of resolving in a manner at all satisfactory the political or historical problems which, even in the finest cantos of the *Inferno* or *Purgatorio*, distract so often the enjoyment of the reader, was M. de Montalembert, who, to our great edification, kept up this study by the side of that of the Holy Scripture, as if to draw from the very fountainhead the inspirations which were to give so much brilliancy to his after career.

This period was quite an epoch in the life of Montalembert, for silence being imposed upon those subjects which had hitherto occupied him, he turned his full energies towards the study of Christian art. He also began already to show that interest in saintly lore which he afterwards cultivated with so much effect. When Albert de la Ferronays was recalled by his father to Naples, Montalembert, accompanied by M. Rio, took an excursion among the coasts. They visited on foot the Abbey of Monte Cassino, and the future historian of St. Benedict and his Order was keenly interested in this famous monastery. A plan was proposed for them to travel together to Siena, Bologna, Milan, and Venice, but as Lamennais refused to leave Rome, this idea was abandoned, because Montalembert could not make up his mind to desert him. However, on the 10th July, 1832, they at last left Rome, Lamennais still intent upon disseminating those revolutionary theories to which he had so obstinately attached himself, but Montalembert with his thoughts bent upon those art studies which had begun to engross him. His tastes upon these subjects were rapidly developing, and as he passed through Viterbo, Orvieto, and Siena, the Gothic architecture engrossed his attention. Siena was a city after his own heart, a thoroughly mediæval city, and the cathedral quite delighted him. He had previously visited Florence, but on that occasion had not been to St. Mark's. This time he passed many hours of enjoyment there, sometimes taken up with Fra Angelico's paintings, sometimes poring over the manuscripts of Savonarola. Then he had the opportunity of studying at leisure the Bolognese school, which he thoroughly appreciated ere he passed on through Ferrara to Venice. With Venice he was charmed more than he had been even by Florence or Rome, "because of the sea, and the Gothic architecture;" but the impatience of

Lamennais to get on to Munich shortened their wanderings. Still, with M. Rio as *cicerone*, Montalembert did not leave Venice without making brief acquaintance with its paintings. Among these, Cima de Conegliano's pleased him most. On the 4th of August, the travellers started once more in the direction of Munich, passing through the Tyrol, which, from its picturesque nature, and the religious character of the people, vividly recalled to Montalembert his tour in Ireland. At Munich his taste for the fine arts had its full gratification, while, at the same time, it was matured. He associated with Schelling, Baader, and Joseph Görres, the brothers Boisserée, and the artists, Hess, Schnorr, and Cornélius. Sulpice Boisserée was the great authority on the application of esthetics to mediæval art; to him may be traced the idea, afterwards set in hand, of completing Cologne Cathedral.

The Pope's Encyclical, however, delivered at Munich to the Abbé de Lamennais, cut short this *séjour* after three weeks, causing a hasty return to Paris. Montalembert still continued his interest in Christian art, directing his attention at that time specially to the preservation of existing remains. On the 1st of March, 1833, he published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, his well known article, "Du Vandalisme en France." In France there has been a marked resuscitation of archaeological knowledge, similar to the movement of the same nature that has been going on in our own country during the last forty years, and M. Foisset tells us that the impetus in France was owing in a great measure to this article, "Du Vandalisme." For a time Montalembert enjoyed friendly and literary society in Paris, but a little later we hear of making little journeys in France and Belgium. An expedition into Brittany, with M. Rio as companion, seems to have been the last occasion on which he held intercourse with Lamennais on the old footing; afterwards they corresponded, and even met, but the submission of one, and the brooding discontent of the other, gradually severed the tie that had existed between them.

On reviewing the whole episode of the *Avenir*, we can see that it did real good to those two principal actors in it who submitted to the voice of Rome, while it was fraught with the most disastrous consequences for the unhappy leader, who had been intoxicated by the applause which he had formerly received, and the flatteries of followers who were ready to tell him that he was the great genius of his age, and that he was to

set the Church and Christian society on a new footing. A certain suspicion, it is true, hung about Lacordaire for a number of years; but there was nothing in his connection with the *Avenir* to prevent M. de Montalembert from becoming the leading Catholic layman in France during the reign of Louis Philippe, and, indeed, down to his own death. On the other hand, the stand made by the little band of associates was not cordially backed up by the bishops and clergy, a large number of whom were still Legitimists, believers in the necessity of a Bourbon *régime* for the safety of the Church almost as much as for that of the State. This is true, but the circumstances of the time gradually forced upon the Church of France, under the hostile government of the Orleans prince, an attitude of freedom and independent activity which she had never assumed under the elder Bourbons, and the state of things of which M. Foisset speaks in his *Life of Lacordaire*, under which religion was made a matter of police, and so became the object of the hatred of the people, could no longer exist in France. The *Avenir* was full of errors, and most justly deserved its condemnation; it was, nevertheless, the first of a series of newspapers written on the religious side in France, which have done very good service to the Church, though they have not always been free from virulence, from exaggeration, from personality, and from a fault of no small heinousness in a religious organ, the encouragement of national antipathies.

At the present day no one doubts that the Church must act on the masses by means of newspapers, as by all other lawful means. The future is likely to see her far more active in the use of this instrument than hitherto, though there is something unattractive to religious minds in the autocracy, the licence, the almost tyrannical and dictatorial assumption which characterize the newspaper press, and in the littleness and ignorance which so often lurk beneath the pretentious mask of omniscience and wisdom. Whatever the Church uses, she must rule—and it is very difficult for her authorities really to control the shift and impalpable entity which calls itself the “we” of a newspaper. All this is true, and yet, nevertheless, the necessities of the case will lead, we are convinced, rather to the multiplication of Catholic organs than to any restriction of their numbers, and we may expect from them greater services than any which they have as yet rendered to the Church. M. de Montalembert, therefore, cannot be accused of any want of sagacity when he

joined the little band round Lamennais in their endeavour to set on foot a newspaper which was to advocate what they were mistaken in supposing to be the Church's cause.

v.

We left him at Paris, after the appearance of the Encyclical of Gregory the Sixteenth, in 1832. During the autumn of this year, Montalembert started for Germany. At first he was cheered by the society of M. Rio, whose tastes were so congenial to his present pursuits; but ere long his friend was obliged to leave him. At first, life seemed very solitary to the young wanderer, who seemed without much object in his existence. Soon, however, the light of a fascinating labour broke upon his path, for it was at Marbourg, in spite of its desecrated shrine, that his devotion for "the dear St. Elisabeth" first dawned upon him. The debt we owe for one of the most winning biographies ever written of a saint, may lend an interest to the origin of his attraction to her. On the 19th of November he arrived at Marbourg, having paused in his travels in order to visit a Gothic church there, which was esteemed as a specimen of peculiar beauty and purity of style.

This church was dedicated to St. Elisabeth of Hungary, and that day, by a happy coincidence, was her feast. There were some ancient paintings on wood and some mutilated sculptures, which he turned to examine. These represented a timid young woman, who displayed her mantle filled with roses to a crowned warrior. Further on the same warrior, when violently throwing open his bed, finds there Christ upon the Cross. Then, again, these two are represented tearing themselves from a farewell embrace. And further, the same young woman, more beautiful than ever, is stretched upon her deathbed, with priests and nuns weeping round her. Lastly, some bishops are disinterring a coffin, upon which a monarch is placing his crown. Montalembert ascertained that these scenes were events in the life of St. Elisabeth, a Queen of this country, who exactly six centuries ago had died in that town, and had been buried in the church he was then visiting. In the sacristy he was shown a silver casket, which had once contained her relics, until one of her descendants, turning Protestant, had scattered them to the winds. The steps leading to the spot where the reliquary had been placed were worn by the countless pilgrims who had visited the shrine, but whose homage had ceased for the last three hundred years. He

was deeply touched by the forlorn aspect of a chapel once so venerated, and began to study the life of that saint whose feast he had accidentally been the only one to honour.

The more M. de Montalembert gained acquaintance with the subject the more enchanted he grew, till a sentiment of chivalrous devotion towards the sainted Queen quite took possession of him. His project of writing her life was not hastily carried out. The treasures of German piety and art were ransacked to obtain information; towns, castles, and churches were visited for the same purpose. At last the life of her, who was called in Germany the "dear Saint," was enshrined in one of the most charming books ever written in France upon such subjects. A tender recollection gave this life an additional interest to Montalembert. His sister, to whom he had so warmly attached himself, and whom he had so soon lost, had been named Elise; to her memory, therefore, he dedicated the fruit of his pious labours. Regarding this book, M. Foisset writes with great truth—

To M. de Montalembert is special glory due before God and men, in that he was so spontaneously captivated by this life, so unlike to what is modern, that he appreciated it as he did, and that he was able to reveal it as he did. It is true the subject was exquisite, but who had then any taste for such things? Who had any idea of their charm? I am a contemporary; I was a fullgrown man in 1836. Well, I declare that at that period the word "legend" was universally a term of contempt; no one imagined the poetic treasures contained in the lives of the saints, particularly those written in the middle ages. I say more; scarcely was it really known what a saint was, so thoroughly had Jansenism led to the impression that sanctity was something narrow and stiff, melancholy and severe, so that Sainte Beuve, at the beginning of his *Port Royal*, is half scandalized at St. Francis of Sales' "excess of honey." M. de Montalembert possessed the merit of being free from this twist, and consequently, of being able to yield freely to his own natural impressions in reading the hagiographical works of the thirteenth century. In his mind there was no shadow of rationalism; faith was instinctive to him. The lives of mediæval saints charmed his imagination while they roused his piety; he felt their power without discussing it, and it is this perfect *laissez aller* which makes the *History of St. Elisabeth* so pleasing. . . .

Truly St. Elisabeth is a delightful saint. From four years of age espoused to a child of Ellen, Louis of Thuriugia, in central Hungary, a country half unknown, half oriental, she was brought to her betrothed in a silver cradle. She was brought up with him as a sister at that brilliant Court of Thuriugia, which possessed Wolfram d'Eschenbach and Henri d'Ofterdingen, the two most celebrated poets of mediæval Germany. From her earliest years Elisabeth showed a marked sanctity, but even this sanctity renders her obnoxious to the profane, who wish to send her back ignominiously to her father. The young Landgrave alone remains faithful to her, and directly he is at the head of the State, he marries her. The most chaste and simple tenderness preside at their union; their conjugal life is the very ideal of wedded love, and it can be asserted in agreement with M. de Montalembert that among all the saints, no saint has shown in the same degree as St. Elisabeth, a perfect and charming type of a Christian wife. Yet amidst all this human happiness, amidst the joys of maternity, the homage and

magnificence of a chivalrous Court, her soul was raised by mortification and humility, and by the most fervent piety, towards the source of eternal love. And the germs of this higher life blossom in an unlimited charity and an unflinching care for the sufferings of the poor. However, the imperative call of the Crusade, the absolute necessity of delivering the sepulchre of Jesus, drags her young husband far from her. She accompanies him far beyond the frontier of their own country. The strength and tenderness of her heart may be proved by her despair on the day of parting, and again, when she heard of her beloved husband's death. But this separation over, God reigns alone in her heart. Misfortune seems to delight in pursuing her; she is brutally driven from the royal residence; with her little children she wanders in the streets a prey to cold and hunger. Still even when her wrongs are remedied, she is never again reconciled to the world. Left a widow at twenty years of age, in all the lustre of her beauty, she scorns the hand of the most powerful princes, and with Christ she contracts her second indissoluble union. She seeks Him and serves Him in the person of the unfortunate; when nothing more is left to her, she gives herself up to them, and consecrates her life to rendering them the most repulsive services. In vain does her father, the King of Hungary, send an ambassador to bring her back to him. The noble envoy finds her at her spinning wheel, determined to prefer heaven before all the regal splendour of her earthly country. In exchange for her austerities, her voluntary poverty, the yoke of obedience under which she daily yields her whole existence, the Divine Spouse grants her supernatural joy and power; a look, a prayer from her, suffices to heal the sufferings of her brethren. At last, in the flower of her age, but ripe for eternity, she dies singing a triumphal chant which is heard reechoed by the angels of heaven.

Thus, in the twenty four years of her life, we see her in turn a foreign and persecuted orphan, a modest and winning wife, a woman of unrivalled tenderness, a fruitful and devoted mother, a sovereign by her benefactions rather than her rank; then a cruelly oppressed widow, a sinless penitent, an austere religious, a true sister of charity, a fervent and favoured spouse of our Lord, Who honours her by miracles before calling her to Himself, in fine, through all the vicissitudes of life, always faithful to her fundamental characteristic, to that perfect simplicity which is the sweetest and most fragrant perfume of love.

The approaching marriages of M. Rio and of Albert de la Ferronnays touched another chord in the heart of Montalembert, and considering that he was then about twenty four, we are provoked to a smile by the *naïve* regrets he expresses at his own lonely position. In November, 1834, we hear of him in Italy with his friends, Albert and Alexandrine de la Ferronnays, where he filled all the little offices of kindness which Albert's delicate health made acceptable, even so far as to fulfil the duties which a servant might have rendered. But this pleasant *réunion* was broken up in January of the following year, when Montalembert returned homewards and settled in Paris, as the time drew near when, having reached the requisite age of twenty five, he should take his seat in the House of Peers. It is not our purpose at present to follow him into his public career, but we can imagine a certain satisfaction to him in settling in the sphere of duty, spite of the pleasures that had been scattered

over his foreign rambles. Lacordaire was already settled again in Paris, and winning fame as a preacher in his celebrated conferences. Madame Swetchine received him with cordiality, and M. Rio was established within reach.

At this time he placed in order the materials that he had gleaned for the *History of St. Elisabeth*. But rather than follow him into the opening scenes of his political labours, we would leave his political life aside for a time, and anticipate a little, so as to complete this sketch of his early years with a record of that event which was the fulfilment of his half melancholy aspirations, when he looked on at the happiness of Albert de la Ferronays. Circumstances prevent the publication of such full details regarding Montalembert's wooing and marriage as his claims on our notice might lead us to desire. But it may well be conceived his was not an alliance of family convenience, such as is frequent in France. In the early spring of 1836, he became acquainted with the daughter of Count Felix de Merode, belonging to one of the noblest families of Belgium. In August of the same year they were married. Their wedding tour was through Switzerland to Italy, and together they visited those scenes, some of joy, some of sadness, which were twined in the memory of Montalembert. Nor were they cut off from all links with the past, for Lacordaire was present sharing his old close intercourse with Montalembert. Very shortly after this, he entered the Order of St. Dominic. The young couple lingered awhile in the south, but by the month of May they had returned to Paris where Montalembert resumed his active share in public questions. But here, for the present, we must leave him.

Twilight.

DRIFT, little snow flakes, 'mid the shells,
Break, little waves, among the pebbles,
Rise little notes in dulcet swells,
And faint again in silver trebles.

The hot sun stoops, and dips, and dips
His burning brow to drowsy numbers ;
Then kisses red the ocean's lips,
And sinks away to golden slumbers.

Come twilight, with thy purple breath,
And freshen all thy drooping willows—
The waterlilies faint to death,
The bending reeds, the severed billows,

And beckon forth the timid stars
To tread the cold dewdropping heaven,
And quickly let the burning bars,
That bind the impatient sea, be riven.

And bring thy breeze with soothing wing,
Around my heated brows to flutter,
And teach the waves more sad to sing,
More yearning mysteries to utter.

Come gliding softly from the east,
Come breathing over distant cities,
And crown the hills with holy rest,
And fill the winds with plaintive ditties.

The Story of St. Hugh.

PART THE FIRST.

IT is a grateful task to gather from the graphic pages of the *Magna Vita S. Hugonis* some traits of the great Carthusian Saint, whose virtues had a power to tame even the lawless despotism of such monarchs as Henry the Second, Richard Cœur de Lion, and John. Hero worship is said to be a fashion of our days, but a heroism whose motives were supernatural, whose aims were beyond the range of modern philanthropy, whose pure unselfishness makes it absolutely unintelligible to our popular criticism, is likely to be honoured quite as much by the dislike and contempt as by the worship of the world in this nineteenth century. And for this reason, perhaps, it is the more opportune—when every newspaper reminds us that the Church, and the rulers of the Church, militant always, are still assailed by enemies not less powerful and perhaps more dangerous than arrogant and semibarbarous tyrants—to recall the memory of a Saint once greatly honoured in this land, a worthy follower of our glorious martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury, the founder—we may say the builder—of a church second only amongst our English cathedrals, if to any, to the noble minster of York; to whom a learned Protestant writer has recently borne this testimony—"that in the whole range of English worthies few men indeed deserve a higher and holier niche than Bishop Hugh of Lincoln."*

The Church is fortunate in the biographer of St. Hugh. He was a Benedictine monk named Adam, who for three years and five days before the death of the Saint was his private chaplain and most intimate friend, attending him during that period constantly day and night, with the exception of only a single night. His work, founded partly on his own observation

* *Magna Vita S. Hugonis*. Edited by the Rev. James F. Dimock, M.A. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts, and Green, 1864. See Preface, p. xxxi.

and partly on the narratives which he received from the lips of St. Hugh, and written as it is with a constant regard for accuracy and a certain critical shrewdness, is of the highest authority. We have reason also to be grateful to the Master of the Rolls and the Rev. James F. Dimock for an edition of the *Magna Vita* which has made the work accessible in a complete and intelligible form to every student, and upon which the following sketch is founded.

St. Hugh, a younger son of William lord of Avalon and Anna his wife, was born about the year 1135,* probably at the Castle of Avalon, which was near Pontcharra, in the duchy of Burgundy and the diocese of Grenoble. Hence the Saint has been called St. Hugh of Avalon and St. Hugh of Burgundy, and has been sometimes confounded with St. Hugh of Grenoble. William of Avalon, shortly after his wife's death, withdrew from the world to Villarbenoit, a house of Regular Canons near to his castle of Avalon, and was accompanied in his retirement by his son Hugh, who was then about eight years old. Even at this early age little Hugh seems to have been distinguished amongst his boyish companions by his diligence and piety. Afterwards, when Bishop of Lincoln, he used to recall the words of the venerable and learned priest who was his master at Villarbenoit—"Hugonete, Hugonete, ego te Christo nutrio; jocarî non est tuum." At the age of nineteen Hugh was ordained deacon, and shortly afterwards was intrusted with the government of the neighbouring cell of St. Maximin. At Villarbenoit and St. Maximin, his holiness, industry, and intelligence gained for him the esteem and affection of all his companions, and it was a grievous affliction to them, more especially to his prior, when he left them, probably about the year 1160, to enter the neighbouring monastery of the Grande Chartreuse. Amidst the silence and desolation which still overawe the traveller on his approach to the great convent of St. Bruno, Hugh made steady progress in learning and sanctity. It was probably in the year 1170—memorable for the martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury—that Hugh was ordained priest, and appointed procurator of the Grande Chartreuse.

Henry the Second, probably soon after the death of St. Thomas, had founded a Carthusian priory in Somersetshire,

* There is some uncertainty as to this and other dates in the life of St. Hugh. The reasons for adopting the dates given in this article are discussed by Mr. Dimock in his preface and notes.

on the edge of Selwood Forest, at a village called Witham. He had brought over monks from the Grande Chartreuse, and had endowed them with lands and woods, pastures and fish ponds, and all that was necessary for a house of their order, but the foundation had not flourished. The monks seem to have been discouraged by the strangeness of their new life, amidst a rude people speaking a language which they could not understand, and who on their part regarded the strangers with jealous apprehension. The first prior of Witham begged leave to return to the Grande Chartreuse, and his successor, worn out by the anxieties and difficulties of his office, died soon after his appointment. The King had set his heart on the success of his foundation, and was alarmed at its impending dissolution. About this time he was in frequent communication with the Count of Maurienne, whose eldest daughter was sought in marriage by Prince John of England, and it was probably during the negotiation of this alliance,* and about the year 1175, that the King first heard of Hugh, whose reputation had already spread beyond the walls of his monastery, from a nobleman of Maurienne. Henry, with something, perhaps, of that truest kingcraft which recognizes almost instinctively the value and special fitness of men, determined, if possible, to place Witham under the government of Hugh, and at once despatched Reginald Fitz-Jocelin, bishop of Bath, and other ambassadors, with letters explaining his wishes, to the Grande Chartreuse. There the King's application was the cause of much anxiety and distress. Hugh earnestly pleaded his own unfitness for so difficult a post, and urged that they should send some one to Witham more capable than himself of assisting the King in his pious designs. On the other hand, many of his brethren thought that Hugh's singular gifts and great virtues would be wasted in the management of a small house in a remote corner of England. And the prior himself refused to give an order which would deprive him in his old age of so cherished a son and so valuable a servant, and could at last only be induced to promise that if their diocesan, the Bishop of Grenoble, should command Hugh to go, he would no longer resist his departure. In obedience to the bishop's command, and after a sad farewell to all that had grown so dear to him in the solitude of the Grande Chartreuse, Hugh set out with the King's ambassadors for England, where he was received with much favour by Henry, and welcomed as

* Which never took place, in consequence of the death of the intended bride.

a very angel from heaven by the forlorn little community in Somersetshire.

Shortly before his summons to Witham, Hugh had been tried by the most terrible temptations. Mortifications, frequent confession, and prayer seemed unavailing, and he had well nigh despaired before his courage and fidelity were rewarded miraculously with a victory which was conclusive. Worn out one night, and calling upon God to save him, he had fallen asleep, when St. Basilus, who had admitted him to the Grande Chartreuse, appeared to him and promised to rescue him from his tormentor. When he awoke, the temptations were gone, and never again to the day of his death had they any power over him. We should miss the first lesson of the Saint's life, and fail to understand the singular strength and perfection of his character, were we to forget the painful discipline, the untiring watchfulness and prayer, by which those corrupt tendencies, common to our human nature, were in him controlled and ultimately subdued.

At Witham there was work to be done which would try even Hugh's patience, energy, and tact. He found his monks living in rude wooden huts, surrounded and crowded, as it seemed to a Carthusian from the Grande Chartreuse, by the cabins of the peasants, who were still in occupation of the lands granted to the monastery. His first task was to provide for the removal of these undesirable neighbours, and he accomplished it in a fashion curiously characteristic, and illustrative, besides, of his influence over the King, which seems to have dated from their earliest acquaintance. In the first place, he arranged that these people, who appear to have been in a state of servitude, holding their farms at the mere will of their lord the King, should either receive lands in any other of the King's manors, upon the same conditions under which they held at Witham, or should, if they chose, be made freemen and be permitted to go whithersoever they would. But Hugh, with a regard for the rights of those to whom a harsh law refused all rights—a feeling which the Church has kept awake in the darkest ages—was determined that these poor serfs should not be sent away without some compensation for the cottages which they had built, and the money and labour which they had spent in the improvement of their holdings. The King was not inclined to entertain such a claim, but Hugh insisted, declaring that, unless full compensation was made to the last penny, he and his monks should be

obliged to decline the King's grant, and to abandon Witham altogether. The King was forced to yield, and buy from his ejected villeins their "old huts, rotten planks, and tumbledown cottages." But Hugh was scarcely yet satisfied. He again waited upon the King, and his biographer gives a description of the interview, such as he had heard more than once, perhaps, from the Saint himself. Hugh addressed the King in playful, almost ironical congratulation, professing his satisfaction that he should have been able, poor foreigner as he was, to enrich the King by making him owner of so many houses in his own kingdom. "Your riches," answered the King, "have very nearly made me a pauper. What am I to do with them?" "True, true," said Hugh, "they are nothing to you; but be generous. I have nowhere to lay my head; give them to me." The King was surprised, and asked Hugh what use he could make of such a gift. Hugh would not enlighten him, but complained that the King should be so slow to grant his very moderate petition, especially as it was his first. Henry, amused at the persistency of the Prior, gave him at last all he asked for. And the use which Hugh found for his new possessions was to present them forthwith to their original owners, who had already received compensation for their loss. And thus he took care that no act of injustice, nothing ungenerous, nothing that even discontent could make into a grievance, should mar the royal piety in the foundation of Witham.

Under the government of Hugh, Witham grew and prospered. Churches and cloisters sprang up, holy and learned men flocked thither, its fame spread through the land. In his dealings with the King he was prudent, but perfectly fearless and outspoken. Such was his influence over Henry, that it was commonly believed and very positively asserted, that he was a natural son of the King; and the idea was favoured by a certain similarity of figure, perhaps of feature, between Henry the Second and Hugh. They were both of a corpulent habit of body. Of the perfection of religious discipline at Witham, under Hugh, of his own daily life there, his biographer gives many details which we must omit. He was much devoted to the study of Holy Scripture, and he urged all religious, especially those leading a solitary life, to make the sacred writings "their riches and delight in time of peace, their shield and sword in time of war, their nourishment when hungry, and their medicine when sick." When he took his meals alone

he always had a book before him, when in the refectory he kept "his eyes upon the table, his hands to his plate, his ears to the reader, and his heart with God." Water was usually his only drink, but it appears that afterwards, when bishop of Lincoln, he did not disapprove, and did not himself abstain altogether, from the moderate use of wine. He made it a cardinal rule of his life to apply himself at every moment, with all his diligence, to the task in hand, and it is told, as an illustration of the force which this habit obtained over him, that when he was well, he invariably fell asleep the moment he went to bed, and, if by chance he awoke during the night, and could not sleep again at once, he always rose and occupied himself in prayer. And, even in his sleep, his mind appeared ever to be fixed on God, and his lips, as his biographer relates from his own observation, frequently and fervently ejaculated the word "Amen." A relic of St. Hugh's labours, as prior of the first Carthusian foundation in England, probably survives in the present parish church of Witham.

In the month of May, A.D. 1186, Henry the Second summoned the bishops and principal men of his kingdom to a council at the monastery of Eynsham, which was not far from the royal palace of Woodstock. The King, upon the urgent representations of Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, and others, had determined to fill the vacant see of Lincoln, which had recently, to the great scandal of the Church and detriment of religion, been unoccupied for fifteen or sixteen years. Accordingly, the canons of Lincoln attended at Eynsham for the purpose of electing a bishop. Amongst them there appear to have been many men of great worldly distinction, in high favour, some in high office, at Court, renowned for their wealth and their secular learning. Many of them, says the *Magna Vita*, considered their position in no way inferior to that of any bishop, though there were some amongst them who, whether from apostolic zeal, or from worldly ambition, would not have made much resistance, had any one sought to force the episcopal dignity upon them—*minime renuissent episcopari, si affuisset qui coegisset*. It was a disagreeable surprise to men such as these when they discovered that the King had resolved, whether they liked it or not, to force the prior of Witham upon them for their bishop. They sought to escape the difficulty by electing first their dean, who was the King's treasurer, then others of the canons who were friends and servants of the King; but he would have no

one but Hugh, and at last Hugh was unanimously elected. A deputation of the principal canons was at once despatched to Witham, with letters for Hugh from the King and Archbishop, announcing his elevation, and commanding his immediate attendance. Their reception at Witham contrasts somewhat strangely with the previous circumstances of the election. Hugh, after reading the letters and expressing his satisfaction that the King and Archbishop should wish to place the great diocese of Lincoln under the government of a religious, told the canons very plainly that the wish of neither King nor Archbishop should have influenced them, that the election should have been held, not in the King's palace, nor the Archbishop's council chamber, but in their own chapter house; that their proceedings had been uncanonical, and that he regarded them as utterly null and void. And counselling them to return to their own church, and there, regarding the wish or favour of neither king nor bishop, but the will of God alone, solemnly to celebrate their election according to the canons, he dismissed them with a kindly farewell. In accordance with Hugh's advice, the election was held anew at Lincoln, and the chapter, more familiar now with the virtues and wisdom of this monk whom they had despised, chose him once more, both willingly and unanimously, for their bishop. The tidings of his reelection were most unwelcome to Hugh, and he raised a fresh difficulty. He was under obedience to the Prior of the Grande Chartreuse, and without his permission he could not, even at the Primate's bidding, abandon the trust which had been confided to him at Witham. Messengers, however, were sent to the Grande Chartreuse, who brought back letters from the Prior, commanding Hugh humbly to accept the yoke which it was God's will to impose upon him.

In the autumn of the year 1186, about three months after the date of his first election at Eynsham, Hugh was at last forced to abandon Witham and his dear companions and spiritual children there, as some ten years before he had been obliged to leave the land of his birth and the cherished solitude of the Grande Chartreuse. Before his consecration he could not be induced to give up anything of the austere discipline and humble habit of the Carthusian friar. On his way from Witham to London for consecration, he was accompanied by a number of his clergy, who were mounted on horses richly caparisoned, and followed by a train of pack horses. Hugh's equipage, on the

contrary, was of the plainest character, and he carried such articles as he required for his journey wrapped in a roll of skins and coarse blankets, which was strapped behind his saddle. His companions, who were ashamed that their bishop elect should be seen riding through the country so meanly furnished, vainly endeavoured, both by serious remonstrances and by way of jest, to induce him, at least, to part with his unsightly bundle. But as they were approaching Winchester, where the royal family and a great multitude of the citizens had come out to meet them, one of his attendants, emboldened by the extremity of his shame, quietly cut away the obnoxious roll of skins, and succeeded in removing it without detection. At Westminster, on the feast of St. Matthew, in the year 1186, Hugh was consecrated bishop of Lincoln, on which occasion he received from the King offerings of gold and silver vessels, rich vestments, and many other valuable gifts.

The sanctity, zeal, and good sense which had distinguished the procurator of the Grande Chartreuse and the prior of Witham, found a wider sphere of usefulness and edification, and obtained their ripest maturity in the Bishop of Lincoln. Summoned from the seclusion of the cloister, in which he had spent all but eight years of his life, to govern a great, perhaps the greatest diocese in England, to become the champion of the Church and of those whom the Church protects, the poor and oppressed, against powerful kings and lawless nobles, this Carthusian monk surprised the world, not so much by his great virtues, his austerity, the simplicity of his life, and his apostolic zeal, as by his keen discretion, his practical energy, and his singular and unwavering courage in the discharge of his duty. Shortly after his installation at Lincoln, he came into conflict with one of the most intolerable abuses of his times, the lawless administration of what were called the forest laws. Amongst others who had suffered from the insolent outrages of the foresters, were certain men attached in some way to the Bishop of Lincoln. The offenders, under the protection of their chief, thought themselves out of the reach of all punishment; but Hugh, regardless of persons in the vindication of the liberties of his Church, excommunicated Galfred, the chief forester. Henry heard with surprise and indignation of the extreme penalty so summarily inflicted upon his favoured servant. Shortly afterwards, perhaps to try Hugh's obedience, perhaps to afford him an opportunity of conciliation, the King, who was then

at Woodstock, sent letters to Hugh, who was at Dorchester, requesting him to confer a vacant prebend at Lincoln upon one of his courtiers. But Hugh would not accept the bribe; if he had not feared to excite the King's anger in the discharge of one duty, he would not seek to appease it by the neglect of another. And there was no duty of his episcopal office which gave Hugh greater anxiety than the disposal of the vacant benefices which were in his gift.* He simply told the King's messengers that the prebend should be given, not to a courtier, but to a priest, whose services would be required, not in the King's palace, nor in his treasury nor exchequer, but at the altar. And with this answer he dismissed the bearers of the King's request.

Henry, vexed and baffled by the uncompromising firmness of Hugh, and irritated, moreover, by the insinuations of his offended courtiers, commanded him to attend forthwith at Woodstock. Hugh obeyed; but Henry, having notice of his approach, rode into a neighbouring wood, and finding there some pleasant spot, sat down with his courtiers in a circle about him, and commanded that none should rise upon Hugh's arrival, or offer him any salutation. Presently the Bishop appeared, approached the silent circle, and, after saluting the King and his companions, sat down. But as all were mute, and apparently unconscious of his presence, he drew near to Henry, and, gently pushing to one side some great lord who was sitting by the King, made room for himself at the King's side. The silence continued, and was broken at last only by Henry asking one of his attendants to give him a needle and thread, with which, for the sake of doing something, he began to stitch a bandage which was bound about a wounded finger of his left hand. Seeing this, the Bishop remarked goodhumouredly, "How much you remind me now of your kinsmen of Falaise!" Whereupon the King, whose gravity, shaken perhaps by the restraint and absurdity of the situation, was completely overcome by this apt, but somewhat audacious allusion to his pedigree, threw himself at full length on the ground in a noisy fit of laughter. The

* These are his words reported by his biographer: "*Miror quosdam ut dicitur gaudere, cum vacant prebendæ aut ecclesiæ, quas pro libitu possint novis possessoribus conferre. Vera enim de meipso loquor, quia nihil unquam in hac vita animum ita afflixit, ut auxilia sollicitudo personas idoneas eligendi aut discernendi, quibus congrue posset regimen vacantium præbendarum aut dignitatum ecclesiæ nostræ committi*" (*Magna Vita*, p. 247).

courtiers stared in astonishment at so sudden, and to some of them, so inexplicable a collapse of their scheme for the humiliation of Hugh. The King saw their amazement, and explained the joke himself, reminding them that the mother of his ancestor, William the Conqueror, was of humble birth, and a native of Falaise, whose inhabitants were famed for their skill in needle-work. And then, turning to the Bishop, he respectfully expostulated with him, and asked how it was that he had, without communicating with himself, excommunicated his chief forester, and afterwards treated his trifling request in so summary and uncourteous a manner. Hugh replied that his gratitude to the King forbade him to neglect any of the duties of his office, and that it was as clearly his duty to restrain by ecclesiastical censures one who was violating the rights of his Church, as it was to refuse to another the prebend which he was unworthily seeking to obtain. And he added, that he did not consider it necessary to refer to His Majesty on either occasion, as he thought that he might safely trust to the King's discretion, and had no doubt of his approval in the discharge of his duty. The King accepted the Bishop's explanation, and was reconciled to him. Galfred also, contrite and humbled, after he and his accomplices had undergone a public scourging, received absolution, and was thenceforth much devoted to Hugh. Thus, as the Saint's biographer observes, did Hugh verify the saying of the Wise Man—"He that rebuketh a man shall afterwards find favour with him more than he that by a flattering tongue deceiveth him." And thus, moreover, in resisting a lawless encroachment upon the liberties of his see, and in crushing the insolence and violence of the chief forester, he delivered the whole country from an intolerable scourge.* But, doubtless, there were wise men in the King's council even then, who would have been pleased to crush the "arrogance" of this "proud prelate."

Great as were the courage and address which Hugh displayed in what may be called his public life, it was with extreme reluctance and only at the imperative call of duty that he ever interfered in secular affairs. And in his zeal for the purity of the Church, he was ever anxious to withdraw his clergy, as much as

* The Saint had many troubles afterwards with foresters. The name *forestarius* was new to him, and his observation upon it is worth noting—"Recti homines isti et satis proprie nuncupantur forestarii; foris namque stabunt a regno Dei" (*Magna Vita*, p. 176).

possible, from all participation in worldly business.* He refused, as we have seen, to confer benefices upon ecclesiastics who held office at Court, he rigorously enforced the obligation of residence upon all his canons, and when a great theologian of Paris, perhaps out of compliment to Hugh, expressed a wish to be numbered amongst the canons of Lincoln, Hugh replied that he should be glad to admit him to their fellowship, if he would consent to reside amongst them, and if it should appear that his virtues were at all equal to his learning. Report, in fact, spoke less of his piety than of his science. It was not without much complaint that Hugh was obliged, as Papal delegate and otherwise, to undertake the vast amount of legal business which his reputation for integrity and judicial skill imposed upon him. Unwilling, however, as he was to accept such duties, he discharged them, when forced upon him, with his usual energy and skill; and his quickness in the discrimination of truth and falsehood surprised even the practised lawyers who appeared before him. So scrupulous, indeed, was Hugh in his exclusive devotion to the spiritual duties of his office that, whilst he ensured the careful management of all business connected with his diocese by a discreet selection of servants, he would not himself sit at his own exchequer, nor take any direct or active part in the administration of his own temporal affairs.

In his spiritual functions, on the other hand, he was almost jealous of assistance, delegating to others no duty which he could possibly discharge himself. Even in his later years, when his health, impaired by his austerities, was no longer robust, his energy and zeal never seemed to tire nor to be worn out. In the consecration of churches, and in all the solemn, and sometimes fatiguing, ceremonials of the Church, he was so indefatigable that he was often obliged to allow certain indulgences to his attendants to save them from exhaustion. For careless as he was of himself, he was never inconsiderate nor unreasonable with others. When he was travelling, and children were brought to him, as was the custom, for confirmation, however hurried or fatigued he might be, however rough the road, and even when he was infirm with years, he would always dismount at the most

* "Prohibui scilicet clericis etiam alienis, in episcopatu nostro beneficiatis, ne in publicis functionibus, ut est in distrahendis forestis, et aliis in hunc modum administrationibus, sese seculari clientelæ obnoxios auderent efficere. Quosdam etiam, in hoc minus obediētes salutaribus monitis nostris, beneficiorum suorum diutina privatione castigavimus" (*Magna Vita*, p. 262).

suitable spot he could find, and there administer the sacred rite with all possible respect and devotion. The Saint's biographer is grieved to tell of another bishop, whom he does not name, a younger and stronger man than Hugh, whom he had seen administer the sacrament without even dismounting, and whilst the children who were seeking confirmation crowded about him crying and terrified by the rudeness of his attendants and the restless movements of their horses. Hugh was at all times gentle and kind with children, and on these occasions he resented any rudeness towards them so warmly that sometimes he would actually beat his servants who had molested them. His charity and faith were singularly manifested in his devout respect for the dead. Perhaps irreverence to the dead was amongst the scandals of his time, which he sought to correct by an illustrious example. After he became bishop, he made it a rule of his life, wherever he might be, if there were dead to be buried, in all cases, if possible, to perform the funeral rites himself; and no slight obstacle was allowed to interfere with this duty. He would stop on his journeys and would leave even business of importance to assist at funerals. It is related that twice at Rouen, when he had been invited to dine with the King, on one occasion with Henry the Second, and on the other with Richard the First, he was detained burying the dead until the hour for dinner had passed, and even after the King had sent messengers to summon him, he refused to leave his pious task until all the dead, who were awaiting burial, had been solemnly interred. When he buried the poor, his alms supplied the necessary expenses of a decent funeral. A charity which inspired such devotion to the lifeless body, the empty temple of the spirit which had departed, could not be careless of those whose sufferings made life for them no better than a living death. He was not satisfied with contributing generously and even lavishly to the relief of their necessities and the consolation of their misery. It was his custom, wherever he might be staying, to admit a number of those who were afflicted even with the most loathsome diseases—usually thirteen, if so many could be collected—into his own chamber; and there he would wash their feet with his own hands, and kiss them, and, after giving them both to eat and to drink, dismiss them with an alms. Upon some of his farms there were hospitals, founded by his predecessors and further endowed by himself, for the reception of lepers. Hugh would frequently retire for a few days to one or

other of these houses, and, residing there in the midst of the unhappy sufferers, would strive to console and encourage them, confirming them in faith and hope. And as if to show his own respect for their sufferings, whose patient endurance would win so glorious a reward in heaven, before addressing them he would kiss their sores and embrace them, showing especial affection towards those whose disease was the most loathsome. His biographer confesses with shame the horror which overcame him when he was himself the witness of these acts of heroic charity. Of his almsgiving it is sufficient to say that over and above the considerable sums which he spent in private charity, one third of his whole income was regularly devoted to the relief of the poor.

There is a singular breadth and completeness in the character of St. Hugh. He became a great prelate, but he never ceased to be a religious, poor in spirit, humble, selfdenying. His whole life was governed by the stern discipline which he had learned in that cell which he loved so well at the Grande Chartreuse. Yet a sceptical and unfriendly critic would scarcely charge him with fanaticism. He was, as his biographer says—telling of his obedience in eating meat at the express command of the Archbishop during his last illness—"the enemy of all vanity and superstition." The innocence and simplicity of the dove were guarded in him by the wisdom of the serpent. He was bold as a lion and without dread, the faithful and scrupulous guardian of the rights and revenues of the Church, careless of threats, insensible to flattery and persuasion. Doubtless his enemies called him rapacious; but the year's end invariably found his treasury empty. It was his charity that was avaricious. When he was obliged to pay three thousand marcs to Richard the First for arrears of the tribute of poll, and in perpetual release of this burdensome and objectionable impost, being in great straits to raise so large a sum, and refusing to levy it, as he was advised, by a tax upon his tenantry and subjects, he proposed to retire for a time to his old home at Witham, that out of the revenues of his see, thus relieved of his household and personal expenses, a sufficient sum might be saved to discharge the debt to the Crown. His clergy, however, would not permit him to leave them. The release of the tribute concerned them, indeed, as much as their bishop, and they undertook to make up the amount required by a voluntary contribution. In his zeal to preserve the purity of religion, and to guard the

Church against scandals and abuses, he abolished a practice, which had prevailed in his own diocese as elsewhere, of inflicting pecuniary fines by way of penances. And when it was objected by some of his clergy that St. Thomas of Canterbury had not prohibited the practice, "Believe me," Hugh answered readily, "that did not make him a saint: it was by other merits and another title that he won his glorious crown of saint and martyr." Hugh, though a strict disciplinarian, was by no means unpopular with his subjects. The son of a soldier of Burgundy, in his character he always displayed certain traces of his birth. He used to say that his temper was hotter than pepper, and professed himself ever grateful to his canons—*domini nostri*—who had always borne his infirmities so generously, that no quarrel nor contention had ever arisen between them, and he was assured of the affection of every one amongst them. In fact, strength and severity were tempered in Hugh by a kind consideration for others, an unerring sense of justice, a candour and a noble and generous courage, which won for him the reverence and affection of all who knew him. In his energetic and busy life there was nothing agitated or tumultuous; it is written as truly of the zealous bishop as of the solitary monk, "Blessed are the singlehearted, for they shall enjoy much peace."

The *Magna Vita* is minute in its portraiture of St. Hugh, describing with interesting detail his lifelong affection for the monastic life, his annual visits to Witham—retreats, we may call them—in the autumn time, when his household and all his people were busy with their harvest, his pet swan, celebrated by Giraldus Cambrensis, his frequent, almost incessant conflicts with wickedness and injustice. Omitting, of necessity, though reluctantly, much that is instructive as well as curious in the history of St. Hugh, we must conclude this sketch with a brief narrative of the more interesting events of his later years, which have a certain historical importance, as illustrating the characters of Richard Cœur de Lion and his brother John, as well as the conduct and spirit of Hugh in his dealings with those monarchs.

The River's Lament.

I CAME down rushing from the mountain,
Jubilant with pride and glee,
Leaping through the winds, and shouting
That I had an errand to the sea.

The rocks stood against me, and we wrestled,
But I burst from the holding of their hands,
Broke from their holding, and went slipping
And sliding into lower lands.

I carolled as I went, and the woodlands
Smiled as my sound murmured by ;
And the birds on the wing heard me singing,
And dropped me a blessing from the sky.

The flowers on the bank heard me singing,
And the buds, that had been red and sweet,
Grew redder and sweeter as they listened,
And their golden hearts began to beat.

The cities through their din heard me passing,
They came out and crowned me with their towers ;
And the trees hung up their garlands above me,
And coaxed me to rest among their bowers.

But I laughed, as I left them in the sunshine ;
There was never aught of rest for me,
Till I mingled my waters with the ocean,
Till I sang in the chorus of the sea.

Ah me ! for my pride upon the mountain,
Ah me ! for my beauty in the plains,
When my crest floated glorious in the sunshine,
And the clouds showered strength into my veins !

Alas, for the blushing little blossoms,
And the grasses, with their long golden drifts,
For the shadow of the forest in the noontide,
And full handed cities with their gifts !

I have mingled my waters with the ocean,
I have sung in the chorus of the sea ;
And my soul, from the tumult of the billows,
Will never more be jubilant and free.

I sing, but the echo of my mourning
Returns to me shrieking back again,
One wild weak note amongst the myriads
That are sobbing 'neath the thunders of the main.

Oh well, for the dewdrops on the gowan !
Oh well, for the pool upon the height,
Where the birds gather thirsty in the noontide,
And stars watch all through the summer night !

There is no home-returning for the waters
To the mountain whence they came, glad and free ;
There is no happy ditty for the river
That has sung in the chorus of the sea.

R. M.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

WE do not propose to ourselves to write a history of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, nor even to describe the fearful scenes of guilt and misery that were enacted there; we merely desire to examine its cause, and to ascertain the judgment which the Prelates of the Church, and Catholics in general, have pronounced upon it. This subject has been so ably and so repeatedly dealt with in our recent Catholic literature, that some explanation of the occasion which leads us to ask our readers attention again to it seems to be required. On the 25th of last August, while the Church was engaged, in liturgy and divine office, in commemorating the martyrdom and triumph of St. Bartholomew the Apostle, some of our Protestant neighbours were occupied in a celebration of a very different character. We know that, from the close of last year, those who superintend sensational "movements," and the publication of inflammatory addresses against the Church, had selected the massacre of St. Bartholomew as a subject that would suit their purpose. When the proper time came, the matter was not forgotten at St. Andrews, and, if we are to credit Dean Stanley, not only there, but "in many lands and churches elsewhere, people would be reminded that Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, formed the anniversary of a dreadful crime, which, nearly three hundred years ago, darkened the face of Europe."

Dean Stanley was understood to affirm, and his words are open to the interpretation, though we believe he has since disavowed it, that we Catholics held an annual festival of rejoicing for the massacre. As there is no foundation whatever for such an affirmation, we conclude that the tercentenary is a solemnity in which not we, but the Dean and his fellow worshippers satisfy their religious aspirations. We do not claim to understand much about Protestant ceremonials, yet it strikes us that the object and meaning of the religious

observance of an anniversary should not be very perplexing. But the celebration of the anniversary of a "dreadful crime" is mystery to us. The anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot day claimed to be a thanksgiving, and, accordingly, it was not altogether incomprehensible. But the "darkening the face of Europe" can hardly be matter of congratulation. A crime, of course, can always serve for an illustration of some moral, yet why should a preacher at St. Andrews need to go back three hundred years or to another country in search of a piquant example of selfconfidence or intolerance, the failings which Dean Stanley selected for a passing reprobation?

Something like a meaning, however, manifests itself later on. He reminds his congregation of "the folly and fallibility of one who was then (*anno* 1572), and who was by many still believed to be, the chief master of Europe, by whose express approbation the dreadful crime took place. The medals which were struck in its honour, the pictures which still hang on the walls of the Vatican, delineating its horrors as among the glories of the Papacy, were now disowned with shame and remorse by the Papacy itself." Here then we have Dean Stanley formally asserting that the crime in question took place "by the express approbation" of the Pope; and in the insertion of the word *fallibility* we discover one at least of the motives of his onslaught—namely, to use the "express approbation" of the Pope, by which the crime took place, as an argument against the doctrine of Papal infallibility.

Dean Stanley was taken to task by a Mr. Wilie, in the *Times* of September 6th, and by the writer of a leading article in the same paper, for what was designated as a "generous inadvertence," committed in the last sentence of this portion of his sermon. Both writers contended that the Papacy had never disowned the crime, or felt the least remorse for it. They went on to affirm that no Catholic disowned it, or, indeed, could disown it consistently with his creed. They asserted that it was admitted by the Catholics themselves that the Popes had, as Dean Stanley said, caused the crime to be committed, or approved of it before and after it took place, and that all this was undoubted and incontrovertible.

In the *Times* of the 10th of the same month, Dean Stanley vindicates himself from the charge of "generous inadvertence," and explains that the Popes had privately and indirectly disowned the crime, though not *ex cathedra*. Renewing his

charges of complicity against them, he maintains that the private disavowal is shown by the fact that "the inscription which originally identified the subject of Vasari's painting, has for many years been carefully effaced or removed; that in a well known dictionary, compiled in Rome by the special favourite of Gregory the Sixteenth (Moroni), the existence of the medal has been denied; and that, in the lectures published by so eminent an authority as the late Professor Möhler, it is stated that the Catholics took no part in the massacre, and that the Pope made his thanksgiving only because the King's life was saved." The Dean refers us, for the last two statements (concerning Moroni and Möhler), to the writer of an article in the *North British Review*, of October, 1869, who, he tells us, is "a member of the Roman Catholic Church, not less distinguished for his learning than for his anti-Papal attitude." He quotes also, from the same article, the following passage—"That which had been distinctly acknowledged and defended required to be ingeniously explained away. The same motive which had prompted the murder now prompted the lie," &c. Dean Stanley adds, that "almost at the moment of the tercentenary, the massacre was actually defended in the organ of the chief champion of the Holy See, *M. Veuillot*."

We have seldom seen so many inaccurate statements, and such disingenuous citations of authority, brought together in one short letter, as the Dean has here committed himself to, and, as might be expected, they have elicited a cloud of mendacious and insolent insinuations against Catholics. To notice them all would only lead us aside from our purpose, and, as we desire to examine the accuracy of his charges here stated, we must forego the gratification of dealing for the present with the other topics so freely introduced into this discussion.

It is a very common complaint, not only among Catholic, but even among Protestant writers, that whenever the enemies of Catholicity desire to create ill feeling or promote religious discord, they bring up the subject of the St. Bartholomew massacre. Almost immediately after the event itself, and before its true character could be recognized, a cloud of pamphlets were published, giving a false account of it and calling for revenge on Catholics. Voltaire and the infidel encyclopædists made great capital of it to bring the clergy into odium, and Voltaire represented the priests taking a prominent part in the butchery.* At

* *Henriade*.

the beginning of the French Revolution, the tragedy of *Charles the Ninth*, written by the regicide Chénier, was acted in the theatres of Paris, and in it the Cardinal of Lorraine was represented blessing the poignards of the assassins, and giving the order for a general slaughter.* Later, M. Scribe in his *libretto* to the popular opera of the *Huguenots*, introduces monks performing that office. In 1812, while a Catholic Relief Bill was being discussed, a publication was exhibited in the shop windows of London, insinuating that the Catholics had brought about the death of Mr. Percival, who had lately been assassinated, and its declared object was to show that "Papists keep no faith with Protestants." It was entitled, "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew, or a Fearful Warning."

Mr. Canning, on the 22nd of June, brought this publication before the House of Commons, and spoke warmly of its mischievous and insidious tendency. "Why publish," he asks, "such a narrative at the present moment? What purpose, what legitimate feeling can it be intended to gratify? What have the public now to do with Charles the Ninth and Admiral Coligny? . . . Why represent these horrid scenes to the eyes of the populace? What good can it do to recall the memory of them? If the torch of religious animosity could be rekindled, what would the effect be but to risk the safety of the British Empire?" He then recalls a passage from Burke's *Letter to a Member of the Assembly*. "It was but the other day that they (the Parisians) caused this very massacre to be acted on the stage. They introduced the Cardinal of Lorraine, in his robes of function, ordering general slaughter. Was this spectacle intended to make the Parisians abhor persecution and loathe the effusion of blood? No; *it was to teach them to persecute!*" Canning does not exactly say this of the author of the publication which he so severely denounces. "But," he adds, "this I must say, that the *mistaken zeal* and *perverse ingenuity* which such a publication displays, naturally subject him to observations such as those of Mr. Burke."†

We cannot refrain from adding to the above one or two more extracts, from one of the ablest and most thoroughly English

* It is well known that he was in Rome at the time of the massacre, and had been there for some months previously.

† The late encouragement given to "No Popery" ruffianism has drawn forth manifestos which were posted about London in September of a far more abominable type than "the Fearful Warning."

newspapers of our time, which has been elicited by this recent exhibition of "mistaken zeal" and "perverse ingenuity"—

The *Times*, for some purpose of its own, apparently wants to hound on English feeling against the Roman Catholics, as if there were any need of inflaming the hate and dread with which they have been regarded by the masses of the English people ever since the Council of the Vatican declared the Pope's infallibility, and Prince Bismarck gained something like popularity here by appealing to the popular fanaticism of Germany to expel the Jesuits and harass the Church. . . . It is an ominous and discreditable symptom of the passions of the day, when a great paper like the *Times* uses its influence deliberately to inflame religious animosities by statements palpably untrue.*

The same paper, in its next issue, September 14th, remarks on the manner in which the *Times* had been obliged "virtually, though not expressly," to retract its assertion that no true Roman Catholic, "not liberal to laxity," would admit that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was a crime or even a mistake. The letters of Sir George Bowyer, Mr. Archer Shee, Lord Denbigh, and Dr. Newman, had forced the *Times*—not to retract, for the *Times* never retracts anything, however false and calumnious—but to wriggle pompously out of its assertion, first, by excluding all English Catholic gentlemen from the category of "true Roman Catholics," and then all whom it styles "Gallican Catholics," and finally, as the *Spectator* says, "conveying the impression that it wishes to define 'true Roman Catholics' as meaning nothing more than Roman Catholics who could defend the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which case we need not remark that its assertion of last week was not merely true, but a truism, though, unfortunately, so expressed as to seem like a fierce and paradoxical charge of cruel and bloody intolerance against all true Roman Catholics." The writer adds, "No falser or more mischievous statement, in the present state of British politics, can hardly be conceived—unless one that modern Protestant feeling would justify a massacre of Roman Catholics."† The truth, however, is that the little committee of bigots who manage the *Times* did not quite want to massacre Catholics, though they are in the daily habit of morally assassinating them. They only wanted to influence, not public opinion, but public prejudice and the fierce passions of the masses, so as either to intimidate the Government from proposing a fair Education measure for Ireland, or to make it impossible that such a measure should be carried, if proposed. The *Times*

* *Spectator*, September 7th.

† September 14th.

knows well enough that, after the English and Scotch Education Bills, there is not a shred or rag of reasonable argument left against the doing of simple justice to the wishes of the Irish people in the matter of education. But, if there is no respectable argument left against this, there is plenty of by no means respectable "British-lionism" which may prevent, if it chooses, the security of the empire being consolidated by the granting to Ireland that equal measure, less than which her inhabitants would not be worthy of freedom if they consented to accept. And the men who guide the *Times* know full well that any lie will do well enough to rouse this unreasoning and brutal violence of English prejudice, and that a good round old lie, a hundred times refuted, like that about the massacre, will serve their purpose as well as another.

But to return to the immediate question. The passage in the *Spectator*, just quoted by us, was provoked by the article of the 6th of September, which we have already referred to. The letter of Dean Stanley, or the further correspondence his letter had given rise to, had not then appeared. We do not wish to impute to any one motives which do not stand on the face of his acts. We presume Dean Stanley has not thought of raising a persecution against Catholics, but no one can act as he has done, can bring into exercise such "perverse ingenuity" in support of misstatements palpably untrue, in suggesting topics calculated to inflame the religious animosities of an ignorant and prejudiced public, without a desire to promote distrust and alienation between different classes of his fellow subjects. He may, in the present crisis of the Established Church, desire to frighten people from contemplating the supernatural form of the Church which is the spouse of Christ. He may, in his scheme of ecclesiastical policy, seek for another argument to rid himself of the principles embodied in the Athanasian Creed;* but it is monstrous to speak of an "interesting historical question," as he does, in connection with a *movement* such as he has been engaged in. Our readers will excuse the plain language we adopt. Dean Stanley speaks of "absolute falsehoods" and "lies." Even more galling imputations are freely flung about by his supporters. It would be too much to expect that we should

* "The sanction of it (the massacre) was but a tremendous exemplification of the same principles as those which are embodied in Jewell's *Apology* in the canons of the Convocation of 1640, in the Solemn League and Covenant, and in the damnable clauses of the Athanasian Creed" (Dean Stanley, Letter to the *Times*).

not give expression to the contempt we feel for the method of the controversy we have to reply to.

One would imagine, by reading what has been written on the Protestant side of this question, that the contention of Catholics is to justify the massacre. Our readers need not be told that it is no such thing, and that Catholics as a body reprobate and disavow it. There were a few Catholic writers, who, for reasons we shall explain later, defended it at the time of the massacre, or while the passions it excited were yet fresh in the minds of men. We have consulted a large number of Catholic writers on the subject, and we have not found one, except those who lived at a time when they might have been witnesses of the scene, who does not reprobate and repudiate the massacre. Not to mention at least fifty writers whom we could easily allege, we give the names of a few who will not be suspected of not being Catholics, "really such," as the *Times* says. Moroni, "the special favourite of Gregory the Sixteenth," condemns it.* M. Veuillot, "the chief champion of the Holy See"—whom Dean Stanley introduces as defending it, or procuring its defence, "at the very time of the tercentenary"—M. Veuillot, in two letters to the *Univers*, dated the 29th and 30th of August, most emphatically condemns it. He affirms that it is not to be defended. He compares it to the assassinations of 1794—"En 1572 et en 1794, quelques scélérats firent périr quelques scélérats, c'est mon avis formel." Father Perrone, whom no one will accuse of not being a Catholic, really such, condemns it.† The *Civiltà Cattolica*, said by Protestants to be the organ of the Holy See, condemns it.‡

No, notwithstanding the bold, and we must add, impudent assertion that Catholics defend the massacre, we proclaim that it was a crime; but we also contend that the Church had nothing to say to it. It never took place by the express

* *Dizionario storico Ecclesiastico*. Hugonotti.

† *L'Amico di casa smascherato* anno 1872.

‡ The *Civiltà*, vol. xi., p. 28, contrasts the victory of Lepanto with the massacre: "Se non che, gran divario correva tra le due vittorie; giacchè la prima, come era stata di gran lunga più splendida e decisiva, così era purissima di ogni macchia e degna dei pieni applausi di tutta la christianità; laddove la seconda, non ostante le apparenze di giustizia e di zelo, onde Carlo IX. si era studiato di rivestirla, lasciava trasparire dei sospetti e delle ombre sinistre di violenza illegale e di crudeltà le quali temperavano d'assai il giubilo di sinceri cattolici." The extract speaks not only for the judgment of the writer, but for the feelings with which Catholics regarded it in Rome at the time of the occurrence.

approbation of a Pope, as Dean Stanley tells us. The Popes never counselled it; they could have known nothing about it until it was all over. They then never approved of the massacre *as it is known to us in history*. False representations, studiously prepared, were made to them, representing that which was a crime, as an act of justice in accordance with recognized laws; as an act, also, that brought safety and peace to France. Such an act the Pope approved, but not what we know to be the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Moreover, we contend that it was not undertaken from religious motives; that none of the clergy knew of the design, or took part in the execution; that all through, in its instigators, in its objects, in its instruments, it was purely political, one in a series of reprisals brought about by the conflict of human vices and human passions—a *coup d'état*, whose whole explanation lies in the situation of the contending factions who were then pitted against each other in France.

The *Times* says this is not a historical question, and Englishmen are warned not to allow themselves to be entangled in such in their discussions with Catholics. The "first blush," we are told, is enough. Let it be so for such as are satisfied to read history as it has hitherto been but too commonly taught in this country. But with every respect for the authority of the *Times*, we conceive this to be a purely historical question. It is in the direct interest of persons who wish others to believe what is utterly contrary to fact and to evidence, to persuade them that the matter is not a historical question. The infallibility is, of course, introduced into every Catholic question nowadays, *per fas et nefas*. We shall have a word to say before we conclude concerning the infallibility, but for our present purpose, to make good what we have asserted, we go to history.

Up to the present century, historians were divided on the question as to whether the massacre of St. Bartholomew was long premeditated or not. Those who accused the Pope of complicity in it felt the necessity of the premeditation theory, for if it had entirely arisen out of circumstances immediately preceding its occurrence, it was evident the Popes could have known nothing about it. On the other hand, there were many who exculpated the Pope on the ground that there was no evidence of his complicity, though they conceived there was evidence of premeditation on the part of Catharine de Medicis

or Charles the Ninth, or even of Philip the Second and the Duke of Alva. Since the beginning of this century, the publication from manuscripts of the diplomatic correspondence of the sixteenth century, in France, Spain, Brussels, Venice, Florence, and Rome, has effected a revolution in the judgment of historians. The theory of premeditation, among historians who have made this a special study, has, we may say, entirely disappeared, and the evidence of the massacre being the issue of events close upon its occurrence is established. Such is the judgment of Chateaubriand, who discovered the manuscript containing the Salviati cyphers; of Soldan,* Ranke, Trognon, Monaghan, Polenz, Michelet, H. Martin, Alzog, Gandy, Guerin, the continuator of Sir James Stephen's *History of England*, and others too numerous to mention.

Of those who defend the premeditation theory, some refer the first project of the massacre to the brief sent by Pius the Fifth to Charles on his ascending the French throne in 1560-61. Others attribute it to the conference at Bayonne between Catharine de Medici, Elisabeth, her daughter, Queen of Spain, and the Duke of Alva, in 1565. Mr. Keightley, apparently unconscious of the researches of Continental writers, put forward this view in *Lardner's Cyclopædia* in 1830. Several writers hold ²¹ that the peace of St. Germain-en-Laye, entered into in August, 1570, between the King and the Huguenots, was made on the part of the King in bad faith and with the intention of entrapping the Huguenots. This view was sustained by the continuator of Sir James Mackintosh's *History of England* published in 1831. The continuator of Sir James Stephen's *History*, writing still later, holds that the massacre was committed by Catharine and her sons with deliberation, but that no one who has had to do with public affairs will fall into the error of ascribing to a treacherous design the expedition to Flanders† and the marriage of Henry of Navarre, both which followed the pacification of 1570. He admits premeditation on the part of Catharine for some weeks, but denies that it could have existed for two years. This is to a great extent our own view, and we believe we can point to the very occasion which made Catharine, in August, 1572, change the policy that had dictated the peace in August, 1570. We

* Ita Theiner, *Annales*, i. 42; Gandy, *Revue des Questions Historiques*, vol. i., p. 67.

† This expedition took place in June, 1572.

shall speak more at length of these varying theories and of the events on which they are based.

This marked diversity among historians should point out that, if there was any evidence of a plot at Bayonne or elsewhere, or if there was any proof of complicity on the part of the Pope, such counter theories could never be proposed; and we may further remark that when serious *historians* bring together the elements for ascertaining the time when premeditation began, they make little or no account of the arguments or documents brought forward by *polemical* controversialists against the Pope.

We must, nevertheless, examine these documents; nor should we forget that to read history correctly we should try to see its monuments in the light in which they were created. The language a man makes use of should be interpreted by a knowledge of his character and an appreciation of the projects he is engaged in. We do not explain the address of a general to his troops before a battle in the same way as the whispers of a burglar to his co-partner in crime. If we regard the Roman Pontiff as he then was, as the head of the confederation of Christian princes and the chief inspirer of international enterprise, we shall find a different meaning in his words than they extract from them who regard him as the incarnation of cruelty and duplicity. Let us study history on broad and unprejudiced principles, and we shall find it leads to truth.

When Charles the Ninth was called to the throne of France in December, 1560, he was little over ten years of age, and found the kingdom in a more helpless and distracted state than, perhaps, it had ever been before. For nearly forty years the Huguenots had been steadily gaining ground, and had now acquired a military status and position that rendered them formidable to the Government. In religion they were followers of Calvin, and the nominal submission they acknowledged to a Catholic sovereign was but a pretext for making war against the Government.* They taught that Catholics should be persecuted and exterminated. Their chief object was to overturn the Church.† The cause of the Huguenots was espoused and sustained by the allied houses of Bourbon and Châtillon; Antony of Navarre, Condé and Admiral Coligny dividing its chieftainship and administration between them. They had a perfect military system established; their lieutenants and sublieutenants, collectors of imposts and military

* Conf. Capefigue, *Histoire de la Réforme et de la Ligue*, t. i., c. xxxix.

† Vide *Revue des Questions Historiques*, vol. i., p. 24.

training establishments being appointed and organized, wherever members of the sect were to be found. They had their diplomatic agents at foreign Courts, not of course recognized, but in private. They could at any time assemble an army fit to take the field against the Government troops, and had a fleet on the sea that waged a privateer and pirate war against the merchant shipping of Catholic States.* Wherever they had the power they drove out the Catholic priests, sacked the churches and monasteries, tore down the sacred pictures, desecrated the altars, scattered the relics of saints about the streets, and committed the most heinous sacrileges in the convents of religious women.†

*militia
duo*

If opposed, they put to death the Catholics that fell into their hands, and though none of these massacres equal in the number of slain or in the importance of its results that of St. Bartholomew, they generally had a character of greater wantonness, of more inhuman cruelty, and more revolting malice.‡ They were secretly allied to the enemies of France, and on occasion betrayed the interests of their country in favour of the enemy.§ They openly boasted of their purpose to march to Rome, and, at the time of which we speak, there were serious apprehensions in Italy of an invasion by them.

As Charles was but a child, his mother, Catharine de Medici, was appointed his guardian. She was brought up at a Court where the principles taught in the *del Principe* were the fashion. Catharine was a disciple of Machiavelli, and had studied him to some purpose. Of religion she had little, though she would treat its ministers with respect when she had no motive of acting otherwise towards them. She consulted sorcerers rather than the clergy, and some of her most important political steps were taken in compliance with their prognostications. She was fond of compromise, and would keep fair with opposing factions, using them alternately for her own designs. From the beginning of her regency she opposed the Spaniards privately, but would never consent to declare war openly against them. She courted the Protestant Powers, and assured them to the last of her sympathies. She could not bear a rival in her influence over

Religion

* Cf. *Relazione de Michiel*. Albéri; *Relazioni Veneti*, prima serie, t. iv., p. 300.

† Lettres de Languet, *passim*. *L'Histoire de France*, du P. Daniel, t. x. H. Martin; *Histoire de France*, t. ix.

‡ Martin, loc. cit.

§ *Relazione de Michiel*, loc. cit., p. 23.

the King; as soon as either faction, by victory or counsel, obtained some ascendancy, it felt the resentment of the Queen Mother. She had immense control over her children, so much so that Charles, who was peculiarly liable to fall under the dominion of a stronger mind, could never resist her ultimate appeal when she happened to come into collision with the ruling characters of his council board.* The party that set itself most conspicuously in opposition to the Huguenots was headed by the Guises. They were deadly opponents of the house of Châtillon, and were ready to fight the Huguenots *à outrance*, but, owing to their power and popularity with the Catholics, were not regarded with favour by Catharine de Medici.

At this time the Roman Pontiff was the political head of the confederation of Catholic States. Pius the Fifth was on the Pontifical throne, and to him it belonged, in the first place, to look to the security of Europe. In this sense Dean Stanley is right in saying that he was the "chief master of Europe," but the Dean is mistaken in asserting that Catholics yet claim for the Bishop of Rome the same position. The political constitution of Christendom has passed away. It was a human and not a divine institution, and is now utterly a thing of the past. ✓

When he ascended the Pontifical throne in 1556 he saw Europe gravely threatened with a twofold danger. The Turks had been advancing from the East; their power in the Mediterranean was simply irresistible; they threatened a descent on Italy, nor could any one see how they were to be met and driven back. The Protestants were making head in the West; restless, insatiable, and implacable, they vowed the destruction of the Church, and were thought to be preparing for a descent upon Rome.† They also, as yet, seemed almost unchecked in their career of sacrilege and devastation. Pius had to address himself to the task of encountering these dangers, and he did so with wonderful energy and wisdom. He formed an alliance to meet the Turks, collected a fleet partly from the resources of his own States, sent large supplies of money from his own exchequer, and lived to hear of the triumph of Lepanto in 1571. As soon as he heard of Charles being called to the throne of France (1560), he sent a special envoy to treat with the Regent about taking measures to resist the Huguenots.

* *Relazione de Cavilli*. Albéri, loc. cit., p. 316; Michiel, 281.

† *Declaration pour servir de reglement*; Ap. Soulier, *Hist. du Calvinisme*, p. 119.

Catholics had little reason to be satisfied with the conduct of France since the outbreak of the Reformation. Her flag had been repeatedly united with that of the Turks and Protestants in contest with sovereigns fighting for the Catholic cause. At home the French sovereigns allowed the Huguenots to play fast and loose with their engagements. Though not yet a tenth part of the population, they had usurped the churches, suppressed the Catholic worship, and slaughtered the priests in many places. In large districts, for a time, no priest dared make his appearance. With a little determination the Government could have put an end to these disorders, but they were permitted to extend, often without molestation and with impunity.

The Pope therefore proposed to the young King measures of effectual suppression of those who were worse than pirates at sea and brigands on the land. No peace, no toleration was to be given to them; they must be exterminated. For this purpose he proposed to send money and forces to strengthen the hands of the Government. He recommended a firm alliance with Spain and vigorous and prompt action, and the French Government undertook to make both of these measures a part of their policy. In compliance with this understanding, he sent Catharine large sums of money from the Pontifical treasury, and having obtained troops from the Government of Venice to assist in the enterprise, a small army of Roman and Venetian forces entered France under the command of Sforza, Count of Santa-Fiore.

This is the substance of the brief of Pius the Fifth and his convention with the French Government, nor is anything more than what we have related alleged, to show his complicity with the massacre of St. Bartholomew. We ask in all soberness, is there the shadow of a proof here that the Pontiff intended to instigate any one to commit an act of treachery and coldblooded murder? Would any historian seriously listen to such a proof as this? But let us consider the matter further. The Pope speaks his mind, not secretly, but in the most open and public way possible, in a formal brief. He sends soldiers and the sinews of war. The Huguenots were at this time already up in arms—in open rebellion. Does the Pope counsel an insidious peace that they may be ensnared? No; he expects that the war will be promptly and vigorously waged. This is the means, and not private butchery, that he suggests.

"But he desires the King to *exterminate* the heretics." This

is true; but, in the first place, at least in those times, a sovereign sending an army to exterminate rebels was not supposed to direct a course foreign to the laws of war. Whatever the extermination of war meant, it was to be carried out by soldiers, and not by assassins. Sixtus the Fifth is praised by all, because he vowed to exterminate brigands from the Papal states. He did so effectually, yet no one speaks of him as a murderer. The Huguenots were worse than brigands; they were destroyers. Why, then, should Pius be blamed for cooperating in their extermination from France? Protestant writers remember only that they were heretics. It may be true that they are somewhat calumniated, but the Pope held them to be worse than the Italian brigands; and even Protestant writers speak of them with equal severity. Nor can Protestants, although they loudly boast of their spirit of toleration, consistently blame the Pope for his outspoken advice.

The following words were expressed in the coronation oath of William and Mary on becoming King and Queen of Scotland: "We swear to *root out* all heretics and enemies to the true worship of God, that shall be convicted, by the true Kirk of God, of the aforesaid crimes, out of our lands and empire of Scotland," &c. We know well what this means. The law bound the sovereign to extirpate Catholics in a way that was never proposed by Pius the Fifth to the King of France. The Pope spoke of rebels, and men with arms in their hands, seeking the overthrow of the established order of things. The Scotch law was directed against those whose only crime was their fidelity to the faith of their ancestors. Yet we do not accuse it of pretending to promote assassination. Pius uses language of the way an army should act with regard to rebels in the field who were faithless, and to be bound by no treaty; and he is said to instigate to treachery and assassination.

It is pleasant to behold Dean Stanley coming to our assistance on this question of extermination. In his lectures on the Jewish Church, he defends the slaughter of the Canaanites by Joshua, and excuses Jael for putting Sisera to death. We do not blame him for this, but he adds, "We ourselves are almost inclined, in consideration of the greatness of the necessity, and the confusion of the time, to praise the murder of Marat by Charlotte Corday, 'the angel of assassination,' as she has been termed by an historian of unquestioned humanity."* He tells

* *Jewish Church*, Lecture xiv.

us that during the Indian mutiny, at a time when the belief in the Sepoy atrocities prevailed, letters were received "from conscientious and religious men" to this effect: "The Book of Joshua is now being read in Church. It expresses exactly what we are all feeling. I never before understood the force of that part of the Bible."

The Dean has an admiration for Mr. Carlyle, "who, as well by his genius and learning as *by his command of the sympathies of the rising generation*, in a great measure represents the most advanced intelligence of our age." He quotes this gentleman's opinion of the massacre of Drogheda. This was a coldblooded massacre of women and children, done in the name of religion, by order of Cromwell, and the history of fanaticism does not present an instance of so inhuman and fiendish a butchery.

"Oliver's proceedings," says Mr. Carlyle, quoted by the Dean, "here have been the theme of much loud criticism and sibylline execration, into which it is not our plan to enter at present. Terrible surgery this; but *is* it surgery and judgment, or atrocious murder merely? Oliver Cromwell did believe in God's judgments, and did not believe in rosewater plan of surgery—which, in fact, is this editor's case too!"

Dean Stanley does not settle the question "whether we justify this or any like application of Joshua's example in later times;" but *apropos* of said question, he quotes the following from one of Dr. Arnold's sermons—"It is better that the wicked should be destroyed a hundred times over than that they should tempt those who are as yet innocent to join their company." Surely people who teach in this way, no matter how ready they may be to condemn the faults of their "spiritual forefathers," have no right to accuse the Popes, or condemn them for urging the extermination of the French Huguenots.

There can be no doubt that Philip of Spain set himself from the beginning of his reign to suppress heresy with a strong hand, and that he lost no opportunity of recommending a like course to the Kings of France. He made use of language similar to that of Pius the Fifth, and like him offered military assistance to enable the French Court to put his advice in execution. What we desire to ascertain is whether he ever suggested that this should be done by illegal means. The question only indirectly bears upon our present inquiry; nevertheless, it may be well to examine the evidence on both sides. If Philip ever suggested this course, it is admitted that he did so through his representative,

Alva, at the conference of Bayonne in 1565. Yet what took place there? It was proposed, we are told, to extirpate the heretics, yet what means were suggested to secure that object? Alva proposed that five or six of those who were at the head of the rebellion should be seized and have their heads cut off.* He had some difficulty in bringing Catharine to a specific engagement, but she promised that on her return to Paris she would have the edict of pacification put in force, and the (Huguenot) ministers were so compromised by the violation of the edict that she hoped to be able to banish them all from France. The difficulty in acceding to Alva's suggestion was that the Crown was not prepared to maintain the war. Alva, nevertheless, seemed satisfied with this resolution, but Santa Croce, the Nuncio, did not see how it could serve for the extirpation of the heresy or for the punishment of those who had contravened the edict.† From this it would appear that the words of Alva, which are everything in the present inquiry, were without effect. What their meaning could be, we may gather from this, that he spoke of men who had been guilty of every crime, and had a short time before treacherously handed over two French strongholds to the English, who were at that very time at war with France, and who had kept up negotiations with England, and received large sums of money for their treasonable conduct. To urge a sovereign to have the heads of five or six leaders of a rebellion such as this cut off, does not seem strange or unjustifiable.

When the news of the defeat of Count Genlis by Alva, in July, 1572, reached Philip, he charged the Apostolic Nuncio at Madrid, to communicate with Charles in order that the rest of the Huguenots might be got rid of. Rossano writes as follows on the 5th of August—

The King has desired me to say that the defeat of the Huguenots in Flanders is of more importance than is supposed, as the most powerful leaders of the French Huguenots are either killed or taken in a large number, and, on reflection, it will be found more advantageous to the French King than to himself; and if his most Christian Majesty should desire to free the kingdom of his enemies (*di purgare il regno da suoi inimici*), now would be the time, because, by an understanding with the Catholic King, the rest could be destroyed (*si podria distruggere il resto*), chiefly because the Admiral is in Paris (the people being Catholic and devoted to their King), when they could, once for all, easily be got rid of (*levarselo*), and the King (of Spain) will use all his power and vigour, always most faithfully, to free the kingdom and restore it to its pristine security and splendour, from which security will

* Alva to Philip the Second, June 21, 1565.

† Santa Croce to Borromeo, July 1, 1565. From extract of a Manuscript published in the *North British Review*, loc. cit.

redound to himself. The King will not fail to represent this himself to the most Christian King, and now that so many of the enemies of the crown are slain, to offer him, as he has written to the Duke of Alva, all the forces at his disposal to free him from the rest.*

Philip may have meant by this advice to induce the King of France either to massacre the Huguenots, as they were shortly afterwards massacred, or to treat them with rigorous severity according to the laws of justice. We hold that the latter is the true interpretation of his words, for the following reasons—

First, Coligny and his associates were represented to Philip by the French Court as having legally forfeited their lives. After the battle of Moncontour they were formally condemned to death. This sentence was remitted by the peace of St. Germain, in August, 1570. In June, 1572, Charles sent an army to Flanders, to oppose Alva, and as the King wished to keep, nevertheless, on terms with Spain, it was represented to Philip that the Huguenots waged this war with his general against the will of the French King.† This was an act deserving of death.

Next, after the massacre, the French King studiously concealed its illegality and unjustness from Philip and Alva, and put before them an account of it that made it appear to them a just and necessary *coup d'état*. He would not have done this if Philip or Alva was his accomplice.

Lastly, when the false account of the massacre representing it as a just and legal act came to Philip, he recognized in it the accomplishment of his own advice. When, however, its true character became known, both he and Alva censured it in unequivocal terms.

These points will be made clear in what we shall presently have to say. At present we would observe that the offering troops to a friendly sovereign, or one who is believed to be friendly, in order to quell an obstinate rebellion, hardly seems to tally with the advice to get rid of the rebels by a midnight massacre. What Philip evidently urged was that Coligny and the chiefs should be arrested and brought to justice, and that the insurrection, naturally expected to follow on this proceeding, should be stamped out by force of arms.

The Catholics of France were indignant at the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye. They were driven to fury by the massacres, the sacrileges, and the repeated treacheries of the

* Letter of De Rossano to Cardinal di Como, August 5, 1572. Theiner, *Annales*, t. i., p. 327.

† *Relazione di Michiel*, loc. cit., p. 280.

Huguenots. Twice they conspired to carry off the King by violence, three times within ten years they rose in arms, they had betrayed France to the English, and held some of the French forts, even yet inaccessible to the national forces. They were always beaten in the field, but always carried their way in Court. Few as they were in comparison with the Catholics, they were always aggressive and given to persecute. About six months after the peace of St. Germain, Coligny was invited to Court, and his counsels soon began to prevail with Catharine and the King. The Duke of Guise, who was adored by the people, retired, partly in disgust and partly in disfavour, and the whole policy of the kingdom soon gradually began to change under the influence of the new advisers. Hitherto, Charles, much against his will, had kept a remiss alliance with Spain and a hostile attitude towards England and the Protestant German Powers. He hated Spain, and desired to follow the footsteps of his forefathers, in making war with it. "All my thoughts," he wrote confidentially to Noailles, "are bent on opposing the grandeur of Spain, and seeing how I can most dexterously do it."*

He found in Coligny one who gladly encouraged this ambition. Coligny desired to bring about a firm alliance between Charles and the Protestant Powers, that at least Alva might once for all be driven out of Flanders. His first effort, now that he returned to influence, was to break the ties that united France and Spain. Charles was engaged to a Spanish princess, and shortly after the peace of St. Germain he broke off the engagement, and was married, in 1570, to Elisabeth, daughter of Maximilian, a protector of the Protestants. His sister, Margaret of Anjou, was engaged to Don Sebastian of Portugal. Under the management of Coligny this also was broken off, and she was betrothed to Henry of Navarre, the young leader of the Huguenots.† Under the same inspiration, friendly relations were opened with England. Henry of Anjou, the King's brother, was offered in marriage to Elizabeth, and a private treaty of policy and religion was signed with England, on the 19th April, 1572.‡ The diplomatic agents of Charles in

* Charles to Noailles, May 11, 1572.

† *Relazione di Michiel*, p. 280; *di Contarini*, *Ibid.*, p. 261; *Capefigue, Histoire de France*, t. iii., c. 26.

‡ *Vide Corresp. Dipl.*, t. vii. The treaty between Charles and Elizabeth was of mutual defence, and expressly included the question of religion. The substance of this treaty is given by Abberì, *Vita di Caterina dei Medici*, n. xxvi.

Italy, were instructed to try to withdraw the Italian princes from the alliance with Philip, and unite them with the Protestant confederates. In fine, a powerful Protestant league was being formed, the partial knowledge of which caused the deepest anxiety to Philip and the Pope.

Philip instructed his ambassador at Paris to watch the movements in the French Court, and particularly, to ask explanations concerning the equipment of a fleet at La Rochelle. Mendoucet endeavoured to make explanations to Alva, and Saint-Goard, the French ambassador at Madrid, sought to quiet the suspicions of Philip. They declared the amicable intentions of their Sovereign to Spain, and said the fleet was being prepared to keep the pirates in check, or for service in the Indies.

Pius the Fifth sent the Cardinal Alessandrino, as envoy extraordinary, to sound the French Court, and, if possible, to induce the King to dismiss Coligny and reverse the policy he had inaugurated. Charles had refused to join the league against the Turks, on the ground of his domestic troubles with the Huguenots; now, he was fitting out a formidable fleet at La Rochelle, the greatest stronghold of the Huguenots. What were his designs?

Charles replied to the Cardinal with the best assurances of loyalty to the Church, and promises of bringing everything to a satisfactory conclusion. The marriage of Margaret with Henry of Navarre was necessary for the peace and security of France, and to enable the King to be revenged on his enemies. He satisfied the Cardinal that the fleet at La Rochelle was not destined for a war with Spain. It is quite obvious that the explanation offered to the Cardinal disclosed some plan of action, which was intended to satisfy the inquiries of the Pope, and needed secrecy. It is evident some policy adverse to the Huguenots was promised, either absolutely to be adopted, or contingent on an expected or suspected ground of distrust of them.

Salviati also urged the Papal policy on Catharine and the King, and received from them answers similar to those given to Cardinal Alessandrino. In October, 1570, Salviati had hopes that this policy would be adopted, and wrote to say that if they did but a tenth of what he had advised it would be well for them.* After the massacre he recalled that he had

* October 14, 1570.

noticed that the Admiral had been pushing himself forward too much in Court, and that he (Salviati) had foreseen that they would not always tolerate him. He consequently hoped to have shortly good news for the Pope; but he adds, "I never would have suspected the tenth part of that which I now see."* On the 21st of August, the day before Coligny was wounded, he heard in a conversation between the Cardinal de Bourbon and the Duke de Montpensier, a conversation concerning the designs of the Court which made him fear that what he hoped for might be frustrated.

Now we ask, What was this that Salviati expected, that was promised the Pope, that depended on the marriage of Margaret and Navarre, by which France was to be pacified and the Huguenot party broken up? Many historians seem to think that the King was imagining to deceive the Pope and Philip, that he might the more securely throw himself into the arms of the great Protestant party. Some believe that he was indicating a scheme of massacre which he realized on the 24th of August. We have good reasons for not accepting either of these two theories. From the letters of Charles and Catharine to the Pope asking for the necessary dispensations for the marriage, we clearly see the object of that marriage pointed out. Charles desired above all things the final pacification of France. Neither he nor his mother were good Catholics. Indeed, the articles of the colloquy at Poissy, with Catharine's letter to the Pope urging on him to conform the public cultus to the views of the Huguenots,† the conversation of Charles with Jean d'Albret before her death, in which he promised defiance to the Pope,‡ and the treaty with Elizabeth in 1572, show that they were quite prepared to embrace Protestantism if it suited their ambition. But of the two rival religions they knew that Catholicism must triumph in France, and that two rival religions were incompatible with security. They therefore resolved to sustain Catholicity in France, and maintain an alliance with the Protestant Powers.

Both those objects would be secured if they could gain over to their own views the leaders of the Huguenot party. Hence the several marriages between the leaders of both parties and the families of the opposite faction, and particularly the marriage of the King's sister with Henry of Navarre, the head of the Huguenot party. Hence the attempted reconciliation between

* August 24, 1572. † Capefigue, loc. cit., c. xli. ‡ *Ibid.*, c. xxxviii.

Guisé and Coligny, and the favours which were profusely lavished by Catharine and the King on the leaders of the Huguenot party. It was hoped that the leaders once gained over, the recalcitrant Huguenots could be easily mastered and thoroughly subdued. It is quite evident from the words we have already quoted, that this, and not a massacre, was what Salviati expected. In November, 1570, Cardinal Pellevé, the Archbishop of Sens, informed him that the Huguenot leaders were caressed at Court in order to detach them from their party, and that after the loss of their leaders it would take but a few days to deal with the rest.* Thus a guiltless *coup d'état* was prepared, for the success of which the marriage was necessary, which to avoid frustration required secrecy, and which was to pacify France and, at the same time, satisfy the Pope. The medals which were struck to commemorate the marriage, indicated its chief object. The legends were—*Constricta hoc vinculo discordia*, and *Vobis annuncio pacem*.†

The theory of a long premeditated massacre can be absolutely disproved on grounds independent of all this. The series of events between the pacification of 1570 and August, 1572, is too bustling, too much bound up with the agitation of surrounding States, too natural in its course and important in its bearings, to permit us to suspect that these events were brought about and conducted for mere purpose of deception. In spring, 1572, Mons was invested by the Duke of Alva. Louis of Nassau, who defended it, made his way in disguise to Paris to look for help. He had notably supported Catharine in her schemes for the promotion of her favourite son, Anjou, to the throne of Poland. He was the fast friend of Coligny, and was received with demonstrations of regard in Paris. Charles permitted him to raise volunteers among the French Huguenots for the relief of Mons, and later sent an army, at the solicitation of Coligny, to assist him. This army was commanded by Count Genlis, and was defeated by Alva under the walls of Mons on the 13th of July, 1572. No matter how zealous Charles might have been for a war with Spain, Catharine would not hear of a declaration of war. The army was therefore sent, not in the name of the King, but apparently as a Huguenot movement. After its defeat, Coligny urged upon the King the necessity of openly assisting the Protestants in Flanders and declaring war

* November 28, 1570.

† These medals are in the Bibliothèque Impériale of Paris.

against Spain.* He took advantage of the temporary absence of Catharine from Paris to gain his point with the King, and so far succeeded that, at the beginning of August, it was openly said in Court that war with Spain was immediately to be declared.

For some time there had been an increasing alienation between Catharine and the Admiral. They were rivals in seeking for ascendancy over the mind of the weak and changeable young King. It was observed that he was endeavouring to withdraw Charles from the influence of his mother and Anjou, and she manifested what Michiel termed *l'affetto di signoreggiare*—the ruling passion of her life.†

As soon as the news of the intended declaration of war reached Catharine, she immediately returned to Paris with Anjou, and having found the King at Montpipeau, she threw herself, bathed in tears, at his feet; she put forth all her strength to bring him back to her own policy, and she succeeded. The haughtiness of Coligny, his absolute control, and the King's imbecility and subjection to him, were expressly complained of. Catharine would not remain in Court to witness her son's disgrace, and asked for permission to retire from it. She complained, moreover, that her own safety was at stake.‡ Charles informed Coligny that he had found reasons to reconsider his determination, and immediately convoked a council. The project of the declaration of war was discussed, and almost unanimously rejected, and Coligny retired from the council filled with anger and dismay. His language to the King and Catharine was noted. And it throws a singular light on the events that were to follow. He offered Charles three thousand cavaliers to take the field within a few weeks. Tavannes, who was present at the council, exclaimed, "Sire, you should cut the head off every subject who dares so to address you."§ "Sire," said Coligny, turning to the King, with an expression of anger and contempt, "as your Majesty seems indisposed for the war, I cannot resist, but this I know for certain, you shall repent it." Then, to Catharine, "Madame, the King will withdraw from this war; would to God that another may not arise, from which he cannot withdraw."|| This language was looked on as a declaration

* Michiel, p. 282.

† Capefigue, *Histoire de la Reforme*, &c., c. xxxix.

‡ Gandy, *Revue des Questions Historiques*, t. i., p. 65; *Relazione di Michiel*, p. 284; *di Cavalli*, p. 326.

§ Tavannes apud Michaud, *Histoire de France*, t. viii., p. 382.

|| Michiel, *Relazione*, p. 285.

of war against the King if he should persist in his present policy. Coligny, nevertheless, did not despair of succeeding with him. He was assiduous at Court, and on the 18th, the day of the marriage, expressed his confidence that the flags taken at Jarnac and Moncontour, and hung up in Nôtre Dâme, would shortly be replaced by others more pleasant to look at.

It was evident the time had come when Charles would have either to break with the Huguenots finally, or throw himself completely into their arms. The contest for ascendancy between Catharine and the Admiral must soon be decided.

It was natural that when the attitude of these two famous diplomatists became known, and the scene in the council room at Montpipeau became noised abroad, rumours and surmises of a grave character would be ventilated. A determined sovereign would undoubtedly have had Coligny and his associates arrested, tried for their many treasons, and executed; and something like this seems to have been expected by some. Darker suspicions might probably have found expression, for the opposite factions had never been so near each other before, with such critical issues in the balance, without coming into collision. On the 21st, the day before the attempt was made on Coligny's life, some project of surprise against the Huguenots was mentioned in the hearing of Salviati by Montpensier and the Cardinal of Bourbon;* but it is evident they had no conception of what was to take place on the following day. Salviati had hopes that the course he had so long advised was about to be adopted.

Expressions of suspicion, warning, or confidence; suggestions for taking hold of the occasion; surmises of treachery and violence, were remembered afterwards, and, as is usual in such events, people congratulated themselves in having foreseen what afterwards came to pass. It is certain that Catharine, since the affair of Montpipeau, had altered the policy of conciliation towards Coligny she had adopted two years before, and there can be little doubt that at this time she formed the project of Coligny's assassination.

On the 22nd, Coligny was wounded as he was returning home from a visit to the King. The history of the attempt, the previous deliberations, and the complicity of Catharine, Anjou, and the Duke of Guise, are undisputed facts. When the King heard of it he was enraged. "Am I never to have a moment's

* *Desp.*, August 24th. Theiner, *Annales*, i., 329.

peace?" was his first exclamation.* He went, without delay, to visit the wounded Admiral, and was accompanied by Catharine, Anjou, and several of the royal Court. Coligny desired to speak privately with the King, and for this purpose Catharine and Anjou were desired to retire to a distant part of the room. The King was affectionate and tender in his manner to the wounded man; he appeared attentive to his words and moved by them. It was known that the conversation turned on the Spanish war. Catharine soon interrupted them, and led the King away.† She complained of the length of the interview. Charles behaved with illtemper and rudeness to her. "Mort de Dieu," he said, "what the Admiral says is true enough—the whole management of the affairs of State are in your and my brother's hands; but I will see to it—I am advised, before his death, by my best and most faithful subject."‡

As there were good hopes of the Admiral's recovery, Catharine was now driven to the extreme of her varied resources. Strong suspicions of being the instigator of the assassination fell upon her. The King vowed to have the Admiral revenged, and the Huguenots called loudly for instant punishment, and with gesture and language threatened the Queen herself. Guise was more than suspected; he was desired by the King to withdraw from his presence, and armed bodies of Huguenots passed and repassed before his lodgings, calling loudly for his expulsion from Paris. They called on the King to take up their quarrel, to see justice done them, or they themselves would take it in the field.§

In the meantime, Catharine held a second council with those whom she could trust, viz., Anjou, Tavannes, Retz, Birague, and others. We have various relations of what occurred in that conference, left by persons who could not be deceived as to its true character, and which have on their front the fullest evidence of being truthful and genuine. We have the relations of the Duke of Anjou and Tavannes, who were partakers in it, and of Margaret of Valois, who was in the palace and in constant communication with Charles, Catharine, and her husband, Henry of Navarre. The historical value of these documents is examined and established by M. Gandy, in the *Revue des*

* *Comment. M. l'Admiral fut blessé.* Paris, 1572. Apud Gandy, loc. cit.

† *Discourse de Henri III., Mémoires d'Etat.* Paris, 1623.

‡ *Discourse de Henri III.*

§ *Mémoires de Tavannes,* loc. cit., t. viii., p. 386.

Questions Historiques,* to whom we must refer the reader. We shall give the substance, so far as it is relevant to our present inquiry.

According to the narrative of the Duke of Anjou, made, when King of Poland, to his physician, Miramon, Catharine, on the morning of the 23rd, held a council secretly with those whom we have already enumerated, as they had been unable to come to any resolution on the previous evening. They then resolved to despatch the Admiral, and as they could no longer promise themselves secrecy in what they were about (*et ne se pouvoient plus usir de ruses et finesses*), it was necessary to bring the King round to their mind, and they resolved to seek him in his cabinet after dinner. They found him with the Duke Alençon, and told him that the Huguenots were arming against him on account of the attempt on the Admiral, that they had sent to Germany and Switzerland for armed forces to assist them, that the Huguenot leaders were probably for the most part already gone from Paris to levy troops throughout France, and that the time and place for reunion were already decided on; that the Catholics, disgusted with the long war, and harassed in every way, were determined to take things into their own hands, and put an end to present incertitude; that to put a stop to the threatened calamity, it would be enough to put the Admiral, the head and chief of all the civil wars, to death; that the designs of the Huguenots would die with him, and that the Catholics, satisfied with the sacrifice of two or three men (*sic*), would continue in obedience. These and many other motives were pressed on the King. He became enraged, but at first would not consent that the Admiral should be injured. He asked each present if any other means of avoiding the danger could be suggested, and all, except De Retz, urged the assassination of the Admiral. The King then, much excited, swore "*par la mort Dieu (son jourment habituel)*," says the narrative, "that as we find it good to kill the Admiral, we will it; but also, all the Huguenots in France, so that not one shall remain to reproach us afterwards, and that we give the orders promptly." The King left the room in a state of great excitement, the others remaining there the whole afternoon and a considerable portion of the night.†

Tavannes recalls the Admiral's threat of civil war unless the war with Spain should be prosecuted, and the former idea of

* T. i., p. 81.

† *Discours de Henri III., Memoires d'Etat.*, loc. cit.

Catharine and Anjou, that *whereas all the Huguenot party consisted in its head, they hoped, by the marriage of Margaret with Navarre, that all would be set right.** He relates that the King, seeing now that civil war was inevitable, thought it better to win the battle in Paris. The evidence of Tavannes concerning the opposition of De Retz contradicts that of Anjou.†

Margaret of Valois relates that the Queen, alarmed by the threats of the Huguenot chiefs, took the resolution to be beforehand, but that the King was of another mind, in consequence of his regard for the Admiral, Téligny, La Noue, and some others. She heard from the King's own lips, that it cost him much to come to Catharine's resolution, and that he would never have consented, but that they told him there was no other means to save his life and state. On account of certain threats made at supper that night (the 23rd of August), "the Queen saw that the accident (the wounding of Coligny) had put things in such an attitude, that unless their design was executed that very night, they (the Huguenots) would make an attack on the King and herself." She says that De Retz informed the King that the attempted assassination on the 22nd was designed by Catharine, Anjou, and the Duke de Guise. He went to the King at ten o'clock on the night of the 24th, informed him that "the Huguenots were furious, and laid all the blame (*qu'ils s'en prénaient*) upon Catharine, Anjou, and Guise, and that they had resolved to rise in arms that very night." Charles resolved to seek his mother, and to secure her against the Huguenots by means of the Catholics.‡

We may add to this the statement of Villeroy, the Secretary of State, and confidant of Catharine. The Queen told him, and many others, that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was not premeditated. This he afterwards told to Henry of Navarre, when King of France, who related it to Matthieu the historian.§

The Ambassador Cavalli says that Catharine began to think of putting the Admiral to death from the time the King had yielded to his desire to go to war with Spain; he relates that she had great difficulty to persuade Charles to alter his policy, and that to obtain it, she asked permission to leave the

* This is an important testimony regarding the object of the marriage, and explains the meaning of the King's words to Cardinal Alessandri and Salviati.

† Tavannes, loc. cit., p. 382.

‡ *Mem. de Marguerite de Valois*, p. 27.

§ *Histoire de France sous Henri IV.*, liv. vi. Apud Gandy, loc. cit., p. 81.

Court, and reproached him with being in fear of the Huguenots.* Salviati† and Brantôme‡ both attribute the massacre to events that followed the attempt on the 22nd.§

We think it must appear evident, from what we have already placed before the reader, that the first project of assassinating Coligny occurred to Catharine after the affair at Montpipeau, on the 10th of August, and that the idea of a more general massacre was not entertained by her before the failure on the 22nd; and that up to that date the King had never thought of it. That he never understood the exhortations of Philip of Spain or the Pope in that sense, and that his communications to the latter were never intended to convey a promise of it. The course of events subsequent to the peace of St. Germain, two years back, is well ascertained, and we need no special historical instinct to understand it. After two decisive victories, at a time when the rebels were in his power, the King grants them their lives, and takes them back to his council. He adopts their policy, for it seems to promise domestic peace, and to gratify his passion for war with Spain. He readjusts his arrangements with foreign Courts, his envoys receive new instructions, engagements of marriages are broken off, and new marriages contracted, a fresh alliance is made, in accordance with the views of his new advisers. He soon commits himself to a war, and is on the point of declaring it, in compliance with their instructions, and permits an army of his subjects to be cut to pieces that he might show his desire to give support to their partizans. And we are asked to believe that all this was done to cover a design of putting them to death in an illegal way. We agree with Sir James Stephens, that no one who has had anything to do with public affairs, and, we will add, who can read history with unprejudiced eyes, will credit it.

The following is a minute of the explanation afforded by the King to Parliament on the 26th of August, drawn up by the

* *Relazione*, p. 329.

† *Desp.*, August 24th.

‡ *Memoire de l'Admiral de Chatillon*; *Œuvres*, t. iii., p. 176. Leyde, 1666.

§ We have not alleged the notes of the Duke of Saint Simon, published for the first time by Michelet in 1838, as not being contemporaneous. They fully confirm, however, the evidence already given. Gandy (p. 325) gives an extract from a MS. in the Bibliothèque Impériale, registered, "Memoire sur les affaires du temps de 1577-1623." It attributes the design of the massacre to the failure of the first attempt on Coligny.

secretary of the Papal Legate for the information of the Holy See—

That he (thanks to Christ) detected a plot (*insidias*) which Admiral Gaspar de Coligny had prepared against the royal sceptre, so that a painful destruction and death threatened the whole family of the King, and that he (the King) inflicted upon him and his followers the punishment they deserved (*debitum supplicium*). He desired that those who were the faithful ministers of so just a retribution, as they acted from the entire will and command of the King, should remain uninjured.*

Bossuet adds that the King declared he had no designs against the Huguenots, but, on the contrary, intended that the edict (of pacification) should be carried out more faithfully than ever. The Parliament, through its President, De Thou, thanked the King, and praised the wisdom which could *conceal so great a design, and cover it as well as possible*.† These last words have been interpreted to indicate premeditation. We may admit premeditation from the time of the alleged discovery of the conspiracy, namely, from the 22nd of August. Bossuet says that to confirm the story of the conspiracy, public thanksgivings were made, and a legal process instituted against the conspirators.‡ Medals were struck with the legend, *Virtus in rebelles et pietas excitavit Iustitiam*.§

In the whole of these events we have not a single word about religion. The real motive of the massacre is the terror of the Court, the ostensible reason a conspiracy against the Crown and the lives of the royal family. The name of no one ecclesiastic is mentioned as taking part in either the deliberations or the execution, or even as being aware beforehand of what was to take place. The writer of the article already mentioned in the *North British Review* says—"Sorbin is the only priest in the capital who is distinctly associated with the act of the Government."|| This, however, is only shown by the fact that Sorbin attended Charles on his death bed, and afterwards defended him in a work published in 1576. The confessor of the King at the time of the massacre (we believe the office was a perfect sinecure), was the Bishop Dangers.¶ The cry in the streets was not

* Theiner, *Annales*, i., 45.

† Bossuet, *Histoire de France*, Charles IX.

‡ *Ibid.*

§ They are to be found in the cabinet of medals in the Bibliothèque Impériale, Paris.

|| P. 51.

¶ Letter of Charles the Ninth to Gregory the Thirteenth, August 12, 1572. Theiner, p. 344.

"heresy" or "sacrilege," but *treason*. The medals celebrate not faith or zeal or religion, but *valour* (virtus) and *duty* (pietas). The slain were not named enemies of the Church, but *rebels*. The clergy, therefore, and religion, had nothing to say to the massacre. The story of the attempt by the King to frighten Henry of Navarre and Condé into a conversion to Catholicity, even if it be admitted, shows that not religion but political motives actuated the design,* and, strange enough, the young prince was represented in the narrative as abjuring Calvinism, not from fear of death, but on mature conviction.†

The King lost no time in representing to all the foreign Courts the massacre as a punishment for a conspiracy against his life and a measure necessary for selfpreservation, and he immediately despatched couriers to convey this impression, and to add to his written account what might serve further to remove any suspicions of illegality or treachery.‡ To the Protestant Powers he openly protested that the religion of the Huguenots had nothing to do with their punishment. In the Catholic Courts his emissaries reminded people of the advantages the Church would derive from the event. It was thus circulated that not only had a dangerous conspiracy been detected, but that a riot had taken place, and even an armed attack on the King's palace, in which several of the royal guard was killed.

In 1842, M. Gachard communicated to the Academy of Science at Brussels a manuscript letter and memorandum, which he had discovered in the State Archives of Mons, written by the Duke of Alva for Count Boussu, Governor of Holland. It contains a narrative of the massacre, and states that it was determined on in consequence of a conspiracy to murder the King and transfer the crown to Henry of Navarre, and that the conspiracy was disclosed by Henry at the solicitation of his wife.§ We may take this as the accredited account—one which would go far to justify the King in the eyes of the public. Both Philip and Alva complimented Charles on his firmness. But, as soon as they obtained a truer account or a clearer perception of the true character of the massacre,

* Fleury, *Ann.* 1572, xliii.

† Fleury, loc. cit., xliv.

‡ Cf. Theiner, loc. cit., xliii.

§ The letter, with the memorandum, is given in the *Storia Universale* of Cantù, t. xv., note n.

they strongly condemned it. Brantôme says—"Although the King of Spain and the Duke of Alva were, with the Spaniards, much delighted at his (Coligny's) death and that of many of his partizans, yet they never approved of the way (*de la façon*), which savoured rather of a barbarous and Turkish carnage than of a stroke of Christian justice (*que son cousteau de justice Chrétienne*). I have even heard some brave Spanish soldiers say that the Duke of Alva did not act in this manner towards those of the town of Harlem whom he had punished through the forms of justice."* We may understand from this what Philip and Alva meant when they sought to exhort Charles to act with vigour against the Huguenots.

Charles showed a particular anxiety that the story of the massacre should reach the Pope divested of all appearance of treachery and illegality. He caused the letters of the Nuncio, Salviati, to be kept back until his own letter to the Pope should be ready, "*as he desired that his ambassador should be the first to give his news to the Pope.*"† Salviati's letter is dated the 24th, but it only left Paris on the 26th, after the King had made his statement to the Parliament. Beauville was sent to Rome, and took also to the Pope a letter from Montpensier (Louis de Bourbon), which excuses the favour shown to the Admiral and his party during the last two years on the ground of the King's desire to gain them over by kindness (*esperint par la amolir la durté de leurs cœurs et les remener a l'obeissance que luy est due*).‡ The Pope had always complained of the caresses lavished on the Admiral, and this was always the excuse. It does not look as if he had been privy to an affected friendship which covered a treacherous design. Montpensier goes on to describe a conspiracy against the life of the King, the Queen Mother, his brothers, and all the princes and Catholic gentlemen of their suite, to the end that Coligny might create a king of his own religion, and abolish all other religion in the kingdom; that the conspiracy was discovered, and on the day they had designed to carry out their enterprise execution fell upon them and their accomplices, so that all the chiefs of the sect and a great number of their party were killed. The King's letter, and that of Salviati, spoke to the same effect, so that the true character of the massacre

* Brantôme, *Vie de l'Admiral de Chatillon*, t. viii.

† Despatch of Salviati, August 24th. Apud Theiner.

‡ Theiner, p. 336.

and all its horrid particulars were yet unknown in Rome.* These letters reached Rome on the 5th of September. They left one important point in the history of the massacre untouched. They did not state whether Coligny had been surprised in his bed at night or had been openly met in a treasonable attempt. The writers did not commit themselves to a statement which might materially affect the Pope's judgment, or later be shown to be untrue. But, no doubt, Beauville had the same instructions as the messengers to the other Courts, and there is some evidence to show that the event was first considered in Rome, not as a sudden surprise, but as a fight between armed men.

In the medal of which so much has been said, the Huguenots are for the most part represented in armour, in coats of mail, with swords and bucklers, and a figure which has been supposed to represent Coligny stands facing the destroying angel *with a drawn sword, broken but uplifted*. The true story was not yet known in Rome. The Pope heard of an event which brought peace and security to France, which saved the life of the King, with his whole Court, which freed the Church from the ravages of an implacable enemy. He heard of a just punishment, which he had reason to expect was lawfully inflicted; he heard all this on evidence which it would be ungenerous to question. He heard the people of Rome calling for a public thanksgiving, and impatient to take a part in it. He consented. On that same day, the 5th of September, there were processions, a *Te Deum*, illuminations, and a salvo of artillery. The rejoicings continued during the octave. Vasari was in Rome, engaged in decorating the Sala Grande, near the Sistine Chapel, with frescoes of the battle of Lepanto. He found a place in the same hall for a fresco of the massacre of the Huguenots. A medal, as we have seen, was struck, and the Pope was thus apparently committed to an act of approval of that which had been related to him as the *strages Huguenotorum*. Is it just then, we ask, is it truthful to say that the Pope approved of that massacre as it is now known in history? Was the massacre, as known to him, the same that is known to us? Does its injustice, its treachery, its illegality, its attendant cruelties, its wantonness, the evil passions that suggested it, the falsehood

* A letter from Lyons reached Rome on the 2nd of September, speaking of the death of all the Huguenots in France, but not explaining the cause or reasons of the execution. It gave a vague and manifestly exaggerated report, and no formal notice was taken of it either at the Papal Court or the French Embassy.

that covered it over, do all these make no difference to the persistent and indiscriminating assailants of the Papacy?

It was no less natural that Catharine and Charles should screen the illegality of the massacre, by alleging the advice they had received from Rome and Madrid, than by palming off on the world the story of a conspiracy. A rigorous punishment of the Huguenots had been urged, and it was not unlikely that, before the illegality, injustice, and inhumanity of the massacre were known, Rome might have recognized in what it understood of the occurrence the fulfilment of its own counsels. This was not overlooked in Paris, and Salviati, who believed in the conspiracy, admitted that the intention to take such vengeance had been manifested at Blois and spoken of to himself by Catharine, and she accordingly affirmed that, before the event, she had spoken to Salviati about it. But it is equally certain, that when it did occur he was taken by surprise, and recalling all that had been said to him he affirmed that it did not give expectation of the truth of what he saw on the 24th. He moreover believed, that if the attempt on the Admiral had succeeded, the massacre would not have taken place. These apparent contradictions are reconciled by bearing in mind the anxiety that was felt to conceal the true character of the massacre from the Pope, and consequently from the Nuncio, an anxiety that never would have been felt if the Pope was an accomplice; and, it is also to be remembered, that this palliation of the crime by an alleged Papal sanction was put forward timidly and in private, but not with sufficient boldness to invite or extort a contradiction.

It was also natural that Catholics should rejoice at an event that brought safety and triumph to their side. Men just saved from an impending calamity are not quick to see evil of the instrument that saves them. At least, they can hardly help feeling pleasure at their own safety. Many Catholics in those days were corrupted by the principles of Machiavelli. It was an age, too, of violence and unbridled passions. Some would have been deceived by the rejoicings in Rome, or like Rome, have formed a judgment on *ex parte* statements. Hence, we are not to be surprised if some few Catholics, about the time of the occurrence, spoke or wrote in its defence. Theirs was not the judgment of the Catholic world. At the time of the occurrence, the people of Paris and all France,* as well as the soldiers of Philip, showed

* Fleury, *Anno 1572*, sec. xii.

their open disapproval. After the generation that witnessed these scenes had passed away, all Catholics, as we have already said, unanimously condemned it. It is, however, a characteristic feature of that method of argument we have so often protested against, to assume that those who defend Gregory the Thirteenth on the ground of his defective knowledge, defend the massacre itself.

Dean Stanley, as far as we can understand him, does not seem to have used fairly the authority of the writer in the *North British Review*. That writer says, "Zeal for religion was not the motive which inspired the chief authors of this extraordinary crime. They were trained to look on the safety of the monarchy as the sovereign law, and on the throne as an idol that justified sins committed in its worship."* Again, "The belief was common at the time, and is not yet extinct, that the massacre had been promoted and sanctioned by the Court of Rome. No evidence of this complicity, prior to the event, has ever been produced, but it seemed consistent with what was supposed to have occurred on the affair of the dispensation."† Having then explained an erroneous impression which long prevailed, to the effect that the Pope had finally granted the dispensation, he adds, "The real particulars relative to the marriage are set forth minutely in the correspondence of Ferralz, and they absolutely contradict the supposition of the complicity of Rome. It was celebrated in flagrant defiance of the Pope, who persisted in refusing the dispensation, and therefore acted in a way that could only serve to mar the plot."‡

Dean Stanley nevertheless refers those "who doubt the complicity of the See of Rome in the guilt of the massacre" to the writer of the above, and quotes in justification the following passage—"That which had been defiantly acknowledged and defended, required to be ingeniously explained away. The same motive which had prompted the murder now prompted the lie."§ If Dean Stanley had informed the readers of the *Times* that in the judgment of the author he quotes from, neither the motive nor the prompting to the murder came from the Popes or other ecclesiastics, he would indeed have made nonsense of his quotation, but he would have been less disingenuous. But he went

* *North British Review*, October, 1869, p. 46.

† *Ibid.* p. 52.

‡ P. 55.

§ Letter of Dean Stanley, *Times*, September 10th.

in for a bold game. A series of statements of a similar character was as easy as one, and no matter how clearly they might be afterwards disproved, not one reader of the *Times* in a thousand would ever hear of the reply.

He accuses, for instance, of "absolute falsehood," Professor Möhler, for saying "that the Catholics took no part in the massacre, and that the Pope made his thanksgiving only because the King's life was saved; and for his authority he refers us to the Review already mentioned. On turning to the Review, we find Möhler saying "that Catholics, *as such*, took no part in the massacre." The Dean omits the words which qualify and alter the meaning of the statement. Möhler means that the work, though done by Catholics, was not done from Catholic instincts or by Catholic action or for Catholic purposes, and that religion gave no impulse to the act. The Dean was at liberty to controvert this view, but he must not be permitted to attribute to Möhler statements which that able and truthful man never made.

As to the cause of the Pope's rejoicing, we have come across only two contemporaneous accounts by writers who were, nevertheless, well informed. Maffei, the annalist of Gregory's life, relates that when the Pope heard of the death of Coligny, ordered by the King to protect his own life and kingdom (*per sicurezza della sua persona e quiete del regno*), although liberated from a most grievous affliction, he "nevertheless showed a tempered joy, as when a limb is cut with pain from the body, and he gave due thanks privately to the Divine Goodness."* Brantôme says, "Touching the joy and countenance the good and holy Pope showed concerning this massacre, I heard from a man of honour who was then in Rome, and who knew the secret, that when the news was brought him he shed tears, not for joy, as men are accustomed in such cases, but of grief; and when some of the Cardinals who were present remonstrated that he should weep and be sad on the news of the goodly execution (*si belle dépesche*) of the wretched men, enemies of God and his Holiness, 'alas!' he said, 'I weep at the way (*façon*) the King has taken, illegal and forbidden by God, to inflict such a punishment, and I fear the like may fall, and that before long, upon himself. I also weep because amidst so many men killed as many innocent as guilty shall have fallen."†

* *Annales Gregorii*, xiii., l. i., sec. 20.

† *Memoire de l'Amiral de Chatillon*, loc. cit., p. 176.

From these authentic sources, we learn the mixed character of the Pope's feelings when the truth of the massacre became known to him, and what were the objects of his pleasure and his grief. The obvious sense of Möhler's words is, that the Pope did not rejoice for the calamity of the Huguenots but for the safety of the King, and Dean Stanley has no difficulty in stigmatizing this as an *absolute falsehood*.

Dean Stanley next charges Moroni with an absolute falsehood, for denying the existence of the medals struck in commemoration of the massacre, and he again alleges the writer of the article in the *North British Review* as his authority. Now we beg to say, first, that Moroni never made any such denial, and next, that there is nothing in the Review referred to which could warrant the Dean in saying that he had done so. Moroni is quoted in the article only as saying that the Pope rejoiced for the news he had received of the massacre being over (*per le notizie che ricevette della cessata strage*), and because, higher up, in a recitation of statements, some one not named is accused of saying that the medal was "fictitious," Dean Stanley unblushingly introduces "the special favourite of Gregory the Sixteenth" as asserting that it had no existence.

We cannot agree with the writer in the *North British Review*. We have read his article with pain and sorrow. It has caused grievous scandal, for the spirit which it manifests and the perverse treatment of history it exhibits. But, it is a scholarlike and learned production, and its author would be very far from doing the injustice to the memory of Möhler, of whose sincerity and truthfulness he speaks highly, or to Moroni, who is still living, that Dean Stanley deems it becoming to commit himself to.

It is incredible that Moroni should have denied the existence of the medal. It is mentioned in all the catalogues of the Pontifical medals; it is described by most Catholic writers who speak of the massacre; and it has constantly been on sale in the Pontifical mint at the Vatican, together with the other Papal medals, publicly and for all comers, from the time of Pius the Sixth to the present day. Moroni could not and did not deny its existence, and the motive Dean Stanley suggests for his doing so, the desire of the Pope to conceal it, exists only in the Dean's very fertile imagination.

A friend has, within the last few weeks, purchased this medal for us, as we desired to see the draped figure resembling a priest

that Mr. Blunt tells us is looking on at the slaughter, no doubt to represent the attitude of the Church. We have also examined the medals at the British Museum, and the draped figure is nowhere to be found. Mr. Blunt, like Dean Stanley, has drawn upon his imagination, and his apprehension lest the monuments of the massacre should be removed "silently" by us Catholics from the public collections is merely a piece of vulgar and puerile insolence, that points out the style of men we have the honour to be opposed to.

The Dean next conducts us to the painting by Vasari, from beneath which the inscription identifying it with the massacre of St. Bartholomew has been "silently" and "efficaciously" removed. This painting represents the scene that occurred on the 22nd of August, when Coligny was wounded on his return home from the Louvre. Two men are represented bearing the wounded man to a house, and several others are painted running about in different directions. The inscription beneath was white-washed over during the occupation of Rome by the French soldiers at the time of the first Republic, and the only words that are now legible are—*Coligny defertur*.

It is not known by whom, or by whose orders the inscription was covered over, probably by some majordomo during the exile of Pius the Sixth, and sufficient and proper reasons for having it done at once suggest themselves. Coligny, the republican martyr, had lately been represented on the Parisian stage as the victim of priestly tyranny and inhumanity. On the 10th of February, 1798, Berthier arrived before the walls of Rome with the republican army, and announced that he had come to avenge the injuries done in Rome to the Republic. Some people then in Rome lived to relate in our own time the panic that took possession of the Romans at the time of this invasion, and everything that could inflame the anger or excite the cupidity of the impious and infidel soldiery was hastily removed from sight, particularly in the churches and sacristies. There can be no doubt that the inscription which identified the painting with the death of Coligny and his adherents was removed under these apprehensions. The picture is not very conspicuous beside the great paintings of the battle of Lepanto and the entry of Gregory the Eleventh into Rome from Avignon. It easily escapes notice, and the soldiers would hardly study it with curiosity unless their attention had been especially directed to it. It was very natural and proper at such a time to avoid

what might probably provoke them to make a wreck of the Vatican.

As Dean Stanley has summed up his attack on the Popes by generalizing it into one on the Catholic Church and her rulers in general, in contrast to whose conduct in this matter he dwells complacently on the "immense superiority" of the Protestant Church under similar circumstances—as we understand him, it is just as well that we should sum up for our readers the items of his charge, which are also the grounds of his comparison. If he will allow us to make the remark, we must say that if the Protestant Church wishes to show its "immense superiority" to the Catholic Church in getting rid of what is discreditable, the first thing it should do at present might be to disclaim Dean Stanley himself, and not only "silently withdraw" its confidence from such a champion, but openly brand him as a controversialist of the disingenuous stamp. All his charges are his own inventions, and yet they are put forward most cunningly, and under the cover of others. First he has the boldness to declare that the Pope expressly sanctioned the massacre, and his words convey the idea that he means sanctioned beforehand as well as afterwards. Both charges are untrue, and we have seen his proof. His use of the name of M. Veuillot was highly disingenuous. The writer in the *North British Review* gives no sanction whatever to those statements for which his authority was alleged. Möhler is accused of falsehood for stating what is borne out by well informed historians. The removal of an inscription from Vasari's picture, a very proper and intelligible proceeding, is made the theme of a special accusation against the Popes.*

Again, Moroni is accused of denying the existence of the medal which was struck to commemorate the massacre, and again Dean Stanley gives no reference to any of the one hundred and three volumes of his Dictionary, in which the denial is said to be found. We have, nevertheless, searched all

* Some months ago the Dean made very unfair use of some expressions found in an article in the MONTH, which elicited from one of his coreligionists a warm remonstrance for the omission of words, in a quotation from our pages, which seemed to him very necessary in order to convey fairly the meaning of the writer quoted. The Dean, in reply, deprecated the "surprise" of his assailant. This provoked the rejoinder—"I have read his (Dean Stanley's) letters, speeches, and reviews, for too many years to be surprised at even such a flagrant offence as the last" (Rev. H. T. Parker to the *Guardian*, April 17, 1872). We fear long experience in controversy has not yet taught him to be either accurate or just in making use of the words of others.

the places in that immense work in which we thought such a denial was likely to be, and we could find nothing like it. We found no mention whatever of that medal. As has been said, it appears incredible that Moroni should have made any such statement. From the time of Pius the Sixth to the present day, except, perhaps, when the Popes were in exile, that medal—the *strages Huguenotorum*—has been publicly and continually on sale, together with all the other Papal medals that are known, at the Pontifical mint in the Vatican. Moroni describes the mint (*secca*), and gives us the number of the Papal medals preserved there, and therefore could not be ignorant of the existence of this particular medal. Then what object could he have in concealing that which was publicly sold? Why should the “favourite” of Gregory the Sixteenth deny the existence of that which his master throughout his whole reign desired should be made public? It is really very discreditable that men in the position of Dean Stanley should be so eager to speak ill of their neighbour, that they will commit themselves to a series of palpable misstatements like the foregoing in the attempt to throw discredit on the Church. We shall not imitate the Dean by giving the Protestant Church credit for all his delinquences, as he tries to make the Catholic Church responsible for Charles the Ninth and Catharine de Medici. We have met with many Anglican controversialists, and though there are men of all classes and characters among them, there are very many, we are confident, whose cheeks would crimson with shame at the thought of their communion being held responsible before the world for such attacks as his, of which we cannot express our opinion more precisely without using words which we do not choose to insert in our pages.

It remains that we should point out that all the actions attributed to the Popes in this controversy, even if proved, which they have not been, in no way touch the question of infallibility. Our purpose is not to prove the doctrine of infallibility, but to explain the mode of its operation and the notes by which its act is recognizable to Catholics. The source of infallibility is the office committed by our Divine Saviour to the Chief Pastors of His Church of teaching His disciples and directing them in the way of eternal life. This office includes the authority to rule, and implies the corresponding obligation on the part of the faithful of accepting the teaching thus authoritatively proposed for their belief. Now, when the Chief Pastor so teaches, on

matters concerning the salvation of men, in virtue of his supreme office, concerning a truth which has to be believed, expressly defining that truth and calling into exercise his own power to teach, and the obligation of the faithful to accept, his act is the declaration of a *law* of faith, and submission to that act is the *obedience* of faith. Two things are required in every law. The express will on the part of the legislator to bind the community, and an undoubted promulgation. When all these conditions are united, we have an act *ex cathedra*, and an infallible utterance. If any of them are wanting, the act is not binding as infallible. Therefore an act binding as infallible must be definitive, an exercise of the supreme office of teaching, concerning a truth, accompanied with a law binding to obedience, duly promulgated to the community, that is, to the faithful. Generally speaking, all these conditions are sufficiently obvious in a bull or constitution that is professedly dogmatic, for in such documents the duty of acceptance is formally stated under the alternative of anathema, or violation of the unity of faith, or making shipwreck of one's faith. Sometimes, however, though rarely, there may be a difficulty in recognizing them, and then the question must be settled either by an authoritative declaration of the Sovereign Pontiff, or by theologians according to their ascertained rules of interpretation. It does not follow that because some theologians, no matter how great their authority may be, decide that a Papal utterance is infallible, we are bound to receive it as such. A *consensus* of theologians is required on such a matter, and a few approved theologians of known ability and fidelity to the Church would be sufficient to throw such a doubt upon its infallibility, that private persons would not be bound by it as such.

Again, though a Papal constitution be dogmatic and infallible, it does not follow that all it contains is included under the definition, but, as in the case of civil laws, the definition may be restricted to a single sentence. Thus, the preamble, the grounds of definition, censures and approvals of conduct, and such like, unless expressly included under the definition, are not included at all; and still more, letters of advice, remonstrance, congratulations, consistorial allocutions, addresses to the faithful by word of mouth, theological works, or political manifestoes, are not infallible, because they do not pronounce a rule or law of faith with the conditions already enumerated. There is about the same difference between such utterances and a rule of faith, as

between the Queen's speech and her final assent to an act of Parliament.

It will appear from this how very far they have been from an accurate knowledge of this doctrine, who stated that infallibility was compromised by Honorius, or Liberius, or in the case of Galileo, or the St. Bartholomew massacre. We do not blame men like Dean Stanley or Mr. Jelf* for not understanding it—it does not concern them; but they should be on their guard in dealing with a matter, to us so sacred, of putting on the sock of Mrs. Malaprop, for the amusement of theologians, if not for the derision of the profane.

J. J.

Flores Gethsemane.

ON THE BLOODSTAINS IN THE CATACOMBS.

I THOUGHT to find no bud of humblest bloom
Here, in the barren places of the tomb;
Not even earth's lowliest weed I thought to see
Here, where the world is dark continually.
And lo! mid fadeless flowers no sun's warm ray,
Nor soft, fresh shower hath drawn to life, I stray;
I wander, marvelling, amid blossoms bright,
That lie all open through the long, long night.

Each little purple drop of martyred blood,
I hold it lovelier than the new rose bud.
For these are blossoms sprung from Christ's own root,
And these are blooms that have in heaven their fruit.
These are the flowers most fair for God to see,
Fairer than any earthly flowers that be;
These are the flowers most fair for God to see,
Flowers of the Garden of Gethsemane.

E. B. N.

* Mr. Jelf, in a letter to the *Times* of September 13, supposes that pontifical acts, such as in other sovereigns would require explanations, should be held to be *ex cathedra*. Would it not be wiser if Protestant divines, when they use words having amongst us a fixed and technical signification, would try to ascertain our meaning?

Christian Work in the "Barren Peninsula."

AMONG the numerous Catholic missions of the North American continent, those of California possess a special character of their own. Most of the others were directed to the simple conversion of the Indians; but in California the missionaries had the additional task of forming them into organized communities and providing for their government, apart from intercourse with other civilized men than themselves and their assistants. The Jesuits and Franciscans, who planted Christianity and civilization together in those distant lands, discharged the duties of legislators as well as of religious teachers, and in both characters they showed on that limited field how much the Church can do for even the lowest members of the human family when her action is unimpeded by the malice of nominal Christians. The reductions of California, like those of Paraguay, were the cradle of a Christian nation which owed its very existence, as such, to the untiring efforts of its teachers, and in which the Indians shared in the benefits of civilization without the corruption of its vices. The Franciscan missions of New California have formed the subject of a recent article, and in the following pages we shall briefly sketch the story of the equally or still more remarkable reductions of the Mexican peninsula. To do justice to their claims on history would require a space far beyond that at our command; but a short sketch of their origin and founders may be found worthy of perusal.

From the earliest period of the Spanish dominion in Mexico the settlement of California had attracted the attention of the Court of Madrid. Cortes himself visited the gulf which separates it from the main continent, and the sight of this other land, beyond the waters of the great ocean, filled his active spirit with projects of conquest and colonization, which were inherited by subsequent Viceroys. The pearl fisheries of the gulf, which yielded a considerable profit to the fishing barks of Sinaloa,

offered a more substantial reason for the settlement of California, which was repeatedly attempted by private adventurers, but always in vain. Expedition after expedition was directed to its shores during more than a hundred and fifty years, but the barrenness of the soil, the want of harbours, and the intractable barbarism of the natives, baffled alike the ambition of the Viceroys and the greed of individuals. Finally, in 1679, after the failure of a costly expedition under the command of the Admiral Otondo, the Spanish Government not only discontinued its own attempts, but forbade its subjects to engage in any such on their private account—thus abandoning the land and its people to their native barbarism.

But though earthly ambition and avarice had thus given up the task, there were men in Mexico who for nobler motives aspired to plant civilization in the barren peninsula. Its sterile soil and harbourless coasts might hold out no temptations to the settler or merchant, but its natives had souls to be won over to the faith of Christ, and there were in the Catholic Church men ready to devote their lives to that object. Father Kuhn, a German Jesuit, and a veteran of the Indian missions, had accompanied Otondo's expedition as chaplain, and on his return he earnestly petitioned his superiors for license to devote himself to the conversion of the Californians. His prayer was not granted. The Indians of the northern frontier had just broken out in a general war against the Spaniards, and his presence was imperatively needed by the threatened missions of Sonora. But though thus employed, Kuhn did not forget California, and he communicated his enthusiasm for its conversion to his friend and colleague, Father Salvatierra. The latter devoted himself with his whole soul to the task of obtaining a mission for the peninsula, and after more than ten years his efforts were crowned with success. The General of the order empowered him to undertake the mission; and the royal decree against attempts to settle California was, after much trouble, repealed in his favour in 1697. The Viceroy, however, required that provision should be made by private charity for the support of the new missions and the pay of the escort which was required for their protection by the rule of the frontiers. An annual revenue of five hundred dollars was fixed as the sum needed for the maintenance of a mission at that distance. And by the efforts of Father Salvatierra, three such burses were founded by private charity. The money contributed for this purpose was

subsequently invested in lands, and under the title the "Pious Fund" (*fondo piadoso*) it continued to be devoted to the service of the missions, in both Old and New California, down to our own days.

The pecuniary difficulty being thus removed, the viceregal court granted the required license to Father Salvatierra and Father Kuhn. The latter, being unable to leave his mission in Sonora, was afterwards replaced by the Sicilian Father Piccolo; but as some time was lost in waiting his arrival at the Yaqui river, where the vessel lent to the mission by the treasurer of Acapulco was anchored, Father Salvatierra sailed without him, and arrived at the site of the present town of Loretto in October, 1697. Besides the crew of the vessel, he was accompanied by six soldiers as an escort, who were to be paid by the mission, though occupying the country for the crown. This little troop was a motley band in point of nationality. The captain, as the officer in command was rather pompously styled considering the numbers of his company, was a Spaniard; the lieutenant a Portuguese, and the other four respectively a Mexican creole, a Maltese sailor, a Sicilian artilleryman, and a mulatto of Peru. Three Mexican Indians also accompanied the expedition, to attend to the cattle and the labours of cultivation, as Salvatierra designed to instruct the Californians in the arts of a settled life by this means.

The coast of the Californian gulf offers little choice of ports to the mariner; but a small patch of stunted shrubbery and a spring of fresh water, both rare luxuries in that inhospitable country, determined the site of the first mission. Some Indians came to the shore to meet the strangers, and showed no signs of hostility; but the want of an interpreter prevented any satisfactory intercourse being established with them. A tent chapel was set up, and a cross erected immediately in front of it. The soldiers next erected huts for their own and Father Salvatierra's quarters, and then threw up a wall of earth for the protection of the stores. Possession was then solemnly taken of the land in the name of the King of Spain, while Father Salvatierra, with still greater solemnity, consecrated it and its people to his special patron, our Lady of Loretto, whose name he gave to the new establishment.

These preliminary works having been completed, the vessel which had transported the little colony from Yaqui was sent back for Father Piccolo, and Salvatierra devoted himself

earnestly to acquiring the language of his future neophytes. The only introduction to their tongue that he possessed was a catechism composed some years before by Father Copart. To insure the regular attendance of the Indians, a distribution of food was daily made at the fort to such as were present at the lectures, if such they may be called, given from this book, and the indefatigable missionary eagerly noted down their pronunciation of the words which he endeavoured to repeat before them. The children were specially useful to him in this respect, as the adults took a malicious pleasure in leading him astray and mocking his bad pronunciation. As might be expected, words expressing the mysteries of Christianity were not found in the dialects of the savages; and many and ingenious were the expedients which the first missionaries had to devise to explain them. On one occasion, in order to find a word expressive of the resurrection from the dead, a Jesuit soaked some flies in water and let them revive in the sun, calling at the same time the attention of the Indians to the phenomenon. The exclamation of the savages was noted down, and, after a due comparison with the rest of the vocabulary, was introduced into the catechism.

The race for whose sake Salvatierra thus made himself the pupil of infants, was among the lowest of the North American tribes—without fixed abodes, without chiefs, without agriculture, without even the rudest huts, and the men without clothes. They lived in rancherias, or clans, of thirty or forty persons, sleeping under the bushes, and subsisting on berries and roots, with sometimes a little game or fish. For war they occasionally chose a chief, and the guamas or medicine men exercised a certain influence among their countrymen, but with these exceptions they had no ideas of government or religion. The southern tribes were in the practice of having several wives, and all indulged in gross licentiousness at their feasts. The appearance of the country was not less repulsive than the manners of its people. Barren, rock covered mountains, valleys without water, and sandy plains form the most prominent features of the Californian landscape, in which stunted shrubbery and the thorny cactus are the chief vegetation, and forests, rivers, and lakes are unknown.

The good feeling of the Indians towards the strangers did not last long. The food distributed at the fort only excited their desires for more, and a few days after the departure of the vessel, a sudden attack was made on the fort. The soldiers,

after a short fight, drove them off, and with the fickleness of genuine savages, the assailants turned their fury on the instigators of the attack. The latter, in turn attacked, took refuge with the Spaniards, by whom they were generously allowed to take up their abode beside the fort, and furnished with provisions until the anger of their countrymen passed over. The whole population soon resumed its visits to the fort, and Father Salvatierra took advantage of the restoration of peace to administer the first baptism of his mission. The new Christian was an Indian who had been instructed by Father Kuhn, during Otondo's expedition, and who, on hearing of the arrival of the strangers, came from a considerable distance to ask the favour of baptism. He succeeded in making known his wishes by the help of a few words of Spanish, and as he was dying of a cancer, and showed a fair knowledge of the principal Christian mysteries, Father Salvatierra resolved to baptize him without delay. His son and two other infants received the sacrament at the same time, and were the first fruits of the Californian mission.

Father Piccolo, in the course of a few weeks, joined his colleague in Loretto, where a regular order of instructions was now adopted both for the soldiers and the natives. The native children each day were collected inside the fort, to hear the catechism and prayers repeated by Father Piccolo, while the same office was performed for the adults outside by Father Salvatierra. The soldiers also came in for a share of solicitude. Regular public prayers were appointed for them, and a weekly exhortation was made to them by one of the missionaries with the most satisfactory results. The soldiers, though most of them belonged to the most reckless class of adventurers, carefully refrained from harassing the Indians, and cheerfully aided in the erection of the mission buildings. Their station was, doubtless, peculiarly disagreeable, separated as they were from the rest of the world, and condemned to the dull routine of outpost duty, without any of its usual excitements. But they bore it without a murmur. All supplies had to be procured from the opposite shore, and, in consequence, famine was often threatened, and even felt in Loretto, but the example of the two missionaries prevented any thoughts of abandoning the post, even in the midst of the severest privations.

Several months were spent in acquiring the Indian language, and it was not until the year 1699 that the two Jesuits deemed themselves ready to extend the field of their labours. Father

Piccolo penetrated on foot into the heart of the sierras, and having found a suitable place for a mission, he resolved to establish a second there. A close acquaintance with the character of the Californians had convinced both priests that simple excursions among the rancherias were almost useless. The Indians showed no hostility to, and indeed no care for, the doctrines proposed to them. They received the preachers sometimes well and sometimes ill, but their first friendship was no guarantee that they would not break into hostilities in the course of a few days. The Indians around Loretto, though many received their daily food at the fort, made four or five unprovoked attacks on the soldiers during the first year, and as readily returned to their demonstrations of friendship when driven off. The only effectual way to Christianize such a people was to gather them into permanent settlements, where they might gradually imbibe the practices of a Christian life, and fall under the power of good habits. But to effect this was a task to appal any but an apostle. Before the savages could be induced to quit their wandering life, food had to be provided for their support, and years must pass before they could be expected to acquire habits of industry sufficiently strong to make them support themselves. All those years the missionaries had to look forward to an unceasing round of the dreariest toil—manual labour of the rudest kind, ploughing, harrowing, digging, feeding cattle, divided their time with their religious duties. Even the latter were of a nature to repel any but the most selfsacrificing spirit. The stupid nature of the Californians required to be moulded with unceasing labour, and it was only by almost endless repetition that the truths of the Gospel could be impressed on their minds. To spend day after day in these wearisome tasks, without intercourse with the civilized world, or even with his religious brethren, except at rare intervals, with the constant expectation of seeing his catechumens after months of instruction suddenly abandon him, or break into open violence—such was the life of the Jesuit missionary in California. It was indeed a less brilliant and exciting life than that of his brethren in other regions, but assuredly it was one to which nothing but the most heroic devotion could reconcile men of the highest culture and talents.

The foundation of St. Francis Xavier, as the second mission was called, was succeeded by a period of more than usual misery in Loretto. The communications of the latter with Mexico were

at best rare, but now a continued succession of storms interrupted them for several months. The captain, Tortolero, gave his resignation to Father Salvatierra in the same year, on account of ill health, and his successor was far from showing equal good will to the missions. The pearl fishing was the chief motive that had brought him to California, and as the Superior, in virtue of the powers received from the Viceroy, refused to let him force the Indians to fish for him, he revenged himself by writing bitter letters against the missions. The effect of these misrepresentations was to lessen considerably the alms on which the existence of the new establishments depended, and Father Salvatierra at one time thought of dismissing all his companions and remaining alone among the Indians at the risk of imminent death. In this extremity his distress was relieved by the generous contributions of the converted tribes in Sonora, and especially of the Yaquis, who on several occasions despatched their canoes across the gulf with loads of provisions.

Father Juan Ugarte also, who had hitherto acted as procurator of the mission in Mexico, generously determined to join his brethren in the peninsula. Having loaded a bark at Matanchel with all the supplies he could obtain, he set out by land to Yaqui in Sonora, where he expected to find a vessel. His hopes in that respect were disappointed, but his energy was not so easily foiled, and finding an abandoned boat on the shore he boldly embarked in it, and after a three days' voyage arrived safely in Loretto. His arrival was of the utmost value to the mission. To an extraordinary bodily strength, and a courage which no dangers could daunt, he united a wonderful fertility of resources, and mechanical talents which made him soon the main support of the entire colony. He quickly devised the best means for conciliating the Indians, for cultivating the ground, and, at a later period, for introducing manufactures among the converts. Father Salvatierra styled him the "Apostle," after a long experience of his eminent qualities; and to his untiring zeal was mainly due the maintenance of the reductions during the troubles of their early years.

Father Salvatierra was not in Loretto at the time of Ugarte's arrival. Shortly before he had passed over to Sonora to concert measures for the exploration of the territory about the head of the gulf with Father Kuhn, so as to establish, if possible, a land communication between their respective missions. The plans of the two Jesuits embraced the conversion of all the tribes of

Upper California and Arizona, and the foundation of a Spanish colony at Monterey, near the present site of San Francisco, for the protection of the missions. To accomplish these objects both were to push their missions northward on opposite sides of the gulf, and, as a first step to that end, Father Kuhn, in 1700, set out to explore its shores to their head. In a geographical point of view his journey was a highly successful one, and entitles him to a high place among discoverers. He first established the fact that Lower California was not an island, and at the same time discovered the mouth of the Colorado, the most important river on the western side of the American continent. Having crossed the Gila, the southern branch of that river, he entered the present territory of the United States, but though well received by the Indians, he was unable to remain with them. On his return, he and Father Salvatierra made the same journey, and convinced themselves of the termination of the gulf about the thirty second degree of latitude. An account of these discoveries was transmitted to Mexico, and their importance acknowledged by the authorities, but the state of the north prevented them from being turned to any immediate account. Father Kuhn continued his explorations at intervals till his death in the year 1710, but was never able to carry out his great plans for the conversion of Upper California.

Having conferred with Father Kuhn, Father Salvatierra returned to Loretto, where he was overjoyed to find his former procurator. It was determined that Father Piccolo should proceed to Mexico, to look after the affairs of the mission there, but his departure was put off until Father Ugarte had learned the language. In the meantime the Sierra Indians, at the investigation of their medicine men, destroyed the chapel and buildings of the San Xavier mission, and Father Piccolo narrowly escaped from their hands. As it was of importance that it should be restored, and Father Piccolo was needed in Mexico, Father Ugarte, with his usual daring, took the task on himself. He was escorted to his post by a few soldiers, but, whether through fear of punishment or otherwise, no Indians appeared near the ruins. The missionary's resolution was soon taken. Sending back the soldiers, he remained alone to await the return of the Indians. Towards evening a boy cautiously ventured towards the ruins, and was received with a thousand caresses by Ugarte. The news of the departure of the soldiers,

which the child carried to his countrymen, quickly brought a crowd of the latter, and in a short time the courageous priest saw himself surrounded by the whole of Father Piccolo's late flock, including, doubtless, his would be murderers. The savages showed their usual petulance towards the stranger at first, but were awed into something like respect by his commanding manner, and all, but the children especially, were attracted by his affability.

Having thus reassembled the lately scattered flock, Father Ugarte made preparations for restoring the ruined mission, but his foresight was not limited to rebuilding the church and dwellings. The land in the neighbourhood of San Xavier was of better quality than that of Loretto, and he resolved to make it furnish the necessary supplies, not only for its own support, but also for that of its neighbours. To accomplish this work he had no other labourers than the Indians, who by nature and habit were utterly averse to serious toil. Cowardice had no part in the nature of Father Ugarte, and he alone fearlessly undertook to make Christians and workmen at once of the savages around him. Every day after saying Mass, without even an assistant, he prepared a mess of boiled maize for such Indians as were about to work, and then, forming a troop of these extemporized labourers, he led them to the fields or buildings, and showed them how to perform their task. To accomplish this he had to lead in every work himself, and with his own hands he cleared the ground, planted it, dug canals for irrigation, made roads, cut and dressed wood, moulded bricks, mixed and carried mortar, and performed, in a word, all the duties of a common labourer. In the evening he brought his workmen back to the house, where he again prepared their meal, after which he gave them a short instruction in the Christian doctrine, and concluded by reciting the rosary. The Indians rewarded these incessant toils by insults, murmurs, and threats. Work especially was hateful to them, and it was only by the ascendancy of his mind over theirs that he was able to induce them to persevere in their tasks. At the evening prayers they used to mock his bad pronunciation with childish malice, and to remedy his defects in this respect he was obliged to have recourse to the children for instruction. At a later period, in order to save the expenses annually incurred by the missions for clothing, he constructed a loom and spinning wheels himself, and taught the Indians the art of weaving, in which

they were afterwards perfected by the lessons of a weaver from Jepie, in Mexico. Shipbuilding was another branch of industry which occupied the attention of his varied talents. With the aid of only three mechanics and his Indians he built a stout sloop some years later in the peninsula. The wood for its construction was felled and prepared, a road made for its transport for a distance of thirty leagues, and the bark constructed in the best manner under his sole direction.

Father Ugarte's exploits have brought us down several years, but in the meantime the young mission was sorely tried in various ways. For several months no news was heard of Father Piccolo, and had it not been for Father Ugarte's diligence in procuring roots and wild fruits in the mountains, the garrison and priests ran a risk of dying by starvation. Finally good news arrived from Mexico; Father Piccolo had obtained a grant of six thousand dollars from the royal treasury for the soldiers, and the foundation of four new missions from private charity. Two priests, Father Bassaldua and Father Minutili, were in consequence sent to California, whither their were followed by Father Piccolo himself. The diversity of nationality among the priests thus assembled is worthy of remark. Father Salvatierra was a Milanese, Piccolo a Sicilian, Father Bassaldua a Mexican creole, Ugarte a native of Honduras, and Minutili of Sardinia. The same diversity continued through the whole time of the Jesuit missions. The members of the order in almost every country of Europe furnished recruits to these distant missions, and it is to the credit of the Spanish Government that it never allowed its well known jealousy of foreigners in its colonies to interfere with the free action of the missionaries.

The arrival of the new missionaries was the signal for an outbreak at Father Ugarte's mission. The medicine men and their followers attacked the Christians in his absence, and killed several, and though peace was soon restored, this massacre showed how little trust could be placed in the Indians. Nevertheless, the exploration of the county was readily undertaken by Father Ugarte and Bassaldua, and sites were found for two new missions. The want of means postponed for a time the erection of these establishments, and even threatened with destruction those already founded. The destruction of the Spanish treasure fleet by the English in the bay of Vigo was a severe blow to the wealthier Mexicans, most of whom had remittances on board. In consequence, not only the royal

grants for the garrison which had been made two years before were left unpaid, but scarcely any aid could be collected from private charity. In this extremity, Father Salvatierra summoned a council of his colleagues to determine whether the mission should be abandoned. For himself, he declared he was resolved to remain alone, if necessary, but the others were free to depart or stay. All unanimously protested that nothing would induce them to abandon their work, and Father Ugarte proposed to send the garrison and all the assistants to Mexico, while the priests should remain alone among the Indians. On making this proposition, however, to the laymen, they indignantly refused to quit the Fathers, and it was resolved to subsist as best they could on the roots and berries of the country, until a return of more favourable times. Several months were thus passed, during which the missionaries had to add to their other duties that of leading parties of berry hunters through the mountains. The neighbouring missions of Sonora at length came to their aid, and brighter prospects began to dawn. At this conjuncture, Father Salvatierra was unexpectedly called away to act as Provincial of New Spain, a charge which he filled for about two years. In his new capacity he did not cease to labour for the good of California. By his representations to the Viceroy and to the Spanish Court, a liberal aid was granted for the maintenance of the garrison and vessels belonging to the settlement. The Provincial himself visited his old mission, which he had left in care of Father Ugarte, and found everything in a satisfactory condition. Father Minutili had been compelled by ill health to return to Mexico, but his place was filled by Father Pedro Ugarte, brother of the Superior. The latter displayed all his energy and talents in his new charge. In Loretto he had established schools for children of both sexes; the boys being taught by himself, and the girls by a female teacher. An hospital was also founded and served by him. This foundation was peculiarly fruitful of good results, and several of the leading medicine men who came there for assistance became Christians within its walls. These numerous tasks did not distract the active Ugarte from his agricultural establishment at San Xavier, which, by this time, was beginning to yield a considerable return. Most of the Indians in that mission were leading a settled life, being assured of a support from their crops, and the religious exercises were carried on with a proportionate regularity. The best instructed were

appointed to look after the conduct of the others, and thus order was maintained in the unavoidable absence of the Father. The Provincial expressed his warm approbation of all he saw, and having recommended the foundation of two new missions to the zeal of Father Ugarte, he returned to Mexico without leaving him any further directions than his own discretion.

The proposed foundations immediately engrossed attention ; but there were only three priests in the whole of California, while the three missions already established contained over two thousand Christians and catechumens, scattered over a wild district, at least fifty leagues in length. To obviate this difficulty, the Superior took on himself the whole administration of this flock, leaving Father Bassaldua and his brother free for new missions. The latter set out to his destined post with a few Indians of Loretto. For some time he remained with no other shelter than the trees, under which the Californians were in the habit of shielding themselves from the weather, and afterwards a hut of branches served for his dwelling. Following the example of his brother, he endeavoured to induce the Indians to aid in building a chapel ; but the adults were utterly disinclined to work, and the only assistance he could obtain was from the children. By presents and caresses he induced a number of the latter to help him in digging clay, making bricks, and raising the walls of his humble church, he working himself among them, and stimulating their industry by praises and rewards. At the same time, he made himself familiar with their language, and on the dedication of the church he quickly gathered a large congregation for instruction. An unfortunate incident, however, nearly destroyed the rising mission. Being called to visit a sick Indian, Father Ugarte found a medicine man practising his spells about the invalid, and sharply rebuked his friends in consequence. The latter, as the readiest mode of showing their repentance, actually killed the unfortunate wizard, and came in triumph to relate their exploit to the missionary. As might be expected, he severely blamed the perpetrators of such an outrage, and they, in another freak of malice, plotted his own murder. The conspiracy was revealed by a child, and the courage of Ugarte, who reproached the leaders alone, completely cowed them, and averted the storm from his mission.

Father Bassaldua's establishment at Mulege was attended by somewhat similar circumstances, but the Indians there showed

a better spirit than their countrymen in the other districts. A large number of adults were in consequence admitted to baptism, and at a later period several of the converts distinguished themselves by their piety and intelligence. Unfortunately, the terrible fatigues and privations which they had to undergo broke down the health of both missionaries, who, after about four years, were removed by their superiors to less severe labours on the mainland.

On the close of his term of office as Provincial, Father Salvatierra returned to his mission of California. The rules which he had established for the missions had been fully confirmed, and as little change was subsequently made in them, it may be as well to briefly describe them here. The Indians, as has been already mentioned, lived in scattered rancherias, and hence each mission, church, and residence was attended by only a small portion of the flock attached to it. For the instruction of the others, the missionary made periodical visits to the different rancherias, and on the great festivals the whole population assembled at the church. The central mission usually contained, besides the church and priest's house, a school for the children, where they were taught to work, and an hospital for the sick; all the inmates of both establishments, as well as those catechumens who remained at the church for instruction, being supported by the mission. At Loretto, a school of more importance was maintained and taught by teachers brought from Mexico, and to this the most promising children were sent from all the missions. The boys trained there served to fill the various offices of catechists and governors created by the Jesuits for the instruction and police of their converts. Each mission had a governor, who maintained good order among his countrymen, and a sacristan, who looked after the church and recited the public prayers in the absence of the missionary. In the smaller settlements, an Indian catechist performed the same duties regularly, and maintained good order. In both the missions and the Christian rancherias, public prayers were recited night and morning, and instructions were given at the church to the whole of the Christians by turns. The administration of the sacraments, especially of the Blessed Eucharist, was a matter that required extraordinary care among the new converts, and only those who had given proof of both their instruction and their good dispositions were allowed to approach the altar at Easter. Several, however, deserved higher privileges, and were

allowed to receive communion at other festivals, especially after the missions had been well established. A great object with the Jesuits was to introduce agriculture and the breeding of cattle among the converts; but the barrenness of the soil offered serious obstacles to this course in most missions. Father Ugarte's settlement at San Xavier and some others furnished grain enough for the support of their entire population; but in the majority, little or no arable ground was to be had. In consequence, the whole cost of feeding the Indians who had to remain at the churches for any cause was thrown on the Jesuits, who, as an old "Relation" quaintly remarks, instead of being supported, had themselves to support their flocks. The other Indians supported themselves, as before the arrival of the missionaries, on wild fruits and game.

To meet the heavy expenses thus entailed upon the missions, Father Salvatierra had established the "Pious Fund" with the alms of his friends in Mexico. Ten thousand dollars was required for the endowment of a mission, and the sums contributed for this end were, after mature deliberation, invested in lands in New Spain. Five hundred dollars a year was allowed each missionary for his own support and that of his flock, and any surplus was distributed among the most needy churches. The King paid the soldiers after the first years of the settlement, but contributed no more towards the expenses of the missions.

The soldiers who formed the garrison varied in number, but generally amounted to twenty five men. They were under the command of a captain, who had supreme civil authority in California, but was himself appointed by the superior of the missions. This privilege had been obtained by Father Salvatierra for the protection of the Indians, as he knew by experience the illtreatment which the soldiers of the frontiers were wont to inflict on the converted savages. In fact, the soldiers of California made repeated attempts to use the natives in fishing for pearls, or to engage in the fishing themselves, but all such were vigorously opposed by the Jesuits. As might be expected, their defence of the Indians stirred up bitter opposition among the worse class of soldiers, who, on their return, filled Mexico with their complaints of the tyranny of the Jesuits. But the latter were not to be diverted from their course by such clamours. This conduct was again and again triumphantly vindicated from all the charges brought against it, and finally, in 1734, the Viceroy, having deprived them of their powers, saw

himself obliged to restore them in a few months, in consequence of the disorders which followed his decree.

The limited number of the Jesuits in California, did not allow them to carry out the community life in the degree that it was maintained in the reductions of Paraguay. Each lived entirely separate from his religious brethren, with no company but the Indians and a soldier, as guard and assistant. The latter was the deputy of the captain, and exercised a certain police authority in certain cases, besides watching over the settlement in the absence of the priest, and acting as post courier. The missions being far apart, and the roads, or tracks, between bad, the Jesuits seldom saw one another except at extraordinary meetings. The Superior himself was generally alone in Loretto, where he performed the duties of an ordinary administrator and chaplain to the garrison, besides attending to the general affairs.

Father Salvatierra's return was hailed with joy by all the missionaries, but unfortunately he was not able to obtain from Mexico the assistants whom he required. Of three that were sent to him, one, Father Guisi, was drowned at sea, and the outbreak of an epidemic prostrated the strength of the others. The want of fresh provisions in most of the missions, where dried beef and parched corn was the principal food to be had, broke down the health of even the strongest. Father Bassaldua and Father Pedro Ugarte were forced to abandon the country, and nearly all the others were several times at the point of death. The epidemic, too, swept away numbers of the Christian Indians, and gave occasion to the medicine men to charge the strangers with its introduction among them. Ten years thus passed, in almost constant trials for the venerable Superior, whose health, although naturally robust, began to give way under the load of cares and years. Often he was obliged to direct the affairs of his mission from the poor bed of his presbytery, being entirely unable to arise, but still he continued to toil on. While in this state, he was suddenly called to new labours by the arrival of Father Tamaral, who came to found a long projected mission, and at the same time to call Salvatierra to Mexico. The new Viceroy had received from the Court orders highly favourable to California, and Father Salvatierra's presence in the capital was deemed of the utmost importance at this moment. Illness, pain, his years, and the dangers of the voyage, were all unable to prevent the old man from immediately setting out. He crossed the gulf in safety, after a nine

days tossing about in the narrow cabin of the mission sloop, but the journey by land from Matanchel to Jemie completely prostrated his strength. Still he refused to stop, and being unable to mount on horseback, he caused himself to be carried on the shoulders of the Indian porters as far as Guadalajara, the second city of the viceroyalty, where he was obliged to stop through weakness. It was during his rectorship in that city that he had matured the plan of his mission, and now, in its service, he had come there to die. The whole population felt the most lively interest in his fate, and prayers for his recovery were offered up in all the churches; but his labours were over, and after two months of painful illness, he quietly resigned his soul into the hands of his Creator. He was buried in the church of the Jesuits, near the altar of our Lady of Loretto, whose devoted servant he had ever been through life.

Father Salvatierra's death did not affect the stability of his missions. Father Ugarte again was placed in charge of them, and the Government of Mexico granted a small bark, and made large promises of further aid. The lay-brother Bravo, who had been Father Salvatierra's companion, brought back this favourable news to Loretto, and was also accompanied by another missionary, Father Sistiaga. The latter had been invited to devote himself to the mission by the arrival of Father Salvatierra in Mexico, and with the permission of the superiors he now came to supply his place in California. Father Ugarte's energy quickly utilized the resources thus placed at his disposal. Father Tamaral was charged with the conversion of the tribes in the south, and Father Helen with that of the Cochimis of the north, in the year following the death of the venerable founder. Two years later, the lay-brother Bravo received ordination by command of the General, and was placed in charge of a new mission near the bay of La Paz. All these were singularly successful. Father Tamaral baptized upwards of two thousand Indians during the six years he remained on his mission. Father Bravo converted sixteen hundred around La Paz; and Father Helen, in 1726, had gathered around him a Christian population of seventeen hundred. The northern tribes showed more intelligence, and also a much greater readiness to receive instruction than those of Loretto. And the visitor, Father Ganulain, pronounced them the best Christians of the entire country. Unlike the rest of their countrymen, they readily collected into villages, and built houses for their lodging,

although still obliged to seek their support in wild berries and game, owing to the poor quality of the soil. The southern Indians, on the contrary, showed a far more hostile disposition towards the strangers and their religion. Unlike the other tribes, they were in the habit of practising polygamy, which offered the most serious obstacle to their conversion. The visits of the pearl fishers from the opposite coast of Sinaloa, too, contributed largely to exasperate them against all Europeans, as these adventurers treated them with the usual insolence and injustice of frontiersmen.

While his brother Jesuits were thus employed, the indefatigable Ugarte found a new field for his activity. Cardinal Alberoni, the celebrated minister of Philip the Fifth, had expressed his desire for a complete survey of the Californian Gulf. With a view to the establishment of Spanish settlements and missions in the north, Ugarte determined to undertake the task. The little vessels, however, which brought the supplies to Loretto, were too small or too crazy for such an expedition, and experience had shown that it was nearly impossible to have seaworthy craft built on the Mexican coast. The ready wit of the Superior was not to be baffled by such obstacles. Learning from the Indians of the existence of a forest in the interior of the sierra, he proceeded to the spot, and with the help of three Mexicans and the Indians, he cut and prepared the timber for the construction of a vessel in the port of Mulege. To transport this timber to the port, a road had to be made through the heart of the mountains, and the whole had to be dragged a distance of thirty leagues. The perseverance of Father Ugarte overcame all obstacles, and in the autumn of 1719 his new vessel was launched at Mulege, and pronounced by experts to be one of the best yet seen in California.

The *Triumph of the Cross*, as this vessel was called, was soon employed in the dangerous service of surveying the northern shores of the gulf. Father Ugarte set off on this mission in 1721, accompanied by six Europeans, two Manilla men, and twenty Indians, nearly all Californians. With this crew, the shores of the gulf on both sides were carefully surveyed, and the absence of any communication of its waters with those of the ocean, except at its mouth, fully confirmed. The tribes of the north of California were found to be both more friendly and more ingenious than those of the parts of the peninsula hitherto explored, and it was resolved to establish a mission among them

without delay. A full account of his discoveries, accompanied by a chart, prepared by the pilot, Strafort, was transmitted by Father Ugarte to Mexico, on his return, but, in consequence of Alberoni's fall, and the abandonment of his great designs, it was turned to no use by the colonial authorities. The glory of being the first explorer of the great inland sea is thus fully due to the illustrious missionary, who, on so many other titles, deserves to be reckoned among the most distinguished men of New Spain.

The downfall of Alberoni having effectually checked all projects for the settlement of Upper California, Father Ugarte, on his return from his voyage, applied himself to the completion of the conversion of the peninsula. The missions of Dolores, on the shores of the gulf, and Santiago, near Cape St. Lucas, completed the series of establishments from Loretto to the southern extremity of the peninsula, and San Ignacio, in the north, was founded among the docile Cochimis. The mission at Cape St. Lucas was the least successful of all the reductions. The Indians in its neighbourhood, though more intelligent, were also more depraved than the other tribes, and their intercourse with the pearl fishers had only served to add the vices of the Spaniards to their own. A considerable number of escaped negroes had taken refuge with them, and formed the most bitter opponents of Christianity. On the first establishment of the mission, no Indians could be seen, and it was only after some days, while walking alone, that Father Napoli, its founder, made the acquaintance of his future flock. The first meeting was of anything but an encouraging nature. A party of a couple of hundred Indians, fully armed, suddenly rushed from an ambuscade with hideous cries, on the solitary missionary, who naively admitted, afterwards, that from the peculiarly frightful appearance of their leader in his war paint, he at first took him for the devil in person. Though thus assailed, however, and, moreover, but little acquainted with the Indian customs, the Jesuit did not lose courage, but boldly advanced to meet his assailants. Having made them comprehend by signs that he was a friend, he succeeded in disarming their hostility and bringing them around the mission. The constant wars in which they were engaged with one another, and their licentiousness, offered almost insuperable obstacles to their conversion, and in six years Father Napoli could only reckon ninety grown Indians as Christians.

The northern mission of San Ignacio, which was the next in order of foundation, formed in every respect a striking contrast

to that of Santiago. Its founder, the Mexican Father Luyando, was received with such eagerness, that more than five hundred Cochimis immediately enrolled themselves as catechumens. A distant rancheria presented itself to seek baptism, having been already instructed by a Christian boy from San Xavier, and several of the Indians acted voluntarily as teachers of their pagan countrymen. The morals of these tribes were far purer than those of the rest of the Californians, and on this score Christianity found little opposition. Nor were the good dispositions as transitory as the majority of Indian friendships. Neither the intrigues of the medicine men, nor the outbreak of a pestilence which destroyed the converts by hundreds, were able to detach them from the faith, and a few years later, when the fears of a general rising caused the temporary withdrawal of the missionaries, they followed them in a body to Loretto and refused to return without them. Their industry was early stirred up to cultivate the lands in the neighbourhood of the mission. The first year of the mission, the harvest of grain amounted to a hundred bushels, which increased to a thousand in the fourth, when Father Luyando was removed from it. Besides this, the vine, the olive, fig, and sugar cane, were successfully cultivated by the Indians. The wandering life of the rancherias was thus in a few years abandoned, and villages of sundried brick houses, each with its little chapel, erected in their stead.

The progress of San Ignacio was viewed with unfavourable eyes by the savages of the north, who, in the second year of its existence, made attacks upon the Christians and killed several. Father Luyando at first exhorted his flock to refrain from reprisals, in the hope of thus gaining over the enemy, but, finding these hopes disappointed, he bade them arm in their own defence. The two soldiers who resided at the mission busied themselves in introducing a better class of arms among the warriors, who were thus equipped with hide shields, sandals, and pikes, of a rude make, besides the national weapon, the bow. Three hundred and fifty warriors were thus armed, and the command assumed by an Indian of Loretto, who, in ordinary times, acted as governor in the mission. The chief discharged his duties skilfully, surrounded by night the party which was on its way to destroy the church, and made them all prisoners without loss of life. The two missionaries of San Ignacio and Guadalupe interceded for the liberty of the captives, when they were brought to the former mission, and this clemency, at a

moment when they expected nothing but death, had such an effect on them that they all returned in a few days, with others of their countrymen, to enrol themselves as future Christians.

About the time that these events were passing in the north, California suffered the loss of her two oldest missionaries. Father Piccolo died in 1728, at the age of seventy nine, and, the following year, he was followed to another world by the venerable Superior, Father Juan Ugarte. The latter had completed his seventieth year, having spent over thirty among the Indians of California, whose conversion was mainly due, under heaven, to his extraordinary zeal, selfdevotion, and talent. Though the reductions were afterwards tried by numerous misfortunes, they had been too firmly established by him to be overthrown, and even yet the memory of his works lives in the peninsula which he evangelized so well.

Father Guileu, who succeeded Father Ugarte in the charge of the reductions, continued his work actively. The missions of Santa Rosa and San José were established in the two following years, to complete the still doubtful conversion of the southern tribes, and intrusted to the care of Father Taraval and Father Tamaral. The galleon which sailed annually from Manilla to Acapulco arrived for the first time in California in 1733, and the commander was so well pleased with his reception and the anchorage of the bay of La Paz, that he urged the establishment of a post there on the Viceroy on his arrival in Mexico. But these flattering prospects were quickly clouded. The Indians of the south, at the instigation of two mulatto refugees, unexpectedly formed a conspiracy and attacked the newly founded missions. The latter, notwithstanding the turbulent character of the neighbouring tribes, were almost unguarded. The soldier who resided at La Paz was murdered in the absence of the priest, and the conspirators then set out to the mission of Santiago. Father Carranzo, an Italian Jesuit, was there butchered, and his body burned in the ruins of his house and church. Two Mexican halfbreeds who resided at the mission shared his fate, and the Indians, whose appetite for blood was now fairly awakened, proceeded thence to Cape St. Lucas. Father Tamaral was entirely alone there. A soldier from Loretto had come to reside with him a few days before, but, alarmed at the state of affairs, he refused to stay, and urged the departure of the missionary. The latter could not be persuaded to quit his post, and trusted to bring the Indians to

their duty by persuasion. The savages at first, indeed, showed some reluctance to take the life of one from whom they had experienced so many benefits, and by demands for gifts they sought an occasion for a quarrel. Failing in this purpose, however, two of the boldest suddenly felled the intrepid missionary to the earth, and the others immediately rushed upon him like a horde of wolves. The body of the martyr was treated with the most revolting brutality, and finally burned with the church furniture and that of his house. The murderers celebrated their deed of blood by a licentious orgie and the death of the Indian boy who used to serve Father Tamaral's Mass. They next proceeded to Santa Rosa, whence Father Taraval had been removed by his people to a neighbouring island. Having thus missed their prey, the savages turned their fury against the Christians, of whom they killed twenty seven and dispersed the rest. In this manner the four southern missions, established with such labour, were destroyed in a few days, and there was even reason to fear that the flames of war would catch the northern tribes. The Indians of Dolores mission, however, were proof against the blandishments of the insurgents, and arrested for the time the spread of hostilities. Nevertheless, the spirit of revolt showed itself even among the tribes to the north, although the great majority of the Indians continued faithful, and Father Guileu, the superior, deemed it wise to recall all the priests to Loretto for safety. At the same time he despatched urgent letters to the Viceroy, asking for protection against the hostile tribes, but to no purpose. That dignitary, through hostility or indifference, declared he could not venture on anything without express orders from Madrid, but that he would be happy to receive any information Father Guileu might wish to transmit to Europe. Fortunately, a more effectual assistance was given the threatened missions by the lately converted savages than by the Christian Viceroy. The Yaquis of Sonora, on the news of the outbreak, volunteered to send five hundred warriors to restore peace in the peninsula, and there being no means of transporting such a number, seventy of the bravest were picked out and sent to Loretto. The Cochimis of the three northern reductions gave equally strong proofs of their attachment. On finding themselves abandoned by their teachers, the whole population of the three missions took up the crosses planted before the churches, and proceeded in a body to Loretto. There they declared, that if their missionaries were

afraid to trust themselves among them, they would remain at Loretto, as they had rather abandon their country than their religion. It is needless to say that their faith was not put to so severe a trial. Their pastors, who had only left them in obedience to the orders of the Superior, obtained permission to return to their churches, and the tribes conducted them back in triumph.

In the south of the peninsula the troubles were of long duration. The hostile Indians surprised and murdered a boat's crew belonging to the Manilla galleon at La Paz, and this success encouraged them to defy the forces of the Spaniards. The Viceroy, on receipt of this intelligence, overcame his red tape scruples so far as to order the Governor of Sinaloa to pass over to California and chastise the rebels; but at the same time he strictly ordered him to pay no heed to the demands or advice of the Jesuits. As might be expected, the war was in consequence prolonged for two years, the natives easily eluding the measures taken against them by a small force, entirely unacquainted with the country. Finally, the Governor saw himself obliged to seek advice from the Superior of the missions, and with the aid of the latter, peace was restored throughout the peninsula. The Viceroy seized the opportunity to take from the Jesuits the control of the garrison at Loretto, and at the same time founded another post at La Paz, in the south. The number of soldiers in California was thus increased to sixty, but the differences between the two captains, and the vexations practised on the Indians by the soldiers, nearly brought on a general revolt in the course of a year. The Viceroy, in spite of his preoccupation against the Jesuits, was obliged to restore the order of things established by Father Salvatierra, and after four years of trouble, the entire peninsula was restored to the same condition as before the revolt.

The Jesuits took advantage of the peace to restore their ruined missions, but the south of California appeared doomed to endless misfortunes. A violent epidemic, which broke out in 1743, swept away thousands of the Indians, and intestine quarrels destroyed an entire tribe. The numbers of the Californian population was reduced by these scourges to less than one half of what it had been; and two of the southern missions were abandoned for want of inhabitants in the following years. To supply this loss, fresh explorations were made towards the north. Father Consag, an Austrian, surveyed again the gulf, and pushed his journey by land as far as the Gila,

in 1746. The missions of Santa Gertrudis and San Francisco Borja were founded about the year 1752, the first by the German Father Retz, the second by the Bohemian Link. Santa Gertrudis was remarkable for the extraordinary pains which Father Retz had to take to overcome the sterility of the soil. Earth was carried from a distance to the neighbourhood of the only spring near the mission, and disposed with the utmost care so as to form a field of some extent, which by diligent cultivation yielded enough grain for the support of the Indians. The whole number of the missions, in 1760, was sixteen, spread over an extent of nearly three hundred leagues in length, but only containing a population of seven thousand Indians.

Santa Maria, near the head of the gulf, was the last of the Jesuit reductions in California; indeed, it was erected while the decree for the arrest of the whole order was actually in Mexico. While the Jesuits had been toiling with unwearied devotion to plant Christian civilization on the outskirts of the Spanish dominions, the sovereign of Spain was devising in secret the most effectual measures for their destruction as a body. It is one of the secrets of history, why Charles the Third, a monarch who had given proof of sincere faith, and even of a strong attachment to the Jesuits, should suddenly become their most inveterate enemy. The most probable reason is, that Aranda, his prime minister, and an unscrupulous foe to the Church, convinced him by forged documents of the existence of a pretended plot for his deposition on the grounds of supposed illegitimacy. To crush this plot the monarch was persuaded that the utmost secrecy was required, as even hinting at its motives or existence would disgrace his person and the royal family. In obedience to this insidious advice, it was determined to give the Jesuits no opportunity of learning the nature of the charges brought against them, and a body of many thousands of the most virtuous and learned men in the Spanish dominions were silently doomed to a treatment fitted only for the worst criminals. Special precautions were taken for the arrest of the missionaries in California, who were represented by the minister as swaying a powerful force of well armed Indians, and capable of defying the royal authority with impunity. The distance of the peninsula prevented the same rule being applied to it as to the rest of the Spanish dominions, throughout which the Jesuits were all arrested on the 25th of June, 1767, but Captain Portala was despatched with fifty men to Loretto before tidings of that event could reach the

doomed missionaries. That officer, on his arrival, was speedily convinced of the falsehood of the reports that had made such precautions be taken, and declared that an order from the King to the Superior would have been amply sufficient to ensure the arrival in Mexico of all the Californian Jesuits.

In obedience to Portala's request, Father Ducrue, the Superior, wrote to his subordinates calling them to Loretto to surrender themselves prisoners. All obeyed without delay, each bringing with him nothing but his habit, his breviary, and two other books, one of theology and one of science. In this guise the men who had devoted their lives to, and many of whom had grown gray in the service of, the Indians, arrived at Loretto, accompanied by the tears and lamentations of their flocks. The soldiers who had been despatched to seize their persons shared in the common grief, but no thought of resistance suggested itself to the venerable captives, and on the 8th of February, 1768, the royal packet bore them away for ever from the land and people they had served so long and loved so well. Their missions were, after a short interval, occupied by the Franciscans, who in a few years yielded the care of them to the Dominicans, being themselves sufficiently occupied in Upper California. Subsequent revolutions and misgovernment have nearly depopulated the peninsula, but some remnants of its inhabitants still linger around the half deserted missions, whose churches in many places still recall the memory of *los padres Jesuitas*.

Such is in brief the story of the memorable reductions of California. Remote as was the land and small the nation, there are few chapters in the history of the world on which the mind can rest with so sincere an admiration. To the natives the presence of the Europeans was not only productive of spiritual instruction, but also of material civilization in as high a stage as they were capable of appreciating, and the founders of the missions must command the admiration of mankind while piety, courage, and selfsacrifice are esteemed as virtues.

B. C.

Among the Prophets.

CH. VII.—THEOLOGY OF THE CLASSICAL QUESTION.

MR. WYCHWOOD has settled himself in Porchester Terrace, where his house has a small bit of garden at the side and back, sufficiently screened off from the road to make its one or two trees and carefully kept flower beds remind an exile from the country that there are such things as trees and flowers to be enjoyed, without too much inspection from his neighbours. His study, well furnished with the library which he has been accumulating all his life, in addition to his father's collection, looks out upon this bit of turf and tree and flowerbed. His sister, "Aunt Bertha," consoles herself with the care of the little paradise and the near neighbourhood of Kensington Gardens for the loss of the country, where she has lived nearly all her life. For other occupation she has plenty of little works of charity and her duties as a member of the Catholic Hospital Association. The study of which I speak has been made of two rooms thrown into one, in order to make room for the books, and serves the purpose of dining room as well as library when the Wychwoods are alone or have only one or two friends with them. I was staying with them for a few days, and Father Miles and Amy Amyot, Mr. Wychwood's daughter, were also in the house. Amy had come up to be under the care of the doctor. After dinner, when the ladies left us, we began to talk a little more about the subject of our last conversation, in which Mr. Wychwood seemed to take an undying interest. I began by attacking Father Miles.

"It seemed to me, Father," I said, "that you rather snuffed out than answered the question which we were discussing the other day. If you wont think me impertinent, I will tell you what I mean. I mean that the reasons which you gave us against the anti-classical movement—if there is such a thing—were rather reasons why it ought to be wrong, than why it was

wrong. It was against the system in possession, or the system which had been in possession, it was against the decision of authority so far as there had been any decision, it had not gained the sympathy of any notable number of good Catholics, or of good theologians, and the like. That may be all very true, and all very conclusive, as far as practice is concerned. But is there no direct theory on the matter, which will settle the question on grounds of reason, apart from grounds of authority?"

Father Miles seemed inclined at first to fence a little. "Well, Mr. Wychwood," he said, "our friend here is not satisfied with the tradition of the Church on the subject—I mean, the practical tradition. How can the Church have gone on all these centuries allowing what is radically bad?"

Mr. Wychwood—which I was surprised at—took my side. "I confess I should like to hear you go into the subject a little more deeply," he said. "Some people may think that the Church has not done wrong hitherto, but that she might do better now. Or, again, some people may think that the question will gradually attract more and more attention, and that then it may receive fuller consideration. Or, again, it may be thought that what was tolerable at one time, even at all times up to our own, may not be tolerable now, on account of the condition of the world, or from some other cause. It may be more possible now, for instance, to substitute other writings for the classics as school books: or the revival of paganism in our times, of which we hear so much, may make the classics more dangerous than they used to be. For these reasons, one would like to have some thorough fundamental answer to give to the objections which are raised."

"At all events," I put in, "you must remember that you told us there was unsoundness of theology at the bottom of the views which you were speaking of. There are some notions which you do not think quite sound as to Providence, and human nature, and grace, and freewill. If there are any such, that will account for the movement, and give it a good answer."

"*Infandum!*" said the Father. "It would take a long time to draw out all that I hinted at in those few words. All I can say is, that I think so, and have thought so for a long time. I don't like to use the word 'unsound' of opinions which are within the pale of what is allowed in the Church—especially

nowadays, when so much mischief has been done by the exclusive dogmatism of private writers. I should rather say that the strong language which some persons have used about the classics comes from narrowness of view, and is an unconscious result of such narrowness. And I can only speak of the matter very generally in a small space of time. But I think I may be able to give you an idea of what I mean, if you will be patient enough to listen to me."

We both urged him to go on, and he proceeded as follows: "First of all, I must clear the way by getting rid of what I don't mean. You, Mr. Wychwood, have spoken of certain contingencies, and, as I am no prophet, I shall not deny that they may happen. It is possible that other writers, exclusively Christian, may be found for use in education. It seems more likely that modern ideas as to information, rather than the training of the mind and its faculties, being the end of education, will gradually make way, and so reduce the use of classical literature to a minimum. I hear even now of the greater popularity of 'commercial' schools over 'classical' schools, among people of whom this could not have been expected. It will be a calamity, I think, and will lead to a puerility and frivolity in society in general, still greater than what we see at present. It will hasten on an age of ignorance which will call itself light—at least so it seems to me, but then I may be a gloomy prophet. Further, of course, if the Church sees fit to take a new line in education, she will be right to do so. But I do not think she will ever go the length which would be in accordance with the views of which I am speaking, unless she condemned and proscribed what she now uses or tolerates. I think we might see classics partially or largely discarded, I do not think we shall ever see them forbidden. And my reason is what I have said, that the views which would prompt their prohibition appear to me to be contrary, not only to the use, but also to the theology of the Church, in the manner and extent which I shall now try to explain.

"It cannot be questioned that the use of classical authors in Christian education is a fact of too great importance, too great antiquity and universality, to be a mere accident. It may never have been a matter for ecclesiastical decision, but it has been the practice of thousands of schools from the very beginning. It is hardly reasonable to imagine that it could have prevailed, if it had not been in accordance with the mind and the theology of

the Church; all the more, as her first struggle, after that with Judaism, was with paganism, and as thousands of martyrs laid down their lives rather than sacrifice to the devils who disguised themselves under the names of the heathen divinities, of whose history and worship the classical literature is full. But, though they would die rather than sacrifice to Jupiter or Apollo, these same Christians could worship the true God in their temples, converted into churches, because, I suppose, their theology told them that wood and stone and marble and brick were creatures made by God, and meant to be used to His glory, after having been purified and sanctified to the service of His children. Now, it appears to me, that the literature of heathendom, or rather that part of it which remains to us, which is but a small part of the whole mass, was thought by the Christian teachers as capable of the same purification, and, after that, of similar use with the temples themselves, and that they would have scrupled very much to say that it was so infected with the diabolical or corrupt elements which had reigned in the heathen world as to be unfit for Christian use. I say, they would have scrupled very much, because they would have seemed to themselves to deny thereby some of the very doctrines about God's providence, His dealings with human nature, and human nature itself, which they had maintained in their controversies and apologies. They did not believe that intellectual gifts were in themselves bad, or had become altogether vicious in consequence of the Fall. They had been taught by St. Paul that God had not altogether and absolutely deserted the heathen, that it was possible for them to seek after Him and know Him as their natural end, that the voice of conscience was not silent in their hearts, that grace was not denied them in their efforts to obey it.

"The literature of a society, or of a race, is the expression of the dominant thoughts and ideas of the men of which the race or the society is composed. It reflects the amount of light as to things human and divine with which that society is endowed, it embodies the verdict of the general conscience, it shows the standard of right and wrong, it often, such is its natural tendency, rises above the actual to the ideal, and represents aims and hopes and aspirations, rather than actual attainments, but it seldom falls below these, because it is, by its very nature, the outpouring of the human mind and heart in their yearnings after the good, the beautiful, and the true. This, of course, is particularly the case with poetry and all that portion of literature

which partakes of the poetic character. I do not say that there is not bad and licentious poetry or fiction, of a school which really deserves to be called Satanic, to use an epithet which was in vogue many years ago, but the poetry or the fiction which lives, and soars from being the property of a particular race to become the inheritance of mankind, is not usually the echo of the lower and baser thoughts of the human heart, but of the higher and the more noble. Nor do I suppose that any one will question that in the great classical authors, in Homer and Virgil and Pindar and Æschylus and Sophocles and Plato, in Aristotle and Cicero, in Thucydides and Tacitus and Herodotus and Livy, we have the cream and flower of Greek and Roman thought, the fairest fruits of ancient civilization, even though we may see no reason in the nature of things why the production of these masterpieces of the human mind should have been committed to Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy, rather than to other countries. But then there is also no reason in the nature of things why the privilege of being God's chosen people, of keeping alive the truth concerning God and His law in the world, and of being the instrument of the Incarnation, should have been conferred on the Jews rather than on any other nation: The plan of God's dealings with humanity, which culminated in the Incarnation and the restoration of all things thereby, included the one race as well as the other—included, indeed, all the nations of the world.

“For, according to many of the ancient Fathers, and especially those who had to defend Christianity to the heathen, the Greek race had a Providential mission in preparing the world for the future blessings which were to be the consequences of the Incarnation. The Jewish nation was the great centre of the ‘Evangelical preparation,’ to use an old expression; but the Greeks had their part in it, though a very different and a very subordinate part, as no doubt, in a different way again, the Romans had their part also. I am here quoting from memory a living French bishop of great learning, who says that the Greeks set forth in their magnificent language some of the truths which form the imperishable basis of human reason and human science. ‘They dug the bed in which the stream of revealed doctrine was to flow. They made their language one of the most beautiful instruments of thought, and then prepared a splendid clothing for the Divine Word. Greece imagined the signs and sounds which were to express the

"good tidings" of salvation, and so propagate them to the world; she was the artist destined to lend a human form to the divine deposit which became the property of humanity. The Apostles and defenders of the faith were to learn from her writers how to cloth the sacred message which they had to deliver with human strength and beauty. But this was not all. The politics of Greece had some lessons to give by which Christian society might profit. Again, if the beautiful is a sort of radiation from the true, if the creations of art are a sensible expression of divine ideas, if the great works of mind glorify God by showing the brilliancy of human genius, if the advance of the sciences and of letters contributes to develop the greatness and life which God has implanted in human nature, and if all that elevates man, his nature, and his faculties, tends in some measure towards his moral and religious perfection, and serves to the accomplishment of his destinies, then Greece, which in eloquence, in poetry, and in art in general, has discovered the beautiful, fixed its character, and handed on its models, Greece occupies, in the design of Providence, a place which need neither be lessened nor exaggerated, a part in itself great and beautiful.* Well, if all this be true, it would certainly be a great mistake not to use gratefully the work which has thus been done to our hands, and to refuse, as if they were not good enough for us, the weapons forged for us by Providence Himself."

CH. VIII.—THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

FATHER MILES paused a moment, as if he were afraid of tiring us out by a long monologue. Mr. Wychwood said that he thought all this was true, but that he had hardly yet touched the moral question, which, after all, must be that on which everything else must turn.

"I am coming to that," said Father Miles. "I began by claiming for Greece—Rome's services to the world were mainly of another kind, and in another order, and the Latin writers are very much echoes of the Greek masters—I am claiming for Greece to have, first of all, formed a perfect instrument of human thought in her language, and this means a good deal in the development and organization of processes of thought itself, and then to have had especial functions to perform in the science of

* See Mgr. Freppel, *Les Apologistes Chrétiens*, p. 21.

politics, and, above all, in the creation of all the arts which have to do with the beautiful. Now comes the more important question, was the Greek mind, thus highly gifted and carefully cultivated, so as to have a sort of providential mission to be the model and instructor of humanity in this respect—was it altogether darkened and corrupted as to the higher objects of human thought, as to render its best productions antagonistic in their influence to the true doctrine in religion and morality which it was the office of the chosen people to preserve for the world, against the coming of the Redeemer of all? And if the men who are so zealous in their demand to exclude the classics from Christian schools, do not mean in their hearts that it was so absolutely darkened and corrupted, then I have mistaken them. The doctrine is not avowed, I grant, but it seems to me to underlie the strong objections which we hear urged.

“And yet, I believe the Church to have acted as she has in consequence of a very different doctrine, the doctrine which I find in the same early Fathers with regard to the heathen world. It is founded in St. Paul, who, with all his strong expressions about the heathen, declares that they had an external witness to God before their eyes in the visible creation, and more than that, that, in the moral order, they had a law written in their hearts, and the witness of their conscience, and he certainly speaks as if, even among all the miseries of their idolatry, men were found to follow it. To this doctrine the Fathers of whom I speak joined that of St. John, that the Divine Word was the light that enlighteneth every man, and as the light is different from the eye, and the eye cannot see without light, so they understood by this doctrine that the light of the Word enabled every man to perceive certain eternal and necessary truths, on the clear perception of which all intellectual life depends. This, then, was another source of light and truth, even to the heathen, and it is hard to suppose that, if the Word of God enlightened the mind, there was wanting all divine action of grace on the heart and on the will. Besides this, the ancient Fathers supposed, what has always been the Christian tradition, that man began his career on earth, even after the Fall and after the Deluge, with a precious gift of primitive revelation, which would, no doubt, gradually be dismembered and disfigured as time went on, under the double influence of misconceptions caused by human passion, and of the falsehoods introduced by the ‘enemies of the human race,’ but still would never be entirely lost, and, as regards the moral law,

would be powerfully witnessed to by the voice of conscience, while its religious teaching would survive in the idea of the Supreme God which is to be traced even in so many systems of polytheism, in the universality of sacrifice, in the belief as to human responsibility and a future judgment, as well as in the general yearning for and expectation, however vague, of a coming Deliverer. It was in consequence of this belief that the Fathers have said so many wonderful things about the universality of the teaching of the Word, about Christ being the Light of the whole world, about the good pagans being Christians, about the Christian religion having existed always, from the beginning of the human race, and the like.*

"I might go on long on this point; indeed, I ought to do so, in order to develop it fully—but I think you understand what I mean sufficiently for our purpose. This doctrine, which cannot be questioned, as I think, may be forgotten practically—and in the great exaggeration and perversion of St. Augustine's doctrine which took place at the time of the Reformation, and of which Calvinism and Jansenism were twin developments, I think that it was forgotten, and that the neglect of it has coloured many a man's ideas of the heathen world who was neither a Calvinist nor a Jansenist. So that there are many men who would shrink to subscribe to such a statement as this, for instance, which I may quote from the writer to whom in the main I have been referring in what I have said to you, 'that neither the natural resources of the intellect, nor the aid of primitive revelation, nor the supernatural action of God on the

* This last expression is from St. Augustine, *Retract.*, t. i., 13, n. 2. The reader is referred for a far fuller statement of the argument than is possible here, to the author already quoted, Mgr. Freppel, *St. Justin*, 325, seq. He goes on to say—"Si le monde ancien avait vécu en dehors de la grâce divine, nul doute qu'il serait es trouvé exclu de la voie du salut. Mais ce serait là une supposition que la doctrine Catholique désavoue pleinement. . . . Le principe supérieur qui domine toute la question, c'est que Jésus Christ, ou le Verbe incarné, est l'unique médiateur entre Dieu et les hommes, parce qu'il n'y a pas d'autre nom sous le ciel par lequel un homme quelconque puisse être sauvé. Si ce principe fondamental ne souffre aucune exception, il n'est pas moins certain d'autre part, que la grâce de ce médiateur unique, ou la vertu du sacrifice de Jésus Christ, s'étend à tous les hommes dans l'universalité des temps et des lieux; car Jésus Christ est mort pour tous les hommes, et Dieu ne veut la perte d'aucun. Je ne fais que citer des textes de l'Écriture Sainte ou énoncer les articles de foi définis par l'Église. Cela posé, il s'ensuit, comme conséquence nécessaire, que chaque païen avait, à la rigueur, la grâce suffisante pour se sauver, c'est à dire, pour former l'acte de foi surnaturel et pour acquérir le don de la charité, car, sans la foi et la charité, il est impossible d'arriver au salut." He then explains the conditions necessary on man's part, and how the act of faith and charity could have been formed.

soul, was lacking to any portion whatsoever of the great human family, and with the assistance of God, which was wanting to no one, and by profiting by the means which he found in himself and outside himself, every man could attain his end, and accomplish the will of God.”*

Here Father Miles again paused, and Mr. Wychwood interposed. “I think I see what you mean,” he said. “I suppose the argument would be that if the ancient world was so far within the reach of the divine light and had so many elements and relics within it of primitive revelation, kindred in their character and origin, both to the pure, true doctrine which was handed down by the Jews, and to the completion and further unfolding of that doctrine in the Christian revelation, it is not to be supposed but that these good elements in heathendom must have left their mark upon its literature, which consequently would have a side and aspect congenial to Christianity, and might thus come to be used for secular purposes, as the instrument of mental education, and the like, just as the sacred books of the Jews were received by the Church as her own for higher purposes. The Jewish sacred books may have been too sacred for educational purposes, though they must have been used for such purposes by the Jews themselves; at all events, there has never been any idea of using them in such a manner among Christians. I must confess that, to my mind, there is something very attractive and noble in the idea of Christianity being, in a manner, the ‘heir of all the ages,’ and of its gathering into its own focus all the rays of light of whatever kind have found their way into the dull atmosphere of humanity, and this, not by accident, or because it had no rays of its own of the same colour, but because they belonged to it as of right—because such was the arrangement of God’s Providence, Who meant those rays for Christianity as well as for those whom they helped to prepare for it. There are many other conveniences, if I may use such a word, in the same idea, notably because it allows us to think less sadly of the state of the heathen world, without, at the same time, in the least derogating from the privileges of the Christian Church, or asserting that there is any salvation outside her, in the proper sense of the term. But there is an objection, or rather two, which occur to me, which perhaps you can answer. Is it not the case, that the early Fathers you speak of wrote before the

* Mgr. Freppel, *Clement d’Alexandrie*, p. 159.

doctrine of original sin had been put in all its prominence, and might not that fact modify their view? And in the second place, did not these same Fathers attribute the fact that so much of true doctrine and of beautiful religious thought is to be found in the heathen writers to their having come across the Jewish Scriptures, or had some intercourse with those who knew of their contents, rather than to any remains of primitive tradition, and to light among the heathen themselves?"

Father Miles smiled. "As to the first objection," he said, "I cannot listen to it. It is perfectly true that the controversies about original sin came later, and also that there are difficulties which can be raised about that doctrine from some of the Fathers before those controversies arose, as there are such difficulties on every similar subject. But we can never hear of the earliest Fathers being ignorant of so fundamental a doctrine as that of original sin: it is simply impossible. As to the other objection, it is true that the early Fathers made the mistake of claiming, especially as regards the philosophers, that they had simply stolen from the Hebrew literature. It is said that they were led into the mistake by opinions prevalent in the Jewish schools at Alexandria. No doubt we cannot admit that they were right in making the charge. But the doctrine of which I speak is quite independent of such a mistake: indeed, their urging it as they do shows that they thought they could do without the charge of larceny. And they quote the heathen philosophers themselves to prove the existence of primitive tradition, and they admit also that the philosophers gained many truths by their own reflection and mental labour, and this admission implies the assistance of grace in the process."

"There still remains the practical question," said I. "After all, are there not very great elements of corruption, especially in the poets? Is it well to put such books into the hands of the young? Of course, there is no danger of their becoming idolaters, or polytheists, but may they not learn sensuality and impurity from these authors? Then, again, are there not a number of Christian virtues which are ignored and altogether unknown in the classics? Humility, purity, charity, meekness, forgiveness, and the like—in short, those special virtues which are, in a certain sense, our Lord's own virtues? Will not the classics teach worldliness, or to put our 'country before the Church, or to think revenge noble, and submission and self-subjection mean? Do they not encourage animalism, are they

not hostile to asceticism, do they not draw a picture of the world as if that doctrine you mentioned just now, of original sin, did not exist?"

Father Miles broke in before I had done. "You may go on till midnight, if you like, with the possible evils which may be learnt from the classics. I might say a good deal in reply, without at the same time denying the truth that there is in your remarks. I might ask, where is the literature that could be used without some danger of this kind? I might say, what is perfectly true, that two or three visits to London playhouses—and I might say ballrooms—or to the National Gallery, or a few hours of reading of some of our modern poets, nay, of the classical poets of Christian nations, would probably seem to the old Fathers, of whom I am speaking, as dangerous as the whole of classical literature as we possess it, as far as it is fraught with danger to youth on many of the heads of which you speak. I suppose you would answer such objections in that case by saying that you would take care to countervail the danger if you could not avoid it, and that you would trust to Christian principles and grace in general to protect the young against the dangers of the world which are on every side of them. The truth is, that this is the only answer that we can give to a number of difficulties, not to this alone. It seems to me that the difficulty is less as to classical literature than as to our own, because the young seldom take to their school books with pleasure, they have as little to do with them as they can, while they will pore all day over a novel and go to the theatre with the keenest delight. And the book ought to be the least part, or at all events not the greatest part, of the business, in education. The book gives the groundwork: it remains for the Christian teacher to draw out its beauties or its defects, to supplement the imperfect teaching of paganism by higher truths, to refute its errors, which are generally negative, and to show how the yearning and aspirations of the poor sad plaintive heathen mind find their satisfaction, far more of satisfaction than it ever dreamt of, in the rich gifts and consolations of Christianity. This is a noble and not a difficult work. We are at this moment sending Catholic boys and youths in England to be examined in anti-Catholic systems of philosophy and history, trusting to the corrective influence of the teacher, who is to point out faults and warn against errors: whereas in the case of the classics, on the points on which you have touched, there is not a sermon, nor an exhortation, nor a

prayer, nor a holy example of Christian life, which does not indirectly at least, apply the antidote that is required. If the classics can seriously injure Christian education, it seems to me that Christian education is not in competent or enlightened hands.

"But now, to go back from what we started with—the theology of the subject. I believe that the doctrine which I have been trying to represent to you is the real reason and account to be given for the practice of the Church in this respect. We have treated what was fair and noble in Paganism as the Jews were told to treat a beautiful captive woman—her hair was to be shaved and her nails pared, her raiment changed, and she was to be allowed time to mourn for her father and mother, and then the captor might make her his wife. So, according to some old Fathers, what is useless and mischievous in pagan works is to be cut off, and a new garb of Christian truth put upon them, and then they may bear their part in adorning and delighting the quiet Christian home.

"And, in the same way, I think there is a doctrinal basis to the attacks on classical education which we have lately witnessed, a doctrinal basis of which many who join in these attacks are not conscious. There is a tendency derived from Jansenism and semi-Jansenism, influencing men who have, perhaps, had no very great advantages in learning theology; a tendency to be more suspicious of intellectual cultivation, more narrow in their ideas of the distribution of God's grace, more gloomy in their views of Providence and of human nature, than the theology of the Christian schools, as it is taught, I am happy to say, almost everywhere, would warrant them in being. As to this particular question, I do not anticipate that the doctrine I speak of will have much influence. But there are controversies rising up, notably that about the primitive condition of mankind, as to which it may be of almost vital importance that Catholic writers should have imbibed none but the purest and largest doctrines on the point we have been discussing."

CH. IX.—A WIFE'S STORY—GIRLHOOD.

FATHER MILES left us the next day, not before he had made me a promise of which I hope to give my readers the benefit further on. We had been going back at the breakfast table on

the morning of his departure to the subject of prophecies, and he asked us whether we had attended to a very interesting class of predictions, improperly so called, which lay no claim to inspiration—the previsions of men of genius as to the future. We had never heard much of Comte de Maistre in this connection, and he promised that we should either talk over some of the prognostications of this famous man the next time we met, or that, if we did not meet soon, he would send us some passages to read.

I found by accident that reading in the evening was a sort of institution in the Wychwood household, and that if I had not been present as a guest, it would have been practised during the time of my stay. Mr. Wychwood made a joke about it when I happened to ask him whether he had read a certain new novel. "It's not in our calendar," he said. "We read certain favourite works almost every year—some of Walter Scott's, most of Miss Austen's, and a few others. We have lately put *Loss and Gain*, *Callista*, the *Recit d'Une Sœur*, and some of Lady Georgiana's, on the list, and there's not much room for more. However, we are not too rigid to admit novelties now and then."

On going to the drawing room we found that Amy was reading out of a manuscript book to Aunt Bertha. The manuscript was the history of a lady lately dead, whom Aunt Bertha had known in her younger days. She had suffered very much for religion, and her story was almost like a romance. I begged that the reading might proceed, and Mr. Wychwood took it up. I was so struck with it that I have managed to get a copy for myself, which I shall use for my readers' advantage. The story is absolutely true, and I have made hardly any omissions, only altering here and there a name for obvious reasons, though almost every one mentioned in the narrative is now dead. It will make four or five chapters, and I shall now, without further preface, begin to insert them.

I was born in 1801 at E— D—, in N—, so much younger than the rest of the family as to have all the disadvantages of an only and neglected child. I had a lonely, dull childhood, an early girlhood of all but morbid melancholy, from the fate of my eldest brother in Spain, the only one who was really good to me, and whose home visits were the one joy of my life, except that which came from books. My education was entirely neglected, except that I found a ready, stern pull up at any error of grammar or spelling, or any ignorance. And so, with an accomplished Oxford man for my father, who was rector of two small parishes, where he did the Sunday duty (all there was, in the main) from D—, and a mother of great abilities,

I somehow got on in an irregular way. At first I revelled in Shakespeare; some five or six years after, Byron gave me some glorious lessons in a sense of the beautiful and sublime, but with an ever deepening sense of melancholy and distaste of life, in which I found nothing that seemed to me worth living for. Our domestic life was not happy; the spirit of love was not in it. No endearments, no confidences—we all seemed separate units.

I had a dear friend, another lone and neglected child, but of very great and original talent. She was a very distant relation, not a favourite with my mother, so there was often something of stolen sweetness in our friendship. My only remaining brother away in the army, my sister married, matters improved a little for me. As I grew in intelligence, my mother began to have pleasure in our companionship. She would read aloud to me, and from the rich stores of her mind I could draw largely and untiringly. She would have been horrified had she known she was acting on Rousseau's plan—"I will inform; I will not instruct"—but it is literally thus that I was brought up, and, as the information came according to my questions, it is well I took interest in many subjects. I might have learned a good deal that was valuable from my father, but he was not gentle or encouraging, and my mother seemed ever opposed there. Besides, he fell into a nervous way, and took gloomy, distorted views, and so I lost all benefit there but his ready reproofs. Of religious training I had none. I could not love the severe God of Whom I heard, Who was always angry if I inclined to disturb others or make a noise in any way. As I advanced, His ways were not as my ways—and I preferred my poets! I had never been brought up even to say my prayers, though when childhood was past a sort of instinct led me to some slight attention in that way. It was dull, but decent, to go to church. I thought my own thoughts during the sermon, and found the Sunday an excruciating day.

My father was one of the old orthodox class, and he and my mother talked their bald theology before me, so I picked up some sort of definite ideas, of which contempt for dissent and hatred of Catholics (of whom we had none near) were about the strongest features. I stayed in many clerical families much of the same cast, finding sometimes more utter worldliness, sometimes more Christian kindness, but nothing to awaken real *love*. God was working for me while I was forgetting Him. My sister and her husband came to live near us. She could no longer cloud my life as she had done, but she did something towards it. I dreaded the birth of a child, anticipating more annoyance—prepared to dislike a first plague! But when I saw the beautiful little thing of three days old, my heart suddenly and unexpectedly went out to it—and life found an interest! From the time she was a year old she was mine; she became my child, living with us, and entirely under my voluntary care. I had plunged into the middle of things, working my way in mingled knowledge and ignorance; but to teach her I went to beginnings, and taught myself for her sake what would have been too distasteful for its or my own. Then, to save her from my childish wretchedness, I learned to be a child myself, which I never had been; and in playing with her I found cheerfulness.

Ah! a greater help had by this time arisen, that brought me to a right sense of *everything*. When she was two, and I twenty, my life received its grand impress. My father and mother were from the north, brought to N— by the gift of those two livings. I was born six months after their arrival, and rejoice in my county, though, alas! in all spiritual light it is far behindhand. It had so much to lose, that its fall was great indeed; its material prosperity keeps it contented. In the summer of 1821 business took my mother to the north, and she took me with her. We made an excursion to E—, and I, in all the wild enchantment of youth at its beauty, little dreamt it was to be my after home. One memorable day in bright October we started homewards in one of those great old coaches holding six inside. I lament I did not preserve the date, but all else is vivid as ever in

my mind. One young man was our only companion as far as D—, where two others got in. One very young, pale and stern; the other more common, less of a gentleman, but looking more amiable—both quite passive for hours. I, so sick of life's dulness and revelling in its bright occasional gleams, such as girls find in congenial society, talked away with our first fellow traveller. He spoke of religion in a way to which I was unaccustomed. I thought him probably a Unitarian, and so far shocking. He was careful not to be offensive, though he spoke strangely to my ears. He made some allusion to Catholics, and I said with vivacity, "Oh, I do not like Catholics." It was an abstract dislike, for I knew none save one guarded mother and daughter in N—, whose husband and father were Protestants, but with whom my mother and I did go one Sunday to Mass. I did not find it what I expected. I was on the whole impressed, but totally ignorant, and those ladies gave no information. My mother seemed to think it all empty ceremony. I supposed it was, but somehow I thought there was something fine in such an appearance of worship, though the chapel was poor and mean. The dress, I remember, was green.

To resume. The coach stopped for dinner. There is something in the meal and its little courtesies that brings people closer together. When we were again seated in our travelling places, the stern youth opposite to me began to talk to my neighbour, our first fellow traveller. Shortly he said, "This lady, before dinner, said she did not like Catholics." Then, by degrees, he poured out in a lucid chain the whole Catholic argument, its divine origin, its everlasting truth, its enduring life. How my heart burnt within me as I listened! The other gentleman heard him with great respect, and led him on; both forgot me as I forgot myself, and was resolved into ear. Now and then I wanted a clearer understanding, and interposed a question. The youth threw a dry answer at me. He had not forgotten my flippancy, and he did not notice my absorption. After exhausting the subject in that form, they went on to other things, which at another time would have enchained my attention from their poetic and chivalrous tone; but I could only think of the light that had dawned on my soul; the clear, logical argument, the glorious revelation, the love of *that* God, so near to *my* perceptions, Whose influence was on my heart, showing His love, His glory, my own sins!

So we arrived at York, I a changed being! I now saw joy in life, for I saw divine love. I asked the chambermaid if she could learn the name of my fellow traveller. She said she would, but I never heard, and I was too much absorbed with my own thoughts to be earnest in inquiry, though I have since often wished he could know the result of his words thus cast by the wayside. His curt manner was not pleasing to one accustomed to more courtesy, so I lost sight of him in the thoughts with which he had filled my soul. My mother said, then and often since, she could have answered all his arguments. Then why not? was what I always felt—you can see how they have operated.

Next day we travelled on with changed company to N—, I drunk with new wine, silent and abstracted! for, behold! for miles on this road, on the tall trees skirting it, I read, high up, placards in huge letters, "Prepare to meet thy God!" That had not been put up by Catholics, but it spoke home to the state of my heart. At N— I prayed as I had never done before to be guided and to have sure light. I was indeed feeling myself as much a Catholic as I could before reception, but I feared my ardent youth and untrained mind. I knew that I believed fully, but I said to myself, "I must see to this; I must try it, and find how far those words were true." When I got home, I grubbed a Bible out of a cupboard. It was a book that had never interested me before; now more than life seemed to hang on what I should find there, and there I did find all, and my understanding became clearer as I studied. I dare not speak to my mother. She was at once angry; and kind as she was and delightfully companionable, she did not

win confidence ; on the contrary, my deeper feelings of whatever kind were ever repressed before my parents.

On our return we found Mr. Evans, a Welsh stranger, had become my father's curate. He was often with us—a shy, clever young man. I talked to him of these things in presence of my parents, and as an inquirer. He answered, often helping me on with views very similar, sometimes opposing, yet yielding, as it were, to the further argument with which I pressed on. One evening he brought an old battered chalice, worn so thin that its edge would have cut. As he was showing it, he placed it in my hands and said, "The miracle of Transubstantiation has often been performed here." How the words awed me ! I gave it quickly back, with a deep emotion. The usual consequence of such companionship ensued. He proposed, and was rejected, for my mind was fully preoccupied. He gave up his curacy as soon as he could, and departed. We lost sight of him for years. I felt his loss as that of one to whom I could speak of what was absorbing all my thoughts.

At this time controversies were going on between Charles Butler, Dr. Philpott, and Southey. I read all with avidity. Two to one on the Protestant side, and the highest living intellects ; but even their books strengthened me in my faith, and Butler, of course, helped much. Thus nearly six years passed. The friend and companion of my childhood had gone to London, but came down annually to see us. Also we had found a friend some years older than ourselves, understanding us, gaining the confidence my mother repressed, and, with true wisdom, never checking our ardour, but giving it ballast. To these friends I poured out all I felt and believed. The elder was a sort of Christian unattached, all goodness, and loving all that was really religious, therefore more given to dissent than to the Church, which at D—— was as high and dry and indifferent as it well could be. I got to like the Evangelicals from their earnestness. Beyond that, they were not attractive to me ; but I had begun to love all that seemed animated by the love of God. At any rate, there was more of self-sacrifice in them. They eschewed amusements, and they awoke great animosities, which they bore with patience and indifference. I went to church with new feelings and as a worshipper, still holding my own thoughts, and ever seeking for light ; believing everything, but wanting help. In those days, when was such a conversion ever heard of ? I dreaded the terrible comments sure to arise.

Every one was aware something lay hidden in my heart, but only one very remarkable Evangelical clergyman discovered *what*, and he did not betray me. Then I saw advertised a small one and sixpenny book, *A Reply to Blanco White's "Poor Man's preservation against Popery."* I said to my friend from London, how I longed to see it. She promised to get it and send it on her return to London, which she did. It was by a priest who lived only a few miles off, but to me as inaccessible as if it had been in another county. This book seemed to make me sure of my ground ; but what was I to do next ? There was the difficult question. Though I now know how well I was advancing my little view, I had no confidence in myself, and felt the want of regular early training and certain accomplishments, of which a little music, all but selftaught, on the guitar, and a little incorrect French picked up in the same way, gave me an acute sense of my deficiencies. I feared my father, and felt, what could I do if driven forth to face the world ? If my education were neglected, I had acquired helpless habits. I could lie and perish in a ditch, but I could not strive for a livelihood.

I went to visit kind friends near London. I heard Edward Irving, and was charmed with him, but not moved. I got once to mass in Warwick Street, and then how differently did I feel ! I understood nothing, but I felt it was worship. Then came a mad love, an infidel, a man who would not be set aside, and terrified me. He was determined to uproot this folly that had taken possession of my mind. He got my friend on his side, and so the more active troubles set in. I always wished to write to a priest, but in

timidity and ignorance of the ground, I delayed. On my return home, infidel books from London were sent me. I had always been in the habit of reading anything that came in my way, but here danger was clear. There was a certain fascination in Volney that made me feel I must choose my course or be lost. So in my desperation I wrote to the priest near us, whose book I had read, scarcely knowing if he were indeed at C—, but not daring any longer to hesitate.

I got a reply which at once made me feel strong, and ready for all that might lie before me. I knew not what that might be, but I saw how I was guided to a priest of high controversial talents, of the utmost facility of pen, and with sufficient leisure for a lengthy correspondence. His kindness deserves my most fervent expressions of gratitude. I got his letter on a Saturday night, my excitement was too weighty to bear. The next day, after service, I sought my dear mentor friend. She was a tall ruddy woman, and as she stood before me, I said—"I have written to a priest." Her colour at once faded, she sank on a chair, and said, "What have you done?" I said—"I always told you I should." "Yes," she replied, "you have long talked of it, but I never thought you would do it. You will have no more peace; they never let any one go, when once they get hold of them."

This did not disturb me, I did not want to be let go. In her candour, she was pleased with his letter, and so for long I opened my parcels of books and read my correspondence to her. She commended, even while she regretted. Her high character made me feel, in my confidence to her, comfort and sanction for all that I was concealing at home, and which, if known there, would have been prevented. I used to sit far into the night, reading and laying up knowledge and strength for the terrible, though unknown trials that were to come.

Down came my friend from London. My mother, then made aware of all, was severe. She would actually rather have seen me married to that infidel, than disgrace myself and her by becoming a Papist. They made me by threats promise to give up all correspondence with the priest, and I wrote him my farewell, with a secret trust that, as I had been told, he would not let me go. Ay mi! vainly did I look for the wanted letter—he did let me go! The dreadful man, full of threats against him, had gone back to town; my early friend remained. I left her and my mother talking over my perversity, my folly, my wickedness, and went to bed. When my friend came up, long after, and saw my despair and utter wretchedness, her good heart prevailed; she wrote to the priest, told him all her fears as to the state I was in, and implored him to write to me. I could rest then. In due course came one of his beautiful letters, and all went on as before, my friend happy and satisfied with her good work, though thinking me a fool.

So passed the first year of this correspondence. It was the first time in my life I had ever studied, but now I did it earnestly, uniting it with prayers for guidance. I began, as I felt I ought, to speak to the curate of D—, an embarrassing thing for a young woman who feared his misunderstanding her, and knew that all who saw her in earnest conversation with him would be sure to do so. He was truly kind, and acknowledged he knew but little of that controversy, as it had never come in his way. How far back that must seem now—in those days it was all but an unknown subject! He advised great caution, and being a clever Cambridge man, said one or two things that startled me, one, in particular, was about the poisoned Host, which I could not answer, as I had done many of his objections. I said—"I should like to know what a priest would say to that." He replied, "Ask one." I said, "I will." I was happier he should know thus much, it seemed more honest. He was always gentle, always kind, always meaning to be fair; but he left. The next curate who came was not a man I could speak to, but I had done enough in that way. Then who should reappear but Mr. Evans—led by a memory, and anxious to see me again. With him I had no disguise; I let him see the fulness of my convictions. I do not like to tell it, but I had

been foolish enough, in my deadly terror of the London gentleman's reckless character, and his horrible threats against the priest, which I still believe he was quite capable of carrying out, to promise that, though I could never marry him, I would not marry any one else; so I was tied when Mr. Evans again proposed for me.

CH. X.—A WIFE'S STORY—MARRIAGE.

I TOLD Mr. Evans *all*, and he did not fly off as before, but he used my religion in his own favour; he told me he had serious thoughts of embracing it; and when he returned to Cambridge, where he was then living, he sent me books on both sides, but principally on the Catholic, which my friendly priest had regretted not being able to supply. I seemed indeed to have found a friend. We corresponded on this subject, as I had to return and thank for books, when he did not fail to send others, and with them a fine print of the great Dr. Milner. What comfort to find him on my side! and to complete the happiness, the other gentleman took a generous fit, releasing me from a promise he felt it base to fetter me by, since it could never lead further.

I was free! Mr. Evans came and found me so: he knew I was to be won, and he spared no pains to win me. We were engaged. He made one request that saved me from the difficulty I so dreaded, and which seemed to me so insurmountable; it was, that I would delay being received into the Church till after we were married, that he might be saved the double ceremony, while he undertook that I should be received by an old friend of his in the north district, on our way through D—, he being then gone to reside in E—. How happy all this made me! my way at last was clear. Girls were not the independent people in those days they are now. I readily acceded to this, and he spoke to his friend, bidding me also write to him. I did not do this, but the priest with whom I had corresponded did it for me.

All was settled; we were to be married just two years after my correspondence with the priest began. Ah, those last two summers I spent in my dear native place! How I wandered about the old churchyard, or sat by my favourite brook, gazing on the fine old church and thinking over all till my mind learned arrangement and grew in comprehension, and the priest's lessons sank deep into my heart and brain. I thoroughly believed in the Church, but certain Protestant prejudices were hard to dislodge. A correspondence will never quite meet all difficulties, mine were principally in feeling, as my soul submitted entirely to authority. The time for our marriage approached. I thought myself the happiest of women in having found the man whom I could love and respect, and who would make me happy as my soul desired.

The spring brought Mr. Evans, looking ill, nervous, and unhappy; he was full of fears I would not marry him, and so in his distress he got from me a solemn promise that I would. I had no misgivings then. I had, by his friend the priest's order, conveyed through Mr. Evans, left off going to church, a sufficient difficulty for me, situated as I was. After my promise, I saw a change of feeling as regarded my religion, though he still quoted instances of Protestants, like Robert Nelson, author of the *Fasts and Festivals*, Charles the First, and other of his favourites, having married Catholics. Then did misgivings dawn on me, not as to my own peace, but as to his, but to these he would never listen. One very trying subject had to be settled, that of children. He said I must give them up. Never! I would never marry under such cruel conditions. Then a compromise as to boys and girls was offered; at once as positively rejected. I did not see that sons had different souls to daughters, and what I felt necessary for myself, I felt necessary for any children I could have. That evening when he left the house I never expected to see him again. I went to bed with the

thankful peaceful feeling one has when a victory over this world and over oneself has been achieved. I did not trouble about consequences just then, but rested after the combat. My calm, strong minded mother came to my room more excited than I ever saw her; she could not bear the marriage to be broken off, to have me and my perversities left with her. Yet she had never found me so good and dutiful a daughter as since my soul was stirred to Catholic truth. I then had a principle to live for I had never had before, and it bore good fruits. I could only say—"Mother, *can* you advise me to marry any man who would separate my children from me?" No, she could not do that, and so I added—"Then there is no more to be said." And so, with some murmurs at my obstinacy and disobedience, she departed.

Next morning, Mr. Evans came as usual to breakfast, yielding all to me, and only seeming to like me better for my consistency and firmness. So all again went well, with occasional bursts that showed me all would not be peace before me. The day came rapidly on—two days after my birthday, on which I would not be married, choosing to spend it with my own family. Easter was past, and I living in a sort of dream, never feeling sure I was going to be married, and leaving every preparation to others. I gave no orders, fitted no dresses, but still all went on. The very day before our marriage we were walking. I see every object before me now, all these long years after, as I said earnestly to him—"If you have any fear as to being happy with me, there is still time for you to break all off. I will take care no one shall blame you, for I will at once avow the cause, and that will fully exonerate you in all eyes, even for breaking at this late hour." He would not hear of it, and set my mind at rest.

Yet when I arose on my wedding day I was full of the feeling no bride-room would appear. I had heard of such things. I had come to feel the full force of the obstacle, and all he had to yield. Whatever his own leanings to the faith had been they did not seem in operation now. With such feelings how dreary it was to be dressed in bridal array. I was passive, as one thing after another was put on, finishing with the wreath and veil, and I feeling all the while, will there be any wedding? Just as the bridesmaids had satisfied their taste in my adornment, my little niece of nine years old ran into my room, to say Mr. Evans was waiting, and all were ready. I rose and soon saw him at the foot of the stairs. I had fully intended to put again my yesterday's question, but all power of speech was gone. He took my hand, and the next moment I was in the carriage on my way to church.

There the pressure went off my soul. I responded out of the fulness of my heart, and with a firm resolve to make a good and devoted wife. I had seen enough misery in married life, very much of which was from woman not seeing her duty. I resolved that should not be the case with me, and having, under all these uncertainties, kept my feelings down, they then asserted themselves fully, and I rejoiced to give myself to one I was prepared to love and serve with my whole heart. The day before I was prepared for separation, now I had solemnly declared that nothing but death should part us, and I meant it in the depths of my heart. Nothing but death—nothing but death.

We went to Cambridge. After three days the trial began. He first begged, then insisted, that I should first go over the whole controversy once more with him. I said, what would be the good? I had always told him that change in me had become impossible. Still, he only the more strongly made a point of it, and at last said, I was afraid to look all firmly in the face with him, besides, how did I know how it would act or live? How could I refuse? I was away in the world with him, he was now my all. I could no longer contend, and so submitted to read with him, and once more go over all the arguments, but I always said nothing would move me. The next thing was, by a little manœuvre, to get me before I was aware of it, into King's College chapel to service. I could not make a disturbance, so it passed, and what with persuasion, what with anger, he got me into the College chapel again

and again. Oxford followed, then some cathedrals. I had timidly lost one outpost, and the more readily, because I had not then duly realized that it was really wrong, since the beauty of the accustomed service had a hold on my affections and my belief seemed in no way affected.

Remember, I was alone with the man I loved, imperfectly instructed as to all practice, though well grounded in faith. The priest could but answer my letters, and I could but inquire when I saw the need of instruction. I did not thus outwardly conform without great pain, and such struggles as I had courage for, but here was my first false step, and bitter was the retribution. By the time we slowly neared D—, where the other priest was expecting us, the hand of the master was upon me. There was my consent to go through the controversy once more, and that could only be done among his books at home. Alas, we glided through D—. At home, the persecution set in, day and night. I had no peace, no rest, he was for ever on the subject, and already threatening to separate from me if I would persist, and, from that threat all the woman within me shrank. It was my weak point, and it may be he was aware of it. I hope that certain deceits I discovered when I got to E— were not deliberate untruths to win me, one in particular looked like it. To this day I cannot decide, and do not like to think of it. It is enough that my life became miserable. He alternated between mad affection and fiercer opposition. He lived in excitement, he loved me for the very thing he hated, and he was a man terrible to provoke. I was afraid of him, never of my life. Violence gave me courage, but I feared his anger, and felt the wife's office was to be the helpmate to save him from himself. Love can bear anything, and it only becomes stronger when called on to raise and benefit its object. I want to account for all, not to excuse myself. God knows, in all my misery I never did that, and it was because I never did that, and it was because I could not excuse myself, that my misery was so great.

For five terrible years he compelled me, not only to his church, but to their sacrament. No one was deceived, my sufferings were patent to all eyes. He who was my all had to sustain me while assisting at their communion table, by various little encouraging signs. A Protestant clergyman has told a friend of mine I was almost in convulsions when I went up. Understand, that when a woman yields her conscience for love, she cannot content a man by showing, on brow or in manner, her wretchedness, except when doing what I now fully felt to be sacrilege, even though no human being was deceived. I had a reckless cheerfulness. I was young, and death did not seem near. I had a vague hope, from something he had dropped, that if I were dying I should see a priest, and so I caught at every amusement. I could not bear to be alone, but I could laugh and be merry, while utter misery was in my heart. My husband was himself a master of controversy, it was his delight, though a terrible danger to his temper. He let me have no rest, as I have said, and, one after another, the cleverest divines he could find he brought against me. The very activity of my trial supported my spirit. All correspondence with a priest was cut off, though now and then I did contrive to write and hear from my former friend, but so far to no use in my hard strait. Alone, unassisted, save by God, I had to fight the battle, to hold my own against practised and learned clergymen, and my husband, perhaps the most learned of them all; and all this with a deadly remorse ever in my heart, a constant feeling of despair. I did not pray, except as my whole miserable life, so outwardly cheerful, might be said to be a prayer. I could not kneel down to the God I was deliberately denying before men, but the *cry* would involuntarily go up to Him.

At the end of five awful years, one of his brothers, whom I had found a powerful opponent, and who afterwards became a Catholic, got Mr. Evans to see his error in compelling me to go to church. He was the only one who, without refusing, saw a sort of sin in forcing on me what my soul rejected. He spoke bravely for me; it was an awful time. How did I live through it?

But this good came of it—I went no more to church. There was something characteristic in the way Mr. Evans *forbade* me to go! His great peculiarity of character accounts for so much. This was a great relief indeed, but despair was none the less in my heart. I have often said to him—“Come to me in the gayest party, when I seem the most joyous, and say, ‘How is it with you now?’” Ever the same reply is all I can give—“Despairing, lost!” Sometimes he seemed sorry for me, but his grip never relaxed. All the while I was learning much, and actually strengthening in the faith from all the divinity I heard talked and read. I saw all their errors and inconsistencies so clearly, the utter untenableness of their position, and I had a savage delight in playfully showing them as I dared all this. And here let me say that, though my opponents began eagerly upon me, they soon began to respect me, to see it was not a woman’s silly fancy, but that, through God’s mercy and help, I was able to maintain my cause steadily. One by one they gave it up and became my real friends. Only one acted unfairly by me, now a man of some note; but his mode of controversy, as I reported it, displeased Mr. Evans, who saw that as a scholar he must have known he was unfair, so after two interviews I was troubled with him no more.

Thus passed another five years. My husband’s temper was, I knew, improving under my care, and in many ways my influence on him was for good. When controversies were not raging he was a most delightful companion, and my mind sensibly expanded in the society of himself and his clever friends. There was much pleasure and interest in my life, if there was no peace, and though the worm was ever gnawing at my heart, I never for one moment was insensible of that worm, but I rushed all the more vehemently into whatever pleasure I could find. It is a bad time to think of; let those who have known remorse and despair, and have sought to drown them in worldliness and the love of our human being, understand what it was—no other human being can.

I had just one solace—I was not a mother; that I felt I could not bear, and God did not lay it on me. The unnaturalness of this joy may tell my misery. Nearly a second five years did I live in this state, ever striving for my husband’s good and crushing myself. We spent some months at Oxford; the *Tracts* had begun to agitate the world. Mr. Evans, who had been a Puseyite long before Pusey, hoped this new movement might satisfy me. He spoke of getting Mr. N——, who occasionally dined with us, to speak to me. I could but assure him it would not be of the least use, and Mr. Evans was enjoying Oxford and the Tractarians so much that I had a longer rest there than I had ever known, with plenty to amuse and interest me, and shut out deeper thoughts. I had my niece, then a beautiful girl, with me. Mr. N—— prepared her for Confirmation, and gave her a volume of his Sermons. I heard after he was grieved and alarmed at her being under my influence. She remains a Protestant, while he is our pride and our joy.

How firm I was kept by their utter discrepancies, which were all so clear to me! Once more, however, the trial was resumed in full force. I felt so worn out, yet dared not desire to die, for what was before me but condemnation? A new and subtle spirit was brought against me; I began to fear I should fail from utter exhaustion. To this clergyman I said—“You may prevail; I am weary and you are very powerful, but if you do unseat my faith it will be to make an infidel of me. I can never adopt your scheme.” He felt the truth of this, and the cruelty of persecuting me. He became my earnest friend, and did much to show Mr. Evans the danger of going on thus with me. My own poor hope was that if I were dying a priest would be allowed to come to me. All people knew how it was with me, the Catholics included, but I was acquainted with none, and none could have done anything for me. Actually, from Mr. Evans I learned the use of the Missal!

Anglican Bishops among the "Old Catholics."

THE Bishops of Lincoln and Ely have been pressing into the service of their friends the "Old Catholics"—better described in Germany as "New Protestants"—sundry pieces of history which must have been regarded with something like dismay by a body of men, concerning whose historical attainments we have heard so much.

From among the performances of the first named prelate, we select one of the Latin letters, that on the subject of Père Hyacinthe's marriage and of clerical celibacy in general. Dr. Wordsworth endeavours in it to prove from Scripture, history, and reason, the propriety of leaving priests free to marry, and presents to our consideration some points not unworthy of notice.

In the first place there was an embarrassment *in limine* of which he seems to have been himself half conscious. The German schismatics, unable at once to shake off all their Catholic instincts, were reluctant to hold out the hand of fellowship to the wedded ex-Carmelite. At the same time they felt no difficulty, not in admitting only, but inviting to their congress the Anglican dignitaries, of whom Dr. Wordsworth himself was one. To married priests they objected; to the English churchmen, who unquestionably were married, they did not object. What might have seemed to be the inference?

Passing this, however, by, as well as a somewhat puzzling assertion of the Bishop's, that while clerical celibacy, undertaken for the love of Christ, is worthy of respect and *veneration*, clerical marriage is yet the fittest means for the edification of the Christian people, we will consider very briefly some of the historical arguments adduced to show that the marriage of priests has been in accordance with the mind of the Church, and has been countenanced by her most worthy representatives in all ages from the beginning. The instances chosen to support this thesis seem to have been selected with singular infelicity.

To take them in something like historical order. We have first, of course, the old fact that St. Peter was married before he became an Apostle, and the old assertion that St. Paul was married too. As to which Apostles, why, in the first place, should Clement of Alexandria be the one Father cited, being also the one who affirms St. Paul's marriage? Why not rather Tertullian,* St. Jerome,† or Theodoret,‡ who deny it? And if Clement is to be quoted, why is it through the pages of Eusebius, and not in his own? Is it, perchance, because in the latter we might stumble across his awkward explanation,§ that St. Paul left his wife behind him—*διὰ τὸ τῆς ὑπηρέσιας εὐσεβείας*? And that if the other Apostles took theirs with them, it was "as sisters, and not as

* *De Monog.*, cap. viii. † *Epist.* xlviii. *ad Pammach.* ‡ *In Cor.* ix. 5.
§ *Strom.*, iii., p. 192.

wives, and to aid them, for the avoidance of scandal, in the instruction of women?"

We said just now that Clement was the only witness called on this point, and we named Tertullian as one who, having important testimony to give, was suppressed. This is, however, not altogether accurate, as the latter authority, though not allowed to be heard on the question of fact, is brought in to clinch for us the conclusion. After the assertion, whose substance we have noticed, the Bishop goes on—"Wherefore Tertullian, although unjustly severe on marriage, rightfully acknowledges that 'it was lawful even for the Apostles to marry, and to take their wives about with them;' from which words, as they stand, who would not gather that the learned but unamiable presbyter of Carthage, overborne by the evidence for a fact which he would have liked to deny, reluctantly acknowledged that the Apostles having lived in wedlock, it was evidently not forbidden them? Let us see whether the words convey quite the same impression when looked at along with the context in which they were set by their author. Which context, Dr. Wordsworth having unfortunately not thought it worth while to give, we must seek for ourselves. Turning, therefore, to the book, *De Exhortatione Castitatis*,* we find as follows—First, that the point in question is the propriety of Christians marrying a second time; and secondly, that Tertullian, who is opposed to such a proceeding, enforces his argument thus—"It is lawful to marry a second time, if everything which is lawful is also expedient. The same Apostle says, 'All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient.' . . . There is a great difference, I take it, between the *lawful* and the *salutary*. Of that which is good, it is not said 'it is lawful,' for what is good demands not toleration but adoption. That on the other hand is tolerated concerning which there is a doubt whether it be good, which might also not be tolerated, if there were not some cause [for its toleration]. On account of the peril of incontinency it is allowed to marry again; for unless there were permission as to some things not strictly good, there would be no means of proving who would follow the Divine wish and who his own freedom, which of us would pursue what is advantageous, and which of us the opportunity of indulgence. . . . Thus it is that 'all things are lawful, but all are not expedient,' for he is tried to whom permission is given and tried by the permission. *It was* **LAWFUL** *even for the Apostles to marry, and to take their wives about with them, it was lawful to live by the altar, but he who did not use his liberty on the opportunity cites us to his example, teaching us that therein are we proved wherein liberty makes trial of our self-restraint."*

Looking back now at the convenient little bit which Dr. Wordsworth extracted from this passage and prudently omitted to encumber with its original sense, we must acknowledge that it is a proceeding which would doubtless reflect great credit, if not found out, on a certain class of attorneys and special pleaders, but for which we were hardly prepared on the part of a bishop engaged in the furtherance of Gospel truth.

Next we have the bold assertion that the Council of Nice strenuously refused to pass a law of celibacy when asked to do so; an assertion supported by a reference to the story, that the said Council was going to make such a law, and was stopped only by the strenuous

* Cap. viii. Tertullian wrote this as a Montanist.

opposition of Paphnutius; the whole story being, it is needless to say, by no means an undoubted piece of history.

And now for the various priests and bishops who are quoted as sanctioning non-celibacy by doctrine or by example. In the first place, supposing the cases adduced to be all genuine, what can a dozen instances or less prove when taken from a period of above a thousand years? Is it the rule of the Church, or the exception, that is to be sought out for imitation? And can we not find what was the rule even in times when we can find no law, and when, consequently, exception might be *tolerated*? And, secondly, what does it avail to quote men who were married long before they were raised to Church dignities, when we know from authors practically contemporaneous, that after such elevation the married always lived as if not married? Why, for example, quote St. Hilary of Poitiers as an example of a married bishop, because he had taken a wife before his elevation, and not quote the explicit assertion of St. Jerome,* who knew Hilary well, confirmed as it is by the unwilling acquiescence of Jovinian, that "for bishops, priests, and deacons, men are chosen either virgins or widowed, or at least after their priesthood continent for ever"? Or, in the East, why cite the similar case of St. Gregory the Theologian's father,† who was married before he was even a Christian, and forget the witness of St. Epiphanius,‡ that on account of "the singular dignity of their office" that was not allowed for priests which was licit for others; and that consequently the Church admitted to the order of "bishop, priest, deacon, or subdeacon, such only as having had but one wife, cease to cohabit with her, or have lost her by death"?§

But to look into some of the particular instances brought forward. "Who does not know," asks the Bishop, "that St. Gregory Nazianzen wrote his ninety-fifth letter to console St. Gregory of Nyssa—likewise a bishop—for the loss of his wife?" We answer that the Benedictine editors do not know it, and utterly deny that Gregory of Nyssa was ever married at all; that the Bollandists, who think that he was once married, show that his wife must seemingly have been dead before he was made a bishop; that in the said ninety-fifth letter Nazianzen does not call the lost Theosebia "wife," but *σύζυγος* in one place and "sister" in another; and that lastly, married or not, we have, besides St. Epiphanius' testimony as above, the assertion of Gregory of Nyssa himself,|| that a priest

* We do not wish to forget the argument which is deduced from St. Gregory's own words (*Carm. de Vita Sua*, 512—13) to show that he was born during his father's priesthood. It is quite true that the words do seem to bear such a meaning, but it is no less true, in the first place, that chronological and other considerations, stand much in the way of taking them in their obvious sense; secondly, that the plain statements of St. Epiphanius and St. Jerome (the latter of whom was St. Gregory's disciple in Scripture studies), are much more explicit one way than the words of this form are the other; and lastly, that it is possible to explain the said words without violence (as has been done by the Benedictine editors following the *Memoires de Trévoux*), so as to avoid all difficulty. This, therefore, being the case, what we would contend for is, that it is labour lost to try to gain a seeming advantage on such a point by quoting the *pros* and saying not a word about the *cons*.

† *Epist. xlviii. ad Pammach.*, p. 233; also, l. i., *contra Jov.*

‡ *Her.*, lix., 4.

§ There might be quoted to the same effect Origen, Eusebius, Cyril of Jerusalem, St. Ambrose, and others, with the Councils of Elvira, Ancyra, &c.; but we would avoid prolixity.

|| *L. de Virginitate*.

who, living as a married man, yet dared to approach the altar of sacrifice, was "disobedient to the ordinances."

Of St. Hilary we have already spoken. He was well known to Jerome, who could not have made—had there been so flagrant an exception before him—the confident assertion which we have seen. With St. Hilary is coupled St. Paulinus of Nola, who was unquestionably married in his youth, being made priest and bishop when of middle age. As, however, we gather from St. Augustine, as well as from Paulinus himself,* that he and his wife determined to profess celibacy even before his ordination, not very much against clerical celibacy will be deduced from his example.

Then we have St. Patrick, "*Hiberniæ nostræ*," whose father and grandfather are said to have been priests. We are not, however, informed that Joceline in his life says expressly of the Saint's father that, having lived for some years in wedlock, he resolved with his wife to live in continence, *after* which comes the mention of his ordination to the diaconate. Whether this example exactly meets the case of a man who reverses the process, and after some years of priesthood takes to himself a wife, might of course be open to question.

But what are we to say of "Valdricus," by whom we suppose is meant St. Udalricus, or Ulrich, Bishop of Augsburg? "To whom," again asks Dr. Wordsworth, "are not known the most gallant and unconquerable struggles of this most holy man in the ninth century against Pope Nicholas the First?" Now, to pretermit certain minor difficulties, such as the impure character of the letter which is here alluded to, and the utter absence of anything like authority as to its authorship, there remains the notable circumstance pointed out by Mabillon and the Bollandists—that Nicholas the First was dead twenty years before Ulrich was born, and that Nicholas the Second became Pope eighty years after Ulrich was dead, and that, consequently, a letter purporting to be addressed by St. Ulrich to a Pope of the name of Nicholas can scarcely be genuine.

Another statement, of course repeated, is that which attributes to Hildebrand the first law enforcing clerical celibacy. On which statement be it sufficient to observe that this venerable fiction can "nowadays make no pretence of truth;"† that there was unquestionably such a law seven centuries before St. Gregory the Seventh, and that when the law was instituted, it was only to meet the danger of a decadence from what had always been, though not commanded, yet observed.

Another argument is connected with the name of St. Bernard. There were scandals in his day, as he himself informs us, which scandals, a liberty to marry might have lessened. As to which argument we will only point out how dangerous is its character, and that there are not wanting men in our own day who, from the revelations of our Divorce Court, deduce the superior advantages of the licensed lust of Mormonism.

So much for history. On the Scriptural argument we need not dwell. We cannot think how the married priesthood of the Old Law can be supposed to argue any parity in the New, and when the Bishop,

* Aug., *Ep.* xviii.; Paulinus, *Ep. ad Aprum* and *alibi passim*.

† Phillips, *Kirchenrecht*.

confounding altogether the question at issue,* piles up texts to show that marriage is in itself a good and holy thing, we need only remind him that the Catholic Church does, and the Anglican Church does not, recognize it as a Sacrament.

The Bishop of Ely achieved the difficult task of being yet more unfortunate than his brother of Lincoln. He ventured to call up a name which might well have acted as a spell to paralyse the assembly where he breathed it, the name of the great apostle of Germany. We cannot say whether the spell was broken by the fact that, unless misrepresented in the *Times*,* he gave the name wrongly, and described as Wilfrid, the man who in his youth was named Winfred and in his age Boniface.

But such a blunder is of small moment, and is quite eclipsed by the splendour of its context. "The Church of England," Dr. Browne pronounced, "sent St. Wilfrid to Germany, and still retained the creed and institutions which then belonged to it." Let us briefly examine this astounding assertion.

We cannot better study the English Church, contemporary with St. Boniface than by looking at it as represented in his history, and still better, as reflected in himself. Looking at him, therefore, what do we find?

First, that when he had resolved to devote himself to the conversion of the German race, the Church of England, as represented by his diocesan, Daniel of Winchester, sent him, not directly to the scene of his labours, but *ad limina Apostolorum*, to obtain the approval and the benediction of the successor of St. Peter.

And this first step was but an index to the history of his sacerdotal and episcopal life. In the whole of history, it would be hard to find a prelate so conspicuously manifesting his belief, both theoretically and practically, in what today is set down as an innovation and a modern corruption, the supreme jurisdiction in Christ's Church of His Vicar, the Bishop of Rome. To use no words of our own in proof of an assertion which should surely need none, and not to dwell on the reiterated letters which he addressed for instruction and approbation to successive Popes,† as "Apostolic men endowed with the supreme stole of jurisdiction," nor on his constant protestation of being "the servant of St. Peter's authority and of the Roman Church," nor again, on what, as we learn from his disciple Willibald,§ he esteemed a priceless favour, the *familiaritas Sancte Sedis Apostolicæ*, granted to him and his by Pope Gregory the Second, and humbly solicited by him from succeeding Pontiffs, we shall content ourselves with transcribing once more the well known oath taken by him on the body of St. Peter, when he was consecrated to the episcopate. Would Dr. Browne or his brother bishops be content to profess their fellowship with Boniface, and their similarity of creed and institutions, by swearing thus?||—"In the name of our Lord God and Saviour, Jesus Christ. . . I, Boniface,

* τὰ εἰς ἱερωσύνην παραδοθέντα, διὰ τὸ ἐξοχώτατον τῆς ἰερωγίας, εἰς πάντας ἐνέμισαν ἵσως φέρεσθαι (St. Epiphanius, loc. sup. cit.).

† September 26th, p. 8.

‡ Gregory the Second, Gregory the Third, and Zachary.

§ *Vita St. Bon.*, cap. vii.

|| *Opp. St. Bon.*, ii.

by God's grace bishop, do promise to thee, Blessed Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and to thy Vicar, blessed Gregory the Pope, and to his successors, by the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the undivided Trinity, and by this thy most holy body, that I will profess the holy Catholic Faith in all its truth and purity, and that by God's help I will constantly remain in the unity of that same faith, in which, without doubt, all Christians are to be saved, and that I will never consent, at the instigation of any one, to aught against the unity of the general and universal Church, but that, as I have said, I will in all things give my allegiance, fealty, and service, to thee and to thy Church, to which the power of binding and of loosing has been given, and to thy aforesaid Vicar and his successors. And, moreover, *if I come to know that any bishops act contrary to the ancient canons of the Holy Fathers*, I will hold no communion with them, but rather, if I am able, I will prevent them, and if I am not able, I will straightway give notice to my Apostolic Lord. And should I ever attempt, which God forbid, either of myself or led by circumstances, to do aught contrary to the tenour of this my oath, may I be found guilty of everlasting doom, and may I incur the punishment of Ananias and Sapphira, who also dared to defraud thee of thy own. This record of my vow, I, Boniface, an unworthy bishop, have written with my own hand, and, laying it on the most holy body of Blessed Peter, with God for my witness and my judge, have taken this oath, which I swear to keep."

If the holy prelate who took this tremendous vow, could have arisen from his grave at Fulda and broken in upon the gathering at Cologne, in which Dr. Browne's rash words were uttered, how, we may ask, would he have treated an assembly which agreed in no one point of faith except disobedience to Rome? Would he have probably considered that Dr. Browne himself and Dr. Wordsworth were acting according to the "canons of the Fathers," and how would he have received their claim to fellowship with himself, if, indeed, they should then have thought of making it? and what, lastly, would have been his view of the most conspicuous figure in the assembly, that of the Jansenist Archbishop of what was once his own see of Utrecht, who founded the main argument for his Catholicity upon the fact of a Papal excommunication?

J. G.

NOTICE.

[We regret very much that, by an accidental miscalculation, the articles in our present number have run to such a length as to encroach and even go beyond the space usually allotted to our Reviews and Notices, which we are therefore obliged unwillingly to omit.]

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